

Scrilla Vic

"Off The Hezay"

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Peep the steeze, I was layin' in the cut
Now I'm choppin' up the game and that's what's up
Biggup to my peeps. Gotta keep it crunk
Gotta push commercial weight from the golden state
I stay on the grind with a hustler's ambition
Put in work without a busta's permission.
I don't tote gats, but I will bust back
So keep steppin', it's the Cali way that I'm reppin'
Yeah! What it do? I'm throwin' up the W
Oh so fly! Ride or die!
To the good, whip it real good, cuz it's all good
Got the goods for your hood, so let's keep it
understood
We can all come up. No need to throw your guns up
I run up funds from the night until the sun up
Get it crackalackin', money stackin', honey mackin'
This is off the hezay, so just take it eazy

Off the hezay, please believe it
We can keep it trill, man. We can keep it real man
Off the hezay, fo' shezay
Cop this here and go kick it with a breezay

Lord 'o Mercy, fakes can only curtsie
Ya da dada, poppin' my colla'
Ever since the days of wayback, I lay back
Like rollin' in a Mayback Benz, settin' trends
Holla if you wit me, suburbs to the city
Pullin' down duckets, chickens I'm pluckin'
Struttin' 'round town like a pimp in my prime
Triple shots of patron, and I'm gone in the ozone
Icy to the toes, pinky rings & vogues
Pockets swoll from cash flows, all a brotha knows
Take it to the house. Foes take it to the mouth
What I be about? Heads noddin' in the crowd
I go off more on than off, so don't cross the boss
Or once again it's on and you'll get offed.
I don't talk about, I be about. The most def
And I'm so sincerious like Mos Def

Off the hezay, please believe it

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When I step up to the mic, I rock the mic right
Keep my game tight so haters can't bite
A rap sovereign, music charts I'm toppin' 'em
Lyrics I be droppin' 'em, there ain't no stoppin' 'em
Now I'm on the map with the boom & the bap
Feel the breeze from my whip as I'm zoomin' down the
strip
An MC named V, and yet an X-factor
Not just another dapper trapper rapper, beat slapper
Cuz I'm official Â– true to the game, I won't mask it
Rockin' leather jackets, it's a fact kid
When I'm in explode mode, my lyrics are like lock &
load,
Stop and go tempo Â– my impact is tenfold
Snatchin' up the bucks over scratches and cuts, and
Shinin' mo' brighter without a ghostwriter.

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