

**Black Milk f/ Nametag, Slim S.D.H.****"Say Something"**

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[Black Milk]

A world wind of sound, I'm grabbing the Oscar  
On top of my game so keep ya eyes up  
Y'all can't rise but y'all guys fall  
I'm still high like blue skies where stars align up  
Change the game, I'm crushing it  
So hang yourself until you feet can dangle under ya  
Build your empire up and I'm still crushin' it down  
Until it look like legos tumbling  
They mumbling that I'm tha illest, the new thing  
So if the shoe fits, I'm lacing the shoe strings  
Ballin' hard, my nigga's Pat Ewing  
God, got a couple tricks up under my two sleeves  
Jot a couple lines on top of some loose leaf  
And I need more then two sheets  
No sleep at night, and even when the sun's up  
From beats to rhymes, I'm hard on both ends, call me  
numbchucks

Hook (2x):

They ain't really saying nothing, we getting it  
Them niggas ain't spraying nothing, we getting it  
Same lame niggas, same fronting, we getting it  
Shame on a (Nuh), and if he say something

[Nametag]

They can act like they don't know, the hallo flows  
Over there head, when I'm holding a pen  
Call me an ink slinger; give a beat a tattoo  
And I stay on the roll, I'm sorta like crap shooting  
I advance quicker then a cats movements  
Chasing the mouse and breaking out strong as the  
Hulk  
When he rip through cloth, all I do is stir up  
Bars are sick, I'ma need cough syrup  
Call the law firm up, we gotta case, another track  
Tag had a verse full, turned up murdered  
I'm a person, something like a furnace  
Burning up, rising highs, a tidal wave nigga, surf's up  
My flow tight as a shirt tucked  
The goal is to earn bucks, get a bundle of money

standing up tall  
I got the mic with a clutched palm  
Having the audience off of they feet like a center at  
jump-ball

Hook (2x)

[Slim]  
You young punks is pound puppies  
I remember when you got your first pound  
You was found lucky  
That underground ugly (Cold!)  
Since the silent whispers of lost souls and dead  
guppies  
Roll with the underdog, give it up like applause  
Robbing batsards masked it, Pete of tha paid pah(?)  
That thirty-thirty knocked you nose off six blocks away  
The sound of the city, that sound like a cave

Hook (2x)

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