

## Grits "Stop Bitin'"

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Stop bitin'  
Using styles that you know  
That ain't yours  
Stop bitin'  
Changing sounds  
Every album you do  
Stop bitin'  
Reciting lines  
I done heard before  
Stop bitin'  
Making money  
Off of rhymes  
That ain't yours

For the kleptos  
Who stole flows  
From those  
In the pros  
Get you mouth  
Swole by blows  
Thrown by those  
You took from  
How can you stand  
To even look  
At yourself  
Peering through mirrors  
Got to be  
Insecurity can't  
Just be bout money  
If it is you  
Got issues  
Way beyond the benhamins  
Need reminder  
Of purpose  
Cause you  
Clowning on surface  
For those  
In writers block  
Stealing ideas  
For concepts  
This is judgement day  
I'm putting hurt

On your rep  
It's not my fault  
That you slept  
And didn't wake up  
You getting shook up  
Getting dug up  
From the roots up  
Put your boots up  
Your time has finally come  
To a swift  
And deadly end  
A grammatical revolution  
In the spirit  
My friend  
So stop bitin'

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Stop bitin'  
You ol style  
Nibblin wagon  
Jumpin braggin  
Skill gnawing  
Chainsaw jawed bandit  
Moet drinking

Too high off weed  
For proper  
Thinking, sinking  
Drowning your own vomit  
Plus stinking pitiful  
Selling soul  
For residual  
Individuals  
In rituals  
Through habitual manners  
Driving me bonkers  
And bananas  
First off  
I want to thank  
Gotee for allowing  
Me flow free  
While some labels  
Wild by picking  
Their artists style  
And that blow me  
Completely out of the water  
Thinking to myself  
If they ain't  
No good  
Should they  
Determine they  
Artist vision  
Make decision  
How could  
They regardless  
Of how they feel  
I'm gone avenge  
Like Emma peel  
For the preservation  
Of hip-hop  
From the one's  
Who like to steal

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Nothing more devious  
Than a force  
If my previous verse  
Was harsh  
A president of the U.S  
Finding love  
In a boggy marsh  
Me and this  
Hip-hop thang  
Go way back  
Do what I can  
To keep it intact  
My soothing  
Verbal herbon  
Can absorb  
A comet's impact  
So react  
On impulse  
Or in a manner  
That you deem fit  
More of you's required  
So get inspired  
When my team hit

Copyright infringing  
Producer pretending  
To be  
Beat borrowing  
Noncreative  
Wordless emcees  
Take heed  
We straight original  
Rhyme sayers  
Music composers  
And songwriters  
Christ was incapable

Of sin  
We're incapable  
Of biting  
If we did  
It would discredit  
Everything we stand for  
Keep your carbon copy repeats  
That ain't never been sweet  
Please forgive me

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