

Monster Island Czars, Take Control

So this is hip-hop kid? (Word)
This is hip-hop?
This bullshit son? (This ain't bullshit)
All right, check it

(Verse 1)

We in it for twelve rounds, nothing less than ten yards
We inspire the gods to bring t back now nigga
Divine figure, mind twist tightly
Style so superb that niggas wanna bite me
Or fight me, that's unlikely
See I'm swinging mad gems, magnifying your limbs
You want more? Bring it
And if I feel like heat I'm pumping two in your motor bitch, game over (nigga)
Cause we ain't taking no shorts
I'm the type of cat that got game on all courts
Of all sorts, all sports, all American, all ghetto
Walking these streets with all metal
Y'all niggas can't fuck around, like brand new sound
Punks jump up to get beat down
And we thoroughly doing it
Ain't nothing you can do to ruin it, we got this
Kamackeris with King C, it's all about the beats bitch
Blaze my tree

(Chorus)

You want money? Fuck the money
You want power? Fuck the power
You want respect? Fuck respect
You want gold? Fuck that
We take control
You want money? Fuck the money
You want power? Fuck the power
You want respect? Fuck respect
You want gold?

(Verse 2)

They said life is what you make it, please
I know niggas with degrees with no cheese
No trees, no ones, no funds
Life is crazy hard even if you got a job
Pray to God for the ??, the take over
This is how it be 21st century
Wild out, shooting, polluting the air that we breathing
Hostile law enforcement even
It's all visual, three-fifths divisible
The media keeping it visible
Radio don't even spin they own records
Heavy rotation program directors,
Of that nonsense, coming in you conscience
Introducing the monsters

(Chorus)