

Cadence Weapon, Oliver Square

Yo, it's corrupt where I'm from: Edmonton, tough
The swedes could speak about the heads we drums, rough!
City life will leave you red with blood
Punched holes in the wall, then they fed the the thugs lunch
After they rocked the party in the literal sense
Sedimentary propensity, they hit the kid on the lips
Shit, you could be on Whyte Ave havin' the time of your life
Then you get your arm broken by a random cab driver, ask Katie
The nightlife is mad crazy, when a drunk tries to steal your car, he was trying to play me
But I didn't let him, we peeled off quick, then we parked at IGA to break the seals off the lid
Don't generalize, you must think and wonder
Why I drink 40's and memorize Bus-Link numbers
Well, I don't have a license, but I'm trying to gain prominence
Cause I'm living in a house with a fridge full of condiments

See me on the bill
Better follow me there
I solemnly swear
I'll make it back to Oliver Square

So I'm drunk at the Funky Pickle, nothing difficult
Came out with just napkins, it was something pitiful
Currently unemployed but I depend on my friends
To contend with my impending impulse to spend
So I let Jane cover my pitchers at The Strat
'Til I get a little bit of riches from this rap
But I digress, peeping few cherries in the rearview
RCMP check for drunks on a steer through
Yeah, I take the 7 off 82nd to get to Jasper
So I can hit New City with the electro clashers
And Doug says "it's a voyers roleplay"
to check someone seated like their birthday in the worst way
See me at Victory, don't ask to see the skill
I'm sick of fanboys more obnoxious than Peter Hill
Robotic bill spit
I come with the ill shit, still good
More dangerous than Milwoods.

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I need to listen like records,
You all oughta get dismissed, on the wake up
I tend to politic with Crisp
Don't stick your nose up, just cause the sick flow up
Like if you go to a show to might see Nick Cosab
Like if I'm on the mic, you better get froze up
Cause I cut aluminum like a bus station smoker
Anyway, we attend the Black Dog in on Tuesdays
Any crew with useless talk, don't give a fuck what you say
Better lay low if your connected to lame prose
I'm about to hit you with a Stella bottle at Halo
Ugly chicks at The Armory, talk sweet, alcoy
Girl, I don't wanna be seen in you like Cowboys
And I don't rap for free, not one dirty ryhme
Your list will go downtown like the 135
Lamping real pretty, don't care what rapping can get me
I'm just letting y'all know, I'm from Champion City

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From Milwoods, to the West-end
Ask anyone of my best friends
You know what it is