

# 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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