

Witness, All Peace

You're the suffocating, big brother of entertainment
Engaging with others claiming to be intimidating
Intoxicating the collective crowd with your amazing command
of complicated cadence and structure, making motherfuckers shake

That must be why you wanna take the mic from me
But honestly, you got the arrogance I like, money.
And the fact you drop a verse you spent half of your life writing
To pass as a freestyle dissing me is mad exciting
I wanna hear a battle rap brother, make it fresh
Tell your boyfriend Atarax doesn't take requests
I never seen the crowd ever look so stunned
They're like "What crack den did this cat come from?"
Well, I don't listen to rap, so I don't really know
"Oh, you're that dude in that Lloyd Banks video!"
Never the less, just give it a rest, this isn't amateur night
When my man is on the decks and I got my hands on the mic
It's all peace

They said my voice would scare away the little children
Fronting like I came to serenade your women?
Salvation army issued the stitching for this frame
And these shoes would fall apart if i started trying to kick game
And disdain aside, I haven't showered in 48 hours prior to rocking a show here
I broke a sweat and now my shirt is soaking wet and I bear the scented essence of Marlboro 27s a
If she finds that attractive, maybe your passive aggressive nature towards others just isn't turning her
Or maybe, I just wasn't doing anything wrong and your insecure because she knew the words to m
Birth was the capital letter of this life sentence
And I decided to serve my term as serious lyricist
I plan to travel the planet and leave a good impression
So when it's over, I'll be content to end it with a period
Never the less the pettiness won't damage my day
When my man is on the decks and he's got his hand on the fade
It's all peace

I put the pen to the paper and speak with ease
While emcees hide behind loose leaf like Eve
I do bleed, unlike the half-hearted
That rock it on two sleeves
Rolled up, so they can market
The parts that pay the rent, check your fanbase again
Only 8 percent are over the legal age of consent
But yo, I'm chillin, I'm steppin offa the soapbox
I'll close shop, before i sell my soul to robots
I won't rock the crowd to make the dough drop
I do it for the yes, yes ya'll and you dont' stops
Started weaving life through the snare the kick
To carefully stich the clothing that they'll bury me with
Arrogance isn't a thread that I'd like to be dominant
It's defensive, because they're condesending in their compliments
Never the less the pessimism vibe is cliché
But when my man is on the decks and he's got his hand on the fade
It's all peace