

Elzhi

"Brag Swag"

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[Intro - Elzhi - talking] Yeah, yeah This your boy Elzhi
Finally here now It's been a minute though You know
what I'm sayin? I came up from nothin Doin my thing,
so I got the right to brag swag Makin money off music I
create (*scratching*) "Create" [Verse 1 - Elzhi] Yo, the
day that hell snowed is when El fold, poetry well told
It's entertainin, keep niggaz trainin like the railroad
Stingman, what I bring in is dope as the kingpen
Slingin, OG's threw me beneath the wingspan Expert,
through the less dirt, but still my tec squirt Bucked,
then it gets tucked in, just like a dress shirt Been a
beast in a winter fleece, time for your dinner feast With
a pen unleashed, if there's a priest, within a piece
Quick to lead, stick chicks of the thicker breed Get
fricker see with trigger speed, you puffin nigga weed I
buy hundred dollar bags, Cadillacs and polished Jags
Yeah, I show you how to brag, while the hours drag Spit
quotes that slit throats, bet it could split boats Get
votes off shit wrote, I'm the legit G.O.A.T. And no
statistic, to bitch niggaz I'm chauvinistic I tote a biscuit,
carry arms like shoulder discus ('scus) [Chorus]
(*scratching*) "You heard what I said" "Makin money
for the music that a nigga create" "Makin money for
the music that a nigga create" "Nigga you heard what I
said" "Makin money for the music that a nigga create"
"Makin money, money" "For the, for the, music that a
nigga create" [Verse 2 - Elzhi] Remain a fresh goon 'til
my flesh prune You'll need a vest soon, to catch a chest
wound Have you rest, above the crest moon On your
block, get your door knocked Then by my warlocks,
who wore glocks And left you with stains too deep for
Clorox Run rap beneath sun cap, levels is untapped
Done laps around a spun mat, hoes get they buns
slapped Y'all panic for all static, that's what I call frantic
Lookin shookers to small planet, becomin volcanic Off
top, y'all soft pop, weak as a cough drop I love cop, to
stop in the mall, so I can club shop Veteran, you better
involve us all in the letterin If I don't get your girl wetter
than, I must have met her twin Create rhymes that are
straight bombs, and call 'em Napalm I date dimes and
maybe an eight, if she got great palms 'Nough said,

get at a rough dread, so I could puff red I cuff bread,
I'm paid and got maids, that could fluff beds I even
snuff heads [Chorus] (*scratching*) "Hey yo" "Hey yo"
"Yo, yo" "Nigga you heard what I said" "Makin money
for the music that a nigga create" ... "Nigga you heard
what I said" "Makin money for the music that a nigga
create" "Makin money for the music that a nigga
create" (*scratched until the end*) "Create" - 7X

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