

Joey Badass

"Underground Airplay"

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[Intro]

For the undergroundÂ...

[Verse 1: Joey Bada\$\$]

What you lookin' at? I'm with the Crooklyn pack
Don't front, we brought Brooklyn back
You know where my lines is where the hookers at
One punchline outshine before I show 'em where the
hook is at
Where you at? Pro Era info, you could book us at
We snot-nosed, just don't forget where the boogers
at
Brown skin, curly hair, tell 'em J-Boogie's back
I be too blic
Insane in the membrane from the empire
But I keep my mind in the pen state
Niggas wanna know how I keep my pen straight?
Damn straight, how they tryna bite off of my template?
Based off they sentences
No, they ain't got good penmanship
That get you clapped like an assembly
And that's all that I was sent to say
Let's get a offer 'fore SOPA try to censor me
They provoked in the Mensa, intensely
Niggas thought they could relax but look tense to me
That's all I was sent to say
Let's get a offer 'fore SOPA try to censor me
They provoked in the Mensa, intensely
Niggas thought they could relax but look tense to me

[Verse 2: Smoke DZA]

I walk around Harlem blocks, pockets full of knots
Niggas try to jock cause I smoke the best pot
Road trips, I let my young chick rock
Hold the work for a nigga slide at the rest stop
Hungry like a nigga fresh out
Sippin' medicated punch, someone dapped out
Scribble my name, "X" your name out
Fuck off me, turpentine'll get the stain out
Nigga my name ring bells from Wellington to Belgium
You get your passport stamped seldom

Fuck around, kids you're welcome
Washed 'em up before the bell rung
Fuck your premonitions, my proposition to the
opposition is...
Get down and lay down or pop up missin'
George Kush, when it's war, I'm firin'
Money on your head, nigga, change your mind

[Verse 3: Big K.R.I.T.]

Hey, let me ride, woah - let me rap a taste
We cut them corners like stoners 'til they evaporate
I had to break, no longer dancin' by the rhythm
A plunder suction of suckers, smoke, fuck it, I had to
kill them, you know
Niggas ain't fucking with Cinematic
Half of these niggas ain't even average
How is it the word classic gets tossed around?
But fuck them critics, I do this shit here for the
underground
Bubble hotter than multi lava that burn their summers
down
Itty bitty tittie sucker - where them hoes you claim you
fuckin'?
All up on my jock again, I get around like Pac and 'em
Slammin' sushi rolls tied with teryaki paint
I chop stick her dim sum enter the dragon
Sure enough, locusts, the grasshoppers is plenty
They peep my technique, but can never ever beat the
sensei
Shogun, try me nigga, I know some, word to son
I crush they vertebrae, my verbal play can weigh a ton
Elephant been in the room
They can't decipher for the life of many biters that
challenge how we still consume
Cyphers of so many writers are like us are surely
doomed
A king remembered in time, I thought you knew
Bitch...

[Outro]

For the underground...

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