

## Commander Cody

### "Don't Go Against the Grain"

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How many MCs must we put in pain?

[Pop The Brown Hornet]

I had a dream that I was in an MC war  
Kinda different than any other dream I had before  
MCs packin rhymes like jiggys be packin nines  
They said a verse and it was like I could read they  
fuckin minds  
I threw a metaphor, this player gave me an encore  
They asked him what you go and fuck with Pop for  
You read his diary, heard he's won every rivalry  
If you ask me I feel you owe him an apology  
An old school cat who got knowledge under his cap  
So don't approach me with that bullshit black  
Because I been there, did that, bust shots and sold  
crack  
Been shot at but I been put here to rap  
So no matter what you do and say my style been put  
here to stay  
Just like the sun sees the next day  
Mandatory that you hear my story  
To all them thugs who thought I wouldn't make it, you  
ain't got nuthin for me  
You couldn't clean the shit off my shoes  
That I stepped in when I was out there payin my dues  
You's a blown fuse, bad news  
Good for nothin like tattoos and saggy boobs  
June Luva drop the jewels on em  
Warn em, go get em

[June Luva]

Yo let's go to war, and my objective is to score  
Collectin mad points as my opponents hit the floor  
You better come the best way you know how nigga  
Gun play, that's the way it goes down nigga  
I know you know the rules of New York  
Bullshit walk, so kill all that bloodclot talk  
We hawk, I stalk the streets with the Ginsu  
Anybody move, cop killer to your tissue  
Hits you, put you where the good lord split you  
Whoever that be doubtin my steez nigga please

I been through more shit than toilet bowl flushes  
Ran through more clicks than NFL rushers  
Plus this be the best connect that you've heard  
In a long time, muthafuckers that's my word  
Observe the way I just cock back and serve  
Niggas in my way gettin hit with the AK  
Automatic I'm quick to cause static  
Laugh in your face, haha, then let you have it  
So lounge my niggas you in the danger zone  
It's only certain parts you's allowed to roam  
And don't sleep cause shorties down the block is deep  
Got somethin for that ass that lift you off your feet  
And that's real

Chorus:

How many MCs must we put in pain  
Before somebody says don't go against the Grain  
The Grain, here to jumpstart the Earth's engine  
And keep the world movin and spinnin

[Down Low Recka]

We been blessed with skill to make a nigga pay  
So we gave a percentage away to MCA  
To take to Universal from uptown round to China  
You turn that Tokyo back to South Carolina  
Whoever got the currency you got me performin at  
your big arena  
That's full of smoke from Medina  
Roll up the greenery  
My niggas backstage'll set the scenery  
So I can let you know what rap mean to me  
It's real cause cash rule under property  
I'm goin at the family land, nuthin stoppin me  
Cockin back nine, insertin em in nine holes  
Your genitals, eyes, ears, ass, mouth and nose  
I been told by a higher power to do whatever  
It takes to make our lives better and worry when I'm  
deader  
Mentally I'm hooked by society  
So I'm flippin on them niggas eyein me and payin high  
salary  
For me to tell my brothers to kill each other  
I ain't fuckin with the ignorant, I'm goin undercover  
Breakin stereotypes along with cordless mics  
When evil strike I beat that ass cause he can't fight

Chorus (2x)

Ha ha, spinnin, word up, movin, we keeps it  
Movin, G.P. never losin  
The Grain, word up, niggas is always choosin

How we move and other shit, word up, it's that shit  
Word up, yeah yeah, keep it movin y'all, word up  
Unh, keep it movin y'all, word up word up, the Grain  
baby  
Yeah, yeah, niggas know how it go, word up

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