

# Viktor Vaughn, The Drop

if I'm not workin or puttin work in  
I'm either wheelin and dealin  
or probably jerkin my (censored)  
yep listenin to nothin, takin no suggestions  
all destructive criticisms, that can't improve on perfection  
rock a crowd in sections on a good night.. the hoes fight  
always get the dough first then everything else goes right  
at least that's what they say and who the fuck is they?  
make a hick say "what the hey?" brought that chick from sick bay  
Henson he shoulda asked his upperclassmen  
before he bust blast and never trust no Kardassian  
captains log supplemental  
the Klingons are now aboard the enterprise rental vessal  
on my cue photon torpedo  
oh and if I'm not on the block with Jorgito  
and so on for the street though  
smoke a pound of leak though  
I'm jokin on the fact that hiphop has gone freak show  
don't let the drama getcha  
in the only genre of music where the fans shoot the messenger  
bitch niggaz talk behind ya back like a catcher  
either M-Y-O-B or B-Y-O stretcher  
in that order, man, woman, son, daughter  
the beat sound like the underwater, make it from the slaughter  
even if you hear some wack shit you never give a chance  
some shit sound like all you could do on fit is riverdance  
it's not a hobby, don't be sloppy  
doin deals with these labels is likened to a botched robbery  
nobody supposed to get bodied...golly  
this shit is like a folly bout to cold flip probably  
it's not me he got a ill spills knot in brooknon  
where even though kids kill they still chill and look calm  
while workin' on new developments for the book bomb  
in one bad experiment it blew and took a hooker arm (arm and leg)  
BOW! look mom.. no hand  
studied black magic for years out in no man's land  
it's like a barbecue all swine cookout  
to fuck up they plans like a blind man look out  
cram to overstand it, peep it and absorb it  
the same way he keep all the planets in they proper orbit  
Norbert y'all better off goin corporate  
nobody wanna hear that bullshit it's too morbid  
it's no prints he hold the mic with a mic glove  
and rolls dolo from state to state like Ike Love  
like on top of the world loser keep it gully  
rap creeps seem they got too much juice in they belly  
it's why they brung V he still hungry  
and spit something thick on the mic like a lungie  
mind ya daughter she on line for the water  
to get lucky like when she found a quater kinda sorta  
remember me God, clean timbs with emery board?  
he only came to save the game like a memory card  
ooh shrewd, alot of crews is too rude  
and it's way too many let's not and say we do dudes  
he said 24-7 I be on call  
he use his vacation days to watch Babylon fall  
numbskulls.. get ta steppin they dumb dull  
and how he rep the mic is like the weapon from Krull  
cats be like what's wrong with your man black?  
biohazard suit and bandgrap for the anthrax  
jeez and can't get no peace  
form blazin sword for the police robeast  
Cochise, write a rhyme like a book report  
and sell it to a rookie you could tell by the hook he bought

you ain't know he sell hooks and choruses?  
they couldn't bang slang if they looked in thesauruses  
it's like a friendly game of dodge ball  
oddball gaurd y'all, he played the garage wall  
with the Stan Smith's checkerboard lace  
and the brand new INF they ain't check the broad waist  
you saw his face? so who next to get they neck chopped  
or popped like a Beck's top, respect the drop  
it's too much wreck hops  
who next to get they neck chopped  
or popped like a Beck's top, respect the drop  
woopdie-do flows do fifty like a hooptie do  
groupie crews try to figure out from what coop he flew  
they outta place, beats sounds like outer space  
with no time to waste he was audi.. without a trace