

## G. Dep "Special Delivery"

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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

Special delivery, I want that  
Special delivery, I need  
Special delivery, can I have that?  
Special delivery, come give it to me

Special delivery, I want that  
Special delivery, I need  
Special delivery, can I have that?  
Special delivery, come give it to me

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 loser  
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

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Special delivery, I need  
Special delivery, can I have that?  
Special delivery, come give it to me

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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

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Special delivery, I need  
Special delivery, can I have that?  
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