

Ed O.G., Questions

(Put out the word)☐--> Outloud

[VERSE 1]

Amazingly none of y'all amazin me, you over-rhyme
I put in work and overtime and over time and under time
What I write y'all should highlight and underline
And keep your ear to what I'm vibin to
It ain't about what you're drivin but what's drivin you
And if you fit that description I'm describin you
And the shit that we did y'all still tryin to do
Y'all still tryin to do; stop lookin funny at us
Cause we correct witht he money matters
Young white kids is throwin money at us
If you from hard times all money really matters
We all livin but we ball today
I write stories of tomorrow today
Follow the way or pack it in and call it a day
And get jerked for a day's work
I grab the mic and leave the stage twirled
You popped (?) got injured and stay hurt
What

Tell me

(Get my point across clearly)☐--> Guru

I'm askin the questions

(Check the word life, because it's real)☐--> D-Wyze

[VERSE 2]

See, I woo-woo and 2050, 360
Timbs crispy, 100 proof like whiskey
Workaholic, don't need a day off
Lookin for that big pay-off
Still bringin the order to the chaos
You way off, see that mic - stay off
Above 500, still can't make the play-off
Me, I won't break but I will bend
And keep a eye on you suckers and throw caution to the wind
Boston to the end, on my sons and daughter
On my way across the border
Fuck America's law and order
Nights are longer, days are shorter
Can't make a call for a quarter
Gotta pay for water
You niggas better stop bubblin
In these years of the Republicans
Cause drug sentences is doublin
What I do shouldn't concern you
When they burn you
And turn they back, who y'all turn to?

Huh?

(Get my point across clearly)☐--> Guru

You don't know, do you?

(Check the word life, because it's real)☐--> D-Wyze

[VERSE 3]

I gotta keep that black soul in me
Went from so few to so many
Empty spaces to fill these holes in me
I don't need no more weed and Henny
If I flow, flow with me, roll with me
And reach your goals with me
Boston thugs wanna test me like the emcast
If I let them last every day could be my last

Retire when the fire get from under my ass
I'm inspired by my wonderous past
You can't get it, got to earn hard
Or hit the wall like Dale Earnhardt
Like when I fish I think look what the worm caught
You far from the term 'hard' but love to talk a lot
You should be ashamed and shocked
From triple A's to the majors to claim your spot
In your head to train your thought
11 years and still remain this hot
Now I'm on the roster
Puffin I's in the pen with the rastas
What does the price of life cost us?