

## **Nature** "Shit Like This"

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24-7, 365 Days

Niggas coming sideways, not me

Some are sloppy

My style sharper than a three-piece suit

Plus a tie, and deper than the look

In a thugs eyes

Why do slugs fly?

Ask ya'self that

Why does Uncle Sam got us held back?

My niggas sell crack, to survive

Thun it ain't what you wear

It's what you drive

Them crackers in the bank don't give a fuck if you live

No offense, but y'all just gotta know

That it's tense

I'm energized, everytime that I rhyme

I go the length

From point A to point Z

I guess you slept

I guess you'll never realize how hot my joints be

So turn it up

I found a new way to earn a buck

Rappin' for the people

Hustla's and murderers

Doctors and lawyers

Cops and Tom Sawyr type niggas

Ball playas earning nice figures

Everybody, play my shit loud at every party

Bitches get dicked down

Now they praying that they pregnant by me

On purpose, I be the nigga that you worship

Staying in ya tape deck

Spraying ya favorite verses

Again and again

Peep my adrenaline

Thugged the fuck out

At the same time

A perfect gentleman

You ain't never heard no shit like this

You ain't never heard no shit like this

You ain't never heard no shit like this

You ain't never heard no shit like this You ain't never heard no shit like this You ain't never heard no shit like this

Now who else could take a beat like this and twist it Speak wisdom, and sound clear on a cheap system It gotta be me, you know my policy I keep you on ya toes

Like high heel shoes for real though Irritating like when ya beard grow

Try to trim it, the hottest nigga in the rap game

Without a gimmick

Keep my hat on matching my wears

Bitches ask me for loot

Only after my deal

It's all real

I'm critically acclaimed

My shit bang

From here to Quebec

Niggas show me either fear or respect

You could dance

Put ya ear to the deck

Either or, you could do it at work

Try to teach ya boss

Messin wit fate

Y'all fake niggas

Stay stressin' my tape

Think y'all ready for hits

Step up next to the plate

Wit ya low percentage

Low value, no value

Ya shits slow mo

Mine is thrown at you, homo

I don't make the rules

Nigga I just break'em

Rap for the fouls

Lay my jewels out for the takin'

Pick'em up

Listen well

Critics predicted

Since the firm that my shit a sell

Straight doing it

Can y'all picture me not movin'em

I know you'll love it so much

You'll cop two of them

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