

Mal V Moo "Tag, You're It"

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Mal V:

I'm coming for that top spot
Nothings gonna make me stop
So sit back and blow one real slow
You're gonna need that to relax
and get past the fact
Ya times up, and i'm coming for the gold
And i wont come slow, and i won't come soft
i'm a muf fuckin boss
and you finna take a loss
You possessed too many flaws
sorry I had to be the cause
you can challenge but I bet you do not have the balls

I do this on the daily, like I rise
And i'm coming for the prize
the glory, see it in my eyes
looking thru all the denies
to a throne thats mine
and I don't got time
to waste, gotta shine, got grind
gotta get this money on my mind
seeing all the dollar signs
and its mine all mine all mine
and its mine all mine all mine all mine

A message to the ones in the game
i'm coming for you lames
and you're gonna know the name
I don't play
and it'll be such a shame
to see you roll off these so called thrones you claim
yea i'm taking aim
and i'm taking names
but ya egos the one that you should blame
for the musical massacre i'm about to proclaim

And this right here, is the shit
bet you can't make shit harder than this
And nigga if you started to, give it up, quit
rookie don't mess wit a lunatic
I gets crazy on the beat, on my hooks n shit

Better come wit fire if you step to this
I'm the realest chick in the bitch
Think otherwise, then tag your it

Demari:

Midwest boy from the middle map
Bone did they thing and we bringing that back
Still in the hood get a pound for a stack
Winter time get cold then we post in the trap
Hustle this rap like I hustle that crack
Dope boy dreams throw things on the Lac
Get a lil shine they don't know how to act
Then u gotta wonder why I carry my strap
I don't need no friends nigga leave me alone
Built this kingdom all on my own
Did that shit they said I wouldn't do it
Moved them units bitch ill prove it
Hella swagged up rappers Jack my style
Face paint red nose nigga you a clown
Ask about me been putting it down
Anybody step up then they get laid down
Killing this shit...CSI
I get money...niggas get by
Yall get dressed...I get fly
Yall get high...I get fried
Nothing like you, need to catch up
I'm first place yall niggaz next up
Hoooold up wait a minute
Let me put some real shit in it
Alotta these dudes ain't really bout that
Say they getting to the money but I really doubt that
All these wanna be rappers really biting my shit
Hating on me but they love my shit
I run this shit, Jesse Owens
Don't believe me bet they know it
Get that money I ain't gotta show it
So cold I step out and it start snowing

GC da Biz:

Make the most of my opportunity, everyday I'm
progressing
Cause having talent is not cool 2 me, having talent is a
blessing
These half rapping ass niggas ain't half as ill as they
claim
Nor half real as they saying, I'm sayin these niggas
lame
I'm different I'm setting standards
Raising bars yeah I manage, 2 separate from the rest
of them wrestling wit this grammar
Body slammin these verses

I'm hot and gotta be first, its not worth it if u ain't in it 2
win it so get 2 workin
G.C. Da Biz stepping out that box,
hello muthafucka check yo watch,
my time is now, his-story in the making next 2 drop,
under that rock u ain't heard of me,
like Kevin Hart's pops u gon learn 2day,
alright alright alright ima kill it,
finger on the trigger, duck duck nigga,
this is what it sound like when u be around people like
us trust we don't bite that dust,
hold my city down like,
listen 2 my soundbyte YIKES!, and I don't even write
that much,
but this shit here I mastered it,
that spot at the top I'm after it,
Ima track star bitch and I'm fast as shit,
catch me if u can, nigga tag your're it

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