

8 Foot Sativa

"Battle"

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(scratched: "What? You wanna battle ME?")
(scratched: "Yo man, how much money you got?")
(scratched: "What? You wanna battle ME?")
(scratched: "Yo man, how much money you got?")

I used to guzzle 40's, and own a beat up Caddy
Since the hood still love me, I'll turn the heat up daddy
I went from mackin fly honies on the train
to straight relaxin on the beach, countin money gettin
brain
Soon as you rappers get a chance you wanna floss a lot
You buy a iced out watch because it cost a lot
Then you in the club, stylin with dough
Profilin with hoes that we boned, a while ago
You rookies haven't done enough laps around the track
You had one hot single, but then your album sounds
wack
Son you bore me with your war stories
You ain't even do that shit, so that's just more stories
How you expect us to take you seriously?
The look in my eye punk, has got you scared of me
I'm blastin your sons, I'm snatchin your funds
You catch a royal ass-whoopin, you've been askin for
one

(scratched: "I'm bout to slap rappers around and bruise
the game")
"What.. what?" (scratch: "We thorough to the end")
"Yo man.." "You know the drill"
(scratched: "I'm bout to slap rappers around and bruise
the game")
"What.. what?" (scratch: "You wanna battle me?")
"Yo man.." "How much money you got?"

Bitch you don't even know, the half about me
I bring it straight to your chest, ask your staff about me
I'm just a little bit older, plus a whole lot wiser
I might advise ya, or I might pulverize ya
I can visit any city, get respect in the street
While you alone in your room, shook to death of the
streets

I'll take a second to speak, I keep my weapon in reach
I ain't talkin romance but you'll get swept off your feet
I keeps a ghetto chick, that loves to blast and she
peddle shit
Groupies fake moves, I get her to settle shit
You can't compare to the status right here
Legendary worldwide, we can battle right here
Listen junior, I'ma tear back your wig
This ain't TV but I'll show you what a "Fear Factor" is
Stop grillin me, and all that frontin is killin me
You leave me no choice but to hurt your feelings G

(scratched: "I'm bout to slap rappers around and bruise
the game")

"What.. what?" (scratch: "You wanna battle me?")

"Yo man.." "How much money you got?"

"What.. what?" (scratch: "We thorough to the end")

"Yo man.." "You know the drill"

(scratched: "I'm bout to slap rappers around and bruise
the game")

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(scratch: "We thorough to the end")

(scratched: "I'm bout to slap rappers around")

"You know the drill"

(scratch: "We thorough to the end")

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"You know the drill"

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