

# Journalist, Self Explanatory

[Journalist]

(Journalist) Uh, Journalist, (idealist), and it's a journey  
(I'm the journalist) Urban wars (the flow) I don't fuck around  
Crazy World, Motown motherfuckers  
Uh, dream team (Idealist, and it's a journey, I'm the Journalist)  
I don't fuck around dunny  
Yo, ayyo, right from the gate, dog  
It shouldn't be no type of debate  
'Bout who's the nicest with a mic and a tape  
You know I'm bright in the waist  
When I'm shining up the pipe with an eight  
Before I leave you with a trifling face  
If you got Salisbury I play Marbury  
Hit you with the handle  
Before I light you up like the wick that's on a candle  
Have your bitch watch shots ripping through your flannel  
Lower parts to your heart sticking to her sandals  
Journalist, but you can call me tupee splitter  
You sweeter than the bottom of your Kool-Aid pitcher  
You think it's just music you hear, I bust a few in the air  
While your lil' sister's doing your hair  
Still in your crib, one shot pilling your wig  
I blow out your face, while the chrome's still in your hair  
Too severe for a medical truck I could bet a few bucks  
They gon' probably have to shovel you up, what

[Hook: Samples + and random DJ scratches]

Idealist, and it's a journey, oh I'm the journalist  
The flow, (I don't fuck around)  
Uh, Idealist, and it's a journey, oh I'm the journalist  
The flow (I don't fuck around, dunny)

[Journalist]

See yo, I keep them business working,  
'Till the wrists is hurting  
'Till your shit ooze out like this detergent  
I still keep the chickens lurking  
Got bitches circlin' 'cause they see me in the whip with Erving  
I will show you a nina,  
If you don't think the hard-toe can turn your torso to a sprinkler  
Then I pull off in the beautiful cat,  
New Jag, no tints, I'm a beautiful cat  
1-6, y'all know what we do to you, black  
All my niggas squeeze triggers 'til they cuticles crack  
If we got a full clip, we'll be sending you half  
Hole in your legs, give your calf a genuine draft  
Like the bottle of beer, then a minute you pass  
Tap your pockets, see how many Benzes you had  
Hit the stack, tell Carl Carl to send a few scags  
From my criminal staff from that cynical ave  
Machos mothefucker

[Hook]

[Journalist]

See yo, I studied the block, so I got damn good methods  
On how to burn strips like I can cook breakfast  
You ain't stabilized, it help when your label rise  
Every time I turn around, your face in the cable guide  
To my rap books, you can find me shackled  
Blow out your shit, leave it in your Mommy's scrapple  
I could, kindly catch you, let the tommy clap you  
For you with more hoes than a Chinese apple  
You hit gasoline talk fast and lean

Pop fly, and get left with half a wing  
Watch who you talking to get your glasses cleaned  
Before I be forced to empty out this magazine  
Barrels throwing out twenty like a Jack in Queens  
Leave you somewhere throwing up your last (?)  
Most of the week, you find Journ over in beats  
When it comes to the throne, homes, you just holding my seat, uh

[Hook]