

Different Worlds

The Underachievers

Structured like a rock, impenetrable like a cinderblock
Imperialist we break down your whole nation
Set up bigger shop
He pulled out on a nigga
But like Killgrave made his weapon drop
I walked away and told him that his neck would be a better shot
Heard him pull the trigger
(That's a cold dead nigga)
Movin' pieces on the board
My chess game killer, Bobby Fischer
Used to serve right out the building
Smilin' while the feds take pictures
Birdman, rub my hands together
Laughing 'cause they never get us, and they never did
Like skimmin' through a book I'm dodging sentences
They search us but the gunman had connects to get the weapon in
Now where the CIA? They need to kill another president
'Cause watchin' Donald Trump feel like a episode of wrestlin'
(That's a cold ass killer)
Yeah I know my nigga
Michael Jackson grip a clip
See me moonwalkin' with the Thriller
(That's a old ass killer)
Yeah I know my nigga
I might print a couple bitches dripped in gold just sippin' liquor
I don't understand your lingo
Need subtitles like a asian flick
He try to swing I hit him with that Eddie Guerrero Tekken kick
Sun inside my steps i change the weather when I'm walkin' in
I had to cut that chick, that sex was good but she too talkative
Sat me in the deposition room to prove my innocence
They tried to make me talk but plead the fifth and smoked they cigarettes
Told me get to snitchin', no I'd never get to live again
I told them get my lawyer and a copy of the testaments

Often I switch the other side like a Caution, you do not wanna cross him
He's lost it
Pick a chick like eenie-miney-mo
She gon' toss it
Skinny nigga but I get up in her fix her posture
Hitler vision only thorough niggas on my roster
Yeah, I'm sinnin'
But my conscience spirit keep me guarded
I don't get too caught up in the gimmicks
Like these artists
I just keep it pushin' go the hardest
Regardless
Independent G's, we get lit by any means
Down a fifth of Hennessy
Beat her kitten like a thief
Ain't no scrip' for my disease
When you resist it's hard to breathe
Hear your song that shit was weak
Mumble rappers can't compete
My pen elite, depend on me
Kill 'em faster while he sleep
Gon' need a pastor fuckin' with me

Gon' see a casket fuckin' with me
Your shit ain't valid in the streets
Fuck done happened to the game?
This my ballad, no romantic
You've been beautifully slain
Told ma her beauty's in her brain
She hit the floor and did her thang
I was brought up in the place
Something I always had to feign
Turn to Broly when I rage
OG catch me like some Saints
Took a And it's been 2k on the safe
Them new Ameri's on the way
My leather soft I feel like Wayne
Like Lara Croft no empty tank
I set it off like I'm the queen
Bring your boss I'll strip his rank
Took some losses
But we blossomed from the bottom where we came
Different worlds we ain't the same
Lord