

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)