

**G. Dep****"Dep - Special Delivery"**

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[Verse 1]

Yo, this for my niggas, though, special delivery  
Spit like this, get my wrists all glittery  
Get cake, snakes get slithery  
Lean in, show y'all the meaning of chivalry  
Rap ruler, you could ask Buddha  
Right jab like Zab Judah  
Every member on my team is the shooter  
Tight like a womb, no room for intruders  
Spark Buddha, twistin' the Philly  
And Good Humor, don't be silly  
It's gravy baby, I got it all smothered  
Like makeup, I got it all covered  
Want a jewel, don't be cruel  
It's authentic, don't be fooled  
By these phony accusations  
Backlash and slanders  
Front, and they publicity stunts and propaganda  
Keep it private, 'cause I'm the commander  
In chief, I never stop like beef  
Gimme a break, I might shake the building  
Play safe, vacate all women and children  
I spit it out

Chorus (repeat 2x)

Special delivery  
I want that  
Special delivery  
I need  
Special delivery  
Can I have that  
Special delivery  
Come give it to me

[Verse 2]

If you ain't ready, I'ma bust through ya curtain  
Encore, you're not sure, I'm certain  
Wait, make sure the mic workin'  
Make cake, sorta like Earth Wind  
And Fire, the rap vampire

Retire in the morn'  
Warm like campfires  
Matter of fact, I'm blazin'  
Raisin' the roof up  
Slide off with ya rooster  
Took her to the stu and seduced her  
Let her do a skit, then she hit my producer (Oh)  
Not whatcha used to, I'm looser  
Ya need to stop fuckin' with them losers, now who's up  
The mystic ruler, grand imperial  
Filthy, but milky like cereal  
Bang this in ya stereo  
MC's is dead and I'ma get head up at they burial  
And that's disrespectful  
I'm strong like Exo mixed with X, yo  
And that's the high capability  
And yes, I possess that ability  
I spit it out

Chorus (repeat 2x)

[Verse 3]

Yeah, ayo, Dep so bright, light looking halogen  
Spit that bar, car low mileagin'  
Let's go, metropolitan  
Area, cuz I'm hearin' ya hollerin'  
The earthquaker, Harlem bread maker  
Gimme two hands, few grams and the shaker  
Hit the block, watch the kids bake up  
Your girl keep coming around  
Then I'ma take her to Jamaica  
And I give her a reason to get curious  
But ya pain, it ain't that serious  
MC's ran with this and that  
But change your name to Saran 'cause it's a Wrap  
Your rap is like a sedative  
You sleepy, defeat me, negative  
So it's over and I guess you gotta live with it  
And you can tell by the records that's distributed  
I spit it out

Chorus (repeat 4x to fade)

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