

J.R. Writer

"Serious B.I"

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[J.R. Writer] Writer, nigga had the never to ask me
where I've been at What I've been up to, know what I
told him? Well umm, I'm still track merkin, crack servin,
swervin, black Bourbon Get your ammo this Rambo the
rap version You cats hurtin, back burnin, that's certain
I'm ether, fuckin up more features than bad surgeons
Back to the streets, crack is the street The producer
should be payin me to rap on this beat My swagger's
elite, who slicker than J? Shit e'ryday I walk around
lookin like a window display Kick to my shades, kick to
Ni'che, please If you ever cop D's I'ma have to give 'em
away Nigga I'm paid but shit is real, fuck how a nigga
feel You would swear it was Black Friday how I'm gettin
deals You get the chills when I throw you a rap And
fiends argue all day he's too dope to be crack So it's a
fact, my stuff the greatest, you better save it I kill a
track and send my condolences to whoever made it
Forever hated, these haters wish that I never made it
However make it but this here was all premeditated Uh-
huh family I'm sicker, damn it I'm slicker If I wanted to
see the future I'd go stand in a mirror The man in the
mirror, tell me that I'm crack with the verses Lil' chalk
around the body I'm just scratchin the surface Bashin
on purpose, all these rappers are weak So like Pat Riley
nigga welcome back to the Heat Writer~!

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