

Outerspace, Top Shelf (feat. Sadat X)

[Intro: Crypt the Warchild]

Outerspace, nigga!

I'mma beat your asses

Warchild, Planetary

[Verse 1: Planetary]

I came, to take the world by storm

Transform every word, put my life in the song

It don't really matter if it's right or it's wrong

You gon' feel what we do when the mic's turned on

Gonna, surrender your life, we ready to fight

Like King Syze spit heavy on mics, any of hype is over

Street's cobra, free souljah, in to take the streets over

We told you, nigga, don't ever disrespect our click

Get found in the ditch, with your son and ya bitch

Cause I'm expected by fame, we proven murderers

Top shelf verbalists with words I spit

I can ghost write though, I got potential clearly

I'm from Philladel, the place where the streets is watching

And getting your ass whooped is the only option

[Hook: Crypt the Warchild]

Get up! Throw your hands in the air or shut up

Me and your atmosphere, yo what up?

Something for the DJ to scratch, you're caught up

[Verse2: Sadat X]

Babygrande is the label that pays me

Just any beat ain't gonna amaze me

All to my days be, you grind up

Let me find out yo that we're twins

Maybe there's a equal of space

90 miles seperate Philly from the atmo

Who clam they came, it must be how they Snapple

Or work whole day, make the X go

Everytime I'mma hit you, I just go

I'm a radical, just medical, I'm a terror

Flat bring hot weather, ya get to that?

Anyone deal with that, gon' bust

Three balls in my area, I'm gon' pop

When this world gonna find my whole proton ???

Barried under ??? but it still the kill

Fronting any other ??? was a threat, better yet

They raised up my statue, at least once I'mma catch you

Other times it might be another by the rhyme

If that's the case, man it's going outerspace

[Hook]

[Verse3: Crypt the Warchild]

I came, to take the world away

Long time anticipated so the world awakes

Strong arm affiliated, watch what you say

To a fifth executioners, East PA

Play game off the chain, that's the least to say

Spit flames off the brain, cause we don't play

Keep my dawgs 'profaso', we don't stray

If the cooking to ya numb heads, we don't lay

Put rocks in this bitch, from NY to Philly

Told the block when it rained, I'd like to keep it filthiest

War, hell is out not even the beast can kill me

Starving artist on the mic, only a feast can fill me

OS reigns supreme, and y'all can hate on it

Your dudes ain't crunk, if you can't stay on it
Your beats still not, if you can't break on it
And the track ain't played unless you put Space on it

[Hook]