

Cee-Lo "Glockappella"

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Brother, you've been on my mind, oh brother
We've changed over time, so, brother, I'm keeping my
eyes on you
I bet you don't think I know no better but singing the
blues
Oh but brother have I got news for you, I'm something
And I know you know that I'm something too

Yeah, usually I don't get into all this battle rap shit
And all that shit's stupid but I'm gonna address it
And after I get it off my chest may God bless it
I will invest four minutes exactly for everyone
Who had the audacity to attack me

I kept quiet but perhaps I should have pushed this fire
quicker
'Cause to just sit with this shit I've only gotten sicker
Yet I react without even a crack in my composure
But the only way he knows to bring this shit to a closure

I'm worthy and my associates and I named the South
Dirty
And I'm even for sale in Braille, the deaf, dumb and
blind have heard me
But I ain't even breathin' until I get an even 30
I could casually clap up the front of somebody's
throwback jersey

You makin' me hafta talk this way, ain'tcha?
You makin' me hafta talk this way
You forcin' me to walk this way
Maybe my album will get bought this way

Niggaz slow down around me, I make 'em superstitious
And one of my vices used to be wanting to look visually
vicious
But instead I use my head and I fed niggaz something
nutritious
But you will appreciate what a sacrifice this is

And I know you ambitious young men, you have my
best wishes

Have a piece of this pain on a platter, it's one of my
best dishes
When you assassinate my character, not one remark
misses
So it's gone get funky when I'm fryin' these little fishes

Fuck fakin', there has been some offense taken
But this itty bitty beef is, beneath me like bacon
But hear me when when I say, I ain't gone hate you
halfway
You know me, somebody will surely owe me

When it comes to respect, I only put my family before
me
And the beat ridin', oh so slowly but surely and you in
danger
And I'll be strict about straight every one of you niggaz
like strangers
I'll put bullet holes in anything that oppose through car
doors and clothes

Amateurs and pros, hard-head niggaz and hoes, also
friends and foes
Let it be known that you'll lose your life fucking around
with Lo
This is my Glockapella and I'll be wearing diamonds
forever
Like I'm signed to Roc-a-fella and I'ma bust two times in
the sky

'Cause ain't nobody around here ready to die
But if there's more that you want, can't but one side win
And I'm damn sure ready to try motherfucker, yeah
Hold on, I'm all off the motherfucking beat, hold on

Lo crazy, Lo a'hurt somebody bad, Lo crazy, Lo a'hurt
somebody dad
Decide to ride down your street and just hurt
somebody bad
You know, as in house, hurt somebody's child or
somebody's spouse
You see what I'm saying and you know I can be what I'm
sayin'

And I got the most to lose but you steppin' on my
shoes, nigga
You become a target and will remain a target until you
are hit
You gone fuck around and found out that's Lo still
down for it
I ain't scared of ya, never been scared of ya

If anything I'm scared for ya because I'm so ahead of
ya
Take that to the head brother before I walk up on your
bed brother
And paint your blood in red brother, you heard what I
said, brother?
Motherfucker, I ain't mad at these niggaz, I tricked you

We got a real awful thang goin' down, getting down
There's a whole lot of talkin' going round
You best believe me before I pack up and move out of
town
I will gladly gone and glock one of them down

I said, bring me the funk, I want the funk
I said, bring me the funk, give me the funk
I said bring me the funk, I can handle the funk
Just bring me the funk, bring me the funk,
motherfucker

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