

Juwan Shahir "Underage Spittin' 2"

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Verse 1

G-G-G-G-G- ..
Forget that
I don't need a clique
I can handle gettin a stack
My content can get my demo sent
To the nearest hip hop tent
With a contract filled with dollas and cents
You know the type of rap
Where you just write it down
And not even think about it
Because your always gonna dream about it
I line my verses down on paper
And knock them down on the mic
I instigate rap because there's always
Bound to be a fight
I wanna tear the mic
And then sharpen my lyrical nails
And i need the money and fame
Without doing any bails
My reaction to beef can trigger
When the tension gets bigger
When the snakes slither
And the flowers start to wither
Ya im too young for the game
But it still needs me
Like a baby and his mother
Im not like the others
Im straight up truthful
You straight up not useful
I spit till there's none left
That's the same thing as sayin i spit till my death

Verse 2

I don't have to be seen
To get known
And that's what's happenin
Everyone chattin bout me even
Through phones
Holmes

I just can't wait until
I make it, break it
And then forsake it
Hide money in a stash
'cause kids after my cash
I strike twice,
The first one will blind ya
Change the way you think about me

Even the way you look at me
The second one will bind ya
Prevent you from beatin me
Allow you to lose to me
Its that easy
My flow aint though
Takes time but not any dough
Priceless like a good relationship
You wanna contemplate
Of my fate
Ill seal you in a crate
Making you hate
An making you debate
Im a blast from the past
And a present from the future
I can set you in the right
Environment that can suit ya

Verse 3

Yo, i be creatin music
In a new fashion
We in a new class an'
It don't matter what city we in
We still keep crowds packin
A rappers dream is similiar
To ice cream
Tastes good when it lasts but
Runs out quite fast
Im breakin it down
Play by play
Explaining how i
Integrate rap
Day by day
Don't need no thug essence
My true presence
Lies within my sentences
No need to jump fences
I jump over mic cables
Havin a hard time
Gettin my raps stable
If i had the cash

I would build up a stash
To buy time, so i could rhyme
An not only stay on the grind
I need to build up infamous stories
That exist in reality
Try not to get mad at me
When the red carpet on your screen
And the headline says, "im mean,lean, gettin tha
green"

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