

# Hieroglyphics, 7 Sixes

Before we get outta here, I got this track I want ya'll to wreck on  
Gimme six lines, six lines is all I need

Alright, ok, I write in the light of day and in the night for pay, nigga  
you my main mother fucker right?  
you duck and hide when Pep Love touch a mic  
Out the back door  
If you ain't got that dough  
I'll click-clack-blow and kick down doors  
I roll backwood trees with that emerald green when i'm on scene  
chillin' with my nigga, roll, gettin' blow  
chillin' with ladies with the pretty eyes and straight teeth  
Sittin in my ride playing make-believe like, that's my car, that's my girl  
Imma go up to my house in the hills after I burn one  
I write rhymes for the fun of it, but give me none of it or you'll be facing capital punishment

I'm a soldier of fortune, my style is extortion and I'm gorging more than a portion.

Take an excursion, oceanography odyssey that got me seeing 3D, you don't wanna see me  
not for one second, not for one bar on one record  
you think you hard, then come stepping  
i'll turn a threat into a confession, i'll turn a mic into a blunt weapon  
make you forget what you were once stressing  
I'm a bass drum beat, a mad high hatter  
Ensnare the snare with this here, choke the life out it  
Invited and vitalize it, prop it up proper so you guys can idolize it  
I'm not at all surprised that you modeled after my shit  
The mastermind is ahead of whatever the times is

Ya'll niggas saps, maple leaves, all your raps are make-believe  
I get an eighth and breath, like i'm Toni Braxton, give your homie action  
you're gettin no reaction, slow your roll, I'm packin  
Lean down when I get up, your style is put up, your turn to burn it up  
you're borin, I'll suffocate you while you snorin, kill em' softly like Lauren  
You're spillin, I'm pourin, innadequately hydrated, it's live ain't it  
Fuck with me, get stuck with cutlery, luxery, I'm livin' luckily

Music is my sanctuary, it's life