

## The Creators f/ Phil Da Agony

### "Kronkite"

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[Intro] Yeah y'all. Yeah y'all. As we keep it game tight  
Respect the work ethic. Blow the kronkite. Proper  
etiquette Keepin' it technologically advanced for  
everybody. Exactly. Move on What y'all need? Check it  
out y'all. Phil Da Ag, what you gotta say? [Verse One]  
Periodically I flow a rap Odyssey That slaps you in the  
face and then accepts your apology P-H-I-L Da Agony  
Smoke more smoke than the smoke from your factory  
Accurately aimin' Top gamin' Phil Da Agony, I just had  
to throw the name in The lottery Lower your blood count  
like a phlebotomy Is that the Barbershop cats right  
there? Gotta be Seen 'em on Cressant Heights Just last  
week Brand new sneaks Spittin' game at the freaks  
Technique turntables spin I get my second wind to do it  
all over again For me and my friends Spit it, alcohol  
consumption Don't get the wrong assumption I ain't  
fucked up I'm always up to somethin' Even when I'm  
throwin' up I get and roll to Tri City Just another trait of  
my Likwit committee Eradicate the beat break and do  
whatever it takes Take money to make money but  
money come late Wet dog I catalog like the junkyard  
dog Jump back and smack you in your monkey ass  
mugg On the lake Puffin' blunts Canoein' Chillin' like a  
family reunion Just brewin' Scrimp on the barbie Vince  
Lombardi Hit you real harshly Sell you weed and give  
you parsley [Chorus: x2] Keep the game tight, Walter  
Cronkite Get up and rewrite and recite The key to the  
light Is simply keeping the game tight Every days and  
every night The darker the light Remarkable mics  
Three strikes [Verse Two] Yo, I used to roll wild, actin'  
wild, smokin' Black & Milds Now I roll with a pack of file  
snappin' crocodiles Agony Big bang theory Those who  
didn't want to hear me, cheer me Next year don't even  
come near me Secret societies All sorts of anxiety  
Police pullin' me over, they keep tryin' me Die Hard Jean  
Claude Tobacco distribution, rugged rhyme execution  
Twin turbo boostin' Axillary Silly of me to ask if you  
feelin' me Knowin' that I'm rockin' like I'm supposed to  
be Bitches standin' close to me Next to me Butterfly's  
in their stomachs off of ecstasy Wet pussies Legacies,  
legends, all time great Platinum plate Lovin' the way of

my mind state Critical thinkin' Ink sinkin' Heat seekin'  
lyrics That follow y'all the first time you hear it Talk a  
big game, play a big one Even your own boys be like,  
"That nigga won" The undisputed champion Top notch  
contender Mind bender You caught up in an  
earthquake epicenter I spend a 100 dollars on Nikes  
While they give another million to Mike Somethin' just  
ain't right Phil Da Agony Fuck it everythings for free on  
me Y'all just keep rappin' about Gs While my craft/Kraft  
automatically gets the cheese My staff automatically  
squeeze on y'all wack MCs Perpendicular No in  
particular fix When I be searchin' ashtrays for vehicular  
nicks Blitz Sack the quarterback The New World Order  
lacks Latinos and blacks I had to pay to get activation  
Now I'm on solo albums Makin' 'em sound like  
compilations Jason, Lawrence, Smith Smokin' spliff with  
E-Swift while I listen to the mix Pick of the first round  
draft Build with staff Your life is fucked up with no map  
[Chorus] [Outro] Phil Da Ag y'all. And I'm out of here  
Unprecedented. Rhymes I invented Cressant Heights.  
Check it out Barbershop material on Premeditated As  
the world spins on it's axis Things go...how they're  
supposed to be Phil Da Agony. And I'm out y'all

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