

Ed O.G., Be Thankful

[VERSE 1]

Edo's a one-man team, I never huddle with coach
I'm on some raw shit, y'all take the subtle approach
I break up the mic when I wake up the night
If I'm beefin in my sleep then I wake up and fight
I refuse to let these roaches insult my culture
I broke the mold and the sculpture
Went from kingdoms to the projects housing kings
How do I make one word say a thousand things
Spit more than a thousand slangs
Put skills to your thousand dollar chains
Kill you on the mic, then pray over your remains
Elevated the game in the midst of all the change
Got a list of all the names, get beat the hardest
By the featured artist who got dough but keep it modest
Watch my bench featured starters
The ghetto taught us to praise the black goddess
We flawless, hot like June to August
Come on

[CHORUS]

Be thankful for what you got
Cause a hungry nigga's waitin to take yo spot
Don't think he won't scheme and plot
So you best be thankful for what you got
Next year you might not be hot
So you better be thankful for what you got
Yo, whether you make it or not
Dog, you best be thankful for what you got

[VERSE 2]

If you spit fire, then God's a liar
The odds of dodgin fire just got higher
What cause can you inspire, rap sheet's on fire
I keep it in the streets like tires
And don't admire your material desires
The media supply us, they biased
One minute they praise us, then they crucify us
Haters, they don't apply theyself
They ain't hot enough to do a record by theyself
They need help, see money don't make the man
You ain't gotta shake my hand or take a stand
High day after day, drunk night after night
What you gon' do after-mic?
Fight me, get sent to the afterlife
I battle niggas half a night
Told them suckers pass the mic
Boots gotta have trees, sneakers gotta have stripes
I never lost focus and never lost sight
Of the mic

[CHORUS]

[VERSE 3]

I silence giants in a world of violence
The science to my triumphs is to switch around the line-ups
Y'all take off with little ascension
Dogs that bark all the time get little attention
Y'all little tension gets little mention
I'm hardcore and heart-wrenchin
Build without benchin, time to start inchin
Photoflash like a camera to slander your propaganda
Hit you in the head with a proper hammer
Livin life wild and short, child support

Trials in courts, criminals and cohorts
I rhyme so sick the flow hurts
I'm runnin a marathon, y'all take the shit in short spurts
In the club watchin short skirts
Cause this rap game comes with mad perps
I do whatever works
Tried not to get murked when I was doin my dirt
Put out my own shit so I won't get jerked
Nigga

[CHORUS]