Teflon, Nigga Whut

(Teflon)

Steppin in here to spark another session For my real bugged, street thug niggaz that keep reppin Teflon, rated do {sire?}, Firing Squad kingpin The rough and rugged rap hemp supplier Yo, some brothers probably say, "Who that nigga that rappin? Is he dope for real, do he got skills, or is he slackin?" True fans, you got the props, the rap novelist Makin the hits, sounds pound, because I get down regardless I'm heartless, enemies, get turned into memories My energy so complex, they think there's ten of me (shit) I'm the remedy for keep it real, rap in order Some lack the format, to keep rap above the water But I'ma keep the real shit existin I'm fixin to bring it back to put wack niggaz on restriction My diction, far from irrelevant, been reppin ever since a young buck, leavin 'em dumbstruck, my element for real Fuck with only ill sickest niggaz Violate my squad son, not only Die Hard they die quicker I'm breakin niggaz like a switchboard, for real I'm known for stealin shows, makin live niggaz wanna switch But one verse, sends dirt wind and fire through your entire empire Makin higher level niggaz retire BLAYA! One shot to bust down the foes And leave 'em bleedin 'til they bodies decompose Strictly from the 'Ville

(Chorus: repeat 2X)
What what what, nigga what, son turn it up
Let me see your hands up high, if you don't give a fuck
What what what, nigga what, son turn it up
Let me see your hands up high, if you don't give a fuck

(Teflon)

Step into the bloodshed zone, adjust your headphones, illegal activist But Higher Learning what I practice when I leave your head blown High rankin, not a studio gangsta rapper (gangsta rapper) Thanks to Slappa and Bill, my lifestyle is fatter What is it? Sacrifice my life, give it for my blood brothers in the struggle, if I say it then I live it Plus I got the real shit, fly shit, the ill shit My shit the shit that thug niggaz grow and die with Authentic rapper with the raw-scented, shit that get your mind, mentally tormented, whenever I kick it Full Metal Jacket heavy layer, player in this rap game Blow in my hometown, I'm known like the mayor But fuck that, Teflon is bombin niggaz in the nine-six But if I can't get rich then fuck it I'm strong-armin niggaz! Sing a tune on Dog Day's Afternoon Finger fuck a trigger with love, and blow you to the moon Ahh, my M.O.P. family program be deadly Catch assault, battery charge, cause I'm for-Everready Watch me, strictly army fatigues, fuck Versace Give me a street-sweeper and I'll take on the motherfuckin Nazis Who can stop me when I'm on a roll, my patterns'll knock Saturn off of balance when my talents unfold, nigga what?

(Chorus)