

J.R. Writer

"Critically Acclaimed"

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Check it
These flagrant thugs got hate in they blood
Shit it maybe the buzz that cater the grudge
But I, I cater the drugs that take them above
You couldn't, shit on the set if this was flavor of love
Love, your mans a menace get blammed in minutes
Till it, Jamm will finish for this band and tenants
Nigga, damn a rented I done ran through digits
Blowin' down cake like it had some candles in it
Midget, I Race pass ya fake ass
Bumpin my music, But I ain't ray Cash
Eat Dirt, Taste Gas
Straight laugh at these haters who envy
This street shit, your whole style is Radio Friendly
Look, When its Prime Time
Biter I grind Mines
Shines blind
Wrist Brighter than Einstein
Couple OG's that's rotten at 5'9
For a Oz they'll wipe out your timeline
Put you in a box lettin' them guns clap
Pressed like a thumbtack
Left where ya pump at
You peddlers is dumb whack
The chef make it come back
I'll Stretch ya
Like I'm gettin' ready to Run Track
I'm on another level
You peep my swagger miss
These niggas swagger less
I'll show you how to swag this dip
Come Through Stuntin'
Lightin' a Fat L
Aston Martin Have em' lookin' tighter than Maxwell
Let a nigga front
Hell be bitin' a cap shell
A heavyweight, these other niggas lighter than pastels
Sweet As Laffy Taffy
I get it crackin' Scrappy
this will be the only way you hear somebody clappin' at
me

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