

Buddha Monk f/ Che Logan, Juice, Main Event, Popi "How U Ballin'?"

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[Juice] How you balling, my squadron, move forward
Flow past, with no pass, official, we test the rep
Whistles blow often, your crew can't rush, my defense
With your two-hand touch, ya'll niggas be reaching My
legion's a league, we see no need for the beef, yet We
seizing the beat, take it for my knees Use what an
ounce to spark, hit it out the park, first class kid First
draft pick, make it seem easy [Che Logan] Guess who
popped up, it's Logan on the set Chill and I step, the kid
with the high school rep Put one in your fade, nigga I
was born to live it brave Chilling on, top of the world,
spitting on braids Making my money, capital, right,
niggas like that Michelob She do it for the heights,
sitting on bikes, laid back Nigga this is payback, fuck
this shit Money over bitches, mob life, fuck in a skit
[Popi] Ducati's in gold, bang on Kamikaze's at shows
P.O. popular flows, we calculate, no need to reload Put
the burner to the top of your skull, can't copy my flow
I'm hotter than gold, copies who sold BK, it's the origin
here, not according to fear Push the God, then I
murder your peers It's all about paper, no need to
debate Watch my dough rise like yeast, and my
wallet's inflate [Main Event] Verbally vicious, ice grill,
posing for pictures Who wanna battle, meet me at
'dawn' like detergent for dishes Gangsta spitter, I'm
pure like the water in Britta While your man's full of
shit, like your kitten's litter My thoughts get sicker,
every time I'm bent off liquor Niggas get tossed in the
sea with the dolphin Flipper Main is a walking center,
I'm hating beer that's bitter Spitting alcohol poison
that'll fuck up your liver

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