

Greydon Square, Buddy

[...] Grand unified theory [...]

I could easily say that I'm the best damn rapper that you've already heard
But I'm not. I'm just another rapper that's waiting to get shot.
But if someone gets it before me, I'm taking his spot.
This is by default
The payola he fault?
Meet the DJ he paid to play his music until he talks
and stop the onslaught when Christopher Reeve walks

I ain't worried about these cats
they ain't no threat to me
'cuz most of these rappers suck
Like X-Men Three

You wanna ride, homie? Then let's go.
I bang for the dang left side of the west coast
I seen it comin'
Your plan's doomed to fail like a government that's underfunded
Stealing money from the economy until the market plummets

You want some tips;
don't be afraid, just ask me.
My music's funkier than deodorantless athletes

A battle Self defeating that gets me no victory
like a fat woman ordering diet coke at Mickey D's
after ordering two quarter pounders with tripple cheese

Just stick to your dope dealin' raps about flipping keys
I'm Greydon Square, and you're damned right; I'll take it there

[unfinished...]