Big Pokey, Hardest Pit

(*talking*)
Say cuz, I'm off the chain mayn
And it go down for real, niggaz can't see me
Know I'm talking bout, I'm ean that

[Big Pokey]
Take a trip with me, as I infiltrate your noggin
I'm to the point of nine bars and, keep it throbbing
If you swing I'm bobbing, even if I'm dobbed out and mobbing
The only dope corner, in my Jordans
Niggaz is stars and, they need to get they game sharpened
Out there robbing, bound to get they days darkened
I keep my 4-4 barking, for them lames larking
And them bustas plotting on me, in the valet parking
Steady sparking, pounds of killa
Plus a young nigga grinds for scrilla, on the reala
I load eighteen wheelers, full of yale
Dog proof for the smell, all about my mail
Only time will tell, the FED's on my trail
Plus you know, that a young nigga built to scale
A heavy weighter, billboard penetrator
Biting mics, I'm a rap game gladiator

[Hook - 2x]
The haaaardest, the hardest
(rule number one, always keep it reala)
(number two on my chest, a untamed guerilla)
Keeping it reala, the realest
(cap peeler, plus I bite mics for scrilla)
(take it from me who I be, hardest pit in the litter)

[Big Pokey]
I'm a thuggish nigga, on drank I'm sluggish
Mug mean infa' beam, and a brick in my luggage
Keep my game face on, when I'm punching the clock
From a rock to a block, my spot hot as a crock pot
Dome shot connector, red dot reflector
Fifty pound dissector, when I'm buying from Hector
Calls collector, plus a snitch detector
I.Q. like leopard, dope game perfecter
Mobstyle protector, sky street infector
I'm a platinum editor, CEO director
Chin checker, just a certified wrecker
Sweeping up sets, like a Black & Decker
I got Texas ways, it's simply cause I'm Texas raised
And handle all animosity, with techs and K's
Split toupees, I stain the brain
Everything gon remain the same, what's my name

[Hook]

[Big Pokey]
Peep the rules, if you snooze you lose
That's why I choose to strap my shoes, and pay my dues
Leave no clues, cause niggaz is fools
Hearts colder than igloos, coolers full of ice
Teelee, 'fore you shoot the dice
Or catch that one way flight, to Paradise
It's nothing nice, if it ain't your time
Keep on if you think I'm lying, it go down
I stay on top of mine, my game
And stains niggaz brains, like mines rain
It ain't mine, if it ain't wide frame
(what if you off the chain), then you best to hide mayn

Spit verses for change, and bring the pain
Rap game John Wayne, (that's a god damn shame)
Infrared for aim, when I rain
This a nigga you can't contain, uncut cocaine

[Hook - 4x]