

Dope D.O.D, What Happened

Eyo Whats up JayLee nigga what's crackin'
What u doin, what's goin on, what's happenin'
See nowadays I be pimpin n' mackin n' sellin crack n
Niggaa u still rappin'?

[Jay Reaper:]

What up is I hang with the hardest motherfuckers
I got rhymes by the buckets make you niggas wanna suck it
But you loveless, I'm the epitome of god-gifted
When I busted my first rap the whole planet shifted
Lifted your mind to the next stress hemisphere
The next level shift so you best to just step in here
Check my gear, I got flavor mad hip-hop
I can front in the roughest neighbourhood and not get shot
I black out when niggas start hating shit
Run over your crew like the New England Patriots
The craziest but I'm also the laziest
Never turn on the TV so I don't know who Jay-Z is
What happened to rap in the 2-0 era?
While they are getting worse and I'm only getting better
Niggas too old, Jay young and fresher
I'll put them under pressure, professor test ya

[Hook:]

What happened? Dope D.O.D. became the illest
What happened? Phony MCs is getting finished
What happened? You face defeat and we the winners
Wicked with the lyrics in a minute you're diminished

[Skits Vicious:]

I hear people say back in the day he wasn't like this
Is he stuck in the cycle of drug, sex, and violence
The nicest, reflects on your iris
Gingivitis erupts through the gums of plenty of biters
I'm the Excalibur weaponry wielder
Do you dare to step into the deadliest field of
Hardcore hip-hop, we laugh at your idols
Fuck your advice, I walk the path of the psycho
I kill MCs regardless of which rhyme I drop
On top of the corpses we climb to the top
So who's next to flop cause he thought he was heavy?
The last one retired when I tore through his belly
The cyborgs are ready to reboot the system
People go missing, a lot seem to have vanished
They ask me what happened? Why do I act funny?
I stay braindead like I got bitten by a rat-monkey

[Dopey Rotten:]

Every day I hear the same fucking Bs
That's the same old song, you just don't progress
You won't confess, that you all fame obsessed
I've seen it all and I'm far from impressed
I get a lot of criticism, you can be my guest
This hip-hop shit just got repossessed
Peeps don't wanna see us have any success
It's time for these rookies to go hit the bench press
You're not the guy I used to know, it's all about the rate of flow
He's even got a golden glow, what a way to go
This prick didn't even greet me at the show
Thinks he makes art like he's Vincent Van Gogh

But no, I turn from amateur to pro
I put in work daily, you just don't know
Just don't know
You just don't know

[Hook:]

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