

Blu & Exile "Simply Amazin'"

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(To all you talkin' all that bullshit)

Ey yo I'm tryn'a make these niggas go bonkers
from London to the youngest in Yonkers
We So-Cal residential lyrical monsters
Gettin' women's attention like I'm rippin' a concert
So put your hands high 'til your arms hurt
I walk the earth just like God works in mysterious ways
Your spirits is swayed
every time my lyrics is played
So please stop givin' these lyricists praise
'cause they bluffin' while they bustin' with a serious
face
and it's unbearable
These stereo-rap tracks are terrible
I'm here to take care of you wack cats
and bury you back at
wherever you came from
I'm carryin' this game on my back 'til the pain's numb
And I be bustin' on fucks 'til I can't cum no longer
Law says you gotta take some to grow stronger
I've conquered all you haters
like a strong-armed dominator
Big dick tryn'a break a bit a' baby-mama maker
And ain't no time to take break
You gotta break the mold
I'm from a place where cats are born to play the gansta
roles
Like hittin' switches I was gettin' hit with switches
Until I switched positions
Now I'm playin' when the game is on
Y'all think y'all bangin' but y'all ain't as strong
My pop a thug
I'm a son of a blood with blue Gators on
The record spinnin' his favorite songs
Now he's bangin' my shit on them same tables that he
played 'em on nigga

(sing along with it, if you didn't hear it, you gonna hear
it right now)

'Cause yo hip hop

It started out from the heart
A young nigga from the park sharp-shootin' with darts
Harpoonin' cartoonists talkin' too much talk
But walk a whole different stroll homeboy
You get sparked by the guy right here?
I make y'all niggas see the light like a bright idea
Heard she was lookin' for my weapon but my tongue's
right here
So you can act like a fool
But y'all be done by noon off a' one light beer
So yeah fuck my crew
But let's get one thing clear
Y'all can't keep up with us because your lungs ain't
clear
Y'all need a million-dollar budget and some punch
lines here
All your boy need is one right ear
And I could probably change the world
Fuck you sold-soul rappers
After diamonds and pearls
Like you homo-rappers
Y'all some go-go girls
With your go-go gadgets
Exposin' what you holdin' like your soul don't matter
I got a 'go-go get it' mentality
so battle me please
I just throw out some cheese and y'all'll go-go at it
Got you reachin' for your 4-4 'matic
While I stagger motherfuckers with darts
I got my mojo mastered
The game is full of 'homo's backwards:
mo' ho's than rappers
No flows but keep shows packed'er than us?
Fuck that we goin' platinum plus
and still ridin' on the back of the bus
'cause the bucks don't matter
(turn it up, stop frontin', come on, turn it up)

And from the start of this shit
I took a vow to never with this shit
I put my soul and all my heart in this shit
But in return I got burned like these rappers had my
arteries lit
So now I'm spittin' fire darts when I'm pissed
And you don't wanna see me angry 'cause I can't be
calmed
It's like you try'n'a take custody of my sound?
I'm the baby's mom
I been to court for this wack shit before
And had to file divorce you biters'd start payin' style-
support

A child that don't smile no more
I found the short cut in life
but I'd rather take my time out the door
Fuck a knife I'm pullin' texts out for war
'Cause I ain't get that cut
Fuck y'all 's what Exile's for
See I'm the MC and he's the DJ
Manipulate the MP to translate what he say
Catch me on the freeway
1-10 south 'til it ends at Bridgetown, USA
So roll with us where the gorillas hang
Where the cold killas live
Where the gold diggas dig
Where you know niggas bang
'Cause the walls show the gangs when you pass 'em
Where niggas stay blown like tires
and these haters wanna slash 'em
Platinum chains? Trained'a snatch 'em
You flashin' in the Range?
You waitin' for accident to happen on purpose
Cadillac verses
Sun-roofed diamond-back rap
That's the verdict nigga

(always amazing)

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