

Da Brat F/ 22**"Never"**

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[Intro]

I guess this is the moment y'all been waiting for
That's right, starting from this year
Mos Syde Entertainment is gonna represent y'all
Na'am sayin'? It's 2001
Now step to this...

[Verse 1]

It is a one-man game
I've monopolized this business
I'm straight occupying all segments
Not anybody else, only us
And it's like that
You can't wrestle with the likes o' the Mos Syde
Scientists
Unless you wanna collide with the big time termites
That's another level of the pyramid
Where you at?
I lived in Medina Heights
The media couldn't do without me
Dig deeper, I'm eating you from underground
How are you gonna fight this drought?
How are you gonna survive this launch?
A bunch of my duns is having you for lunch
It's like you wanna bungee jump wit' us Gee
What?! What?! It's going down
My connection is the way up
Check out the sensational lay-up
The best team ever
Can't you see I'm victorious?
Stop being hilarious
Don't be blinded by the obvious

[CHORUS]

(Never) Never say I never told ya
(Never) Never say it's over til' it's over
(Never) Never operate the swerver til' you sober
(Never) Never trespass I'm a soldier

(Come) Come get some
I blows gum cuz I hate "gun"

I'm the son
That loves basking in the sun
Touching my projects with my right arm

[Verse 2]

Yo, you said it
Here is my retaliation
I've always wanted to hit back
I'm putting you in the baddest situation
Stress is locking you up for consumption
This is when I pop to the top
I guess I'm in luck
It took me five years
I been held hostage in the wannabes cage
Now I'm out with the Clark Wallabies
Ready to rap with the tap
This is how I'm back
To make it blacker than coke, coal or charcoal
As it burns, as we dance
As the world turns
Yeah, hell yeah, it's your posse on the edge
Mos Syde on the verge of clinching the purse
The snaps are all zeros
And no shares
You said you was a hero
Wassup with the Xerox?

[CHORUS]

[Verse 3]

I like the match-up
You won't even catch up
I'ma leave you mixed up
Pull you too a stretcher
When I've doubled up
My style is platinum
I leave your side numb
With my victory dance
You know how it's done duns
It's the realest thing right here
To overtake me
You gotta fade me
But don't fake me
Again it takes tons of time
And guts' smarts to rake me out
My bad, it's even too late
I'm too far this is par 4
I can't be spotted
I can't be caught up
I can't be faded
I ain't claiming

It's the game I'm playing
Y'all better be knowing
That I'm winning this season with a reason (Mos Syde
yeah!)

[CHORUS]

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