

J Church

"Back To The Topic"

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Yea, n-gga
I'm gon ahead and murder this sh-t
Voice gone and sh-t, I think it's gonna make it sound a
little ill, just a little iller
Yup, Fayetteenam, n-gga

Yea, Carolina blue kicks pedal to the medal
Feeling like a puppet and the devil is Geppetto
Letter to the ghetto-hold ya head high
You can pick apart my raps I ain't told ya na' lie
I want a little darker, like to f-cking tan line
Go on, look for a better n-gga, girl you can't find
Fine young man with an old man mind,
No time for the tickle, f-ck the whole mankind
Aw no ma'am, I'm an old land mine
I been waiting to blow up for a long damn time, now I'm
armed and I'm-
Fayetteenam's finest, Carolina saviour, marijuana blazer
Only on occasion cause my mind be racing
Lost in my thoughts so my eyes be Asian
Thinking how these rap n-ggas got to be faking
Whole style obviously copied, pasted-plagiarized swag
May arrived last but when it's all said and done I'ma be
ahead of them
Way that I describe it, prescribe a n-gga medicine
Way that I be fly-I be higher than the Jet-e-sons
Moving on up, n-gga higher than the Jeffersons
All about the Benjamin's, bad chicks send em' in!
Basic hoes toss em out! can't even get waffle house
Hating n-ggas chalk em out! Go and get the coffin out
What chu talking bout?
Little man, my sh-t hair burning you not even a little tan
I'm I'll enough to kill cancer, baby I'm Chemo
Down in Miami, and I throw like Marino
Get a whole lot of you know, and she bald like an eagle.
No, not up top, but down there
She said she want to hop on top girl I don't care
You better get yours before I reach mines cause then
I'm throwing peace signs
If you a freak I can take you to ya peak, girl I do it to the
maxima-Nissan

And I hope you a believer
I'm quarterbacking tryna get cha open like receivers
Far from an overnight achievers, Cole is like the leader
of the new n-ggas!
To tell the truth, I'm only f-cking with a few n-ggas, if
that!
The rest of ya'll n-ggas get lapped
I sit back, and reflect on the rap game I came from out
of no where
N-gga, I swear them lames ain't know how to prepare
Got n-ggas shouting out "The Ville-I got to go there! "
Boy, don't you know you get shot over there?
I say my prayers cause this life ain't fair,
A bunch of backstabbing n-ggas hope the knife ain't
there
A bunch of temptation facing when your wife ain't there
Yea late at night, when I got the phone call and made
her right
When my crib was straight ahead, shorty gave me
head, hit it then I quit it 'fore she even made the bed
Damn I'm no good
But damn it's so good
I'm picturing that body like a camera phone would
Something like Rihanna while I'm up in that vagina
Type of chick that only dress in something that's
designer
I could give a f-ck long as there's something that's
behind her
Got the type of bump that make a dog want to hump
her
Back to the topic-actually forgot it
Hoes, money, I'm the shit... oh yea I'm reminded
The way I put the words together cleverly align them
These other rap n-ggas shouldn't never be a problem
And I'm ghost

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