

Status Quo

"Critics"

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[Hook]

Y'all critics got a lot of nerve
Crab disease got the game muffled
A new king has emerged
I'm him to the third

[Verse 1]

Look since a young boy choking MC's with mic chords
When the night hits ball courts turn into dice boards
Got illegal two-ways instead of cell phones
Sixer fans switch to Clipper fans whenever L's home
Grew up in a foul hood, most of my childhood
A 9 to 5 couldn't get you the dough that vowels could
You know the streets brain washed me, play the game
harshly
Drug dealers slang where the narks be
Make a sound to the cops and get found in the lot
Everybody come in town when you're hot
Nobody comes around when you're not
Always keep the round in the crouch
Whenever me and family decide to lounge on the block
Quick to pull it out if a clown get us hot
Seeing bullets fire from chrome, the sight of my dome
Standing on the block with dice and wireless phones
Y'all know the name, Ali Vegas and got divine right to
the throne

[Hook]

[Verse 2]

Ayo
Niggas know I spit dangerously
That's why wherever I go they all call me Dangerous
Lee
I don't care if we chill together you ain't hanging with
me
This is for all my thugs thugging, keep banging your
three
All my hustlers keep clubbing slanging yo E
Six brought my first bar, eight got brains in the V
You young cats ain't got morals no more

Quick to go to war with the four
Get knocked and tell it all to the law
Whatever happened to hustling, running out product
and putting in an order
for more
This how I'ma read them the new rule
I'm like Busta 9-2
Cause now I'm the leader of new school
They say I'm too young to rhyme about coke
I got a father that sniffed it
A brother that pitched it
A cousin that flipped it
And that's for all y'all critics that wanna know why the
rhyming's so dope

[Hook]

[Verse 3]

Look
I'm the young Prince of NY
Young, fly, sensible guy
All white T and air Ni-kes
When the temperature's hot
Old A's the only way I'm getting sent to the sky
Y'all permitted to try
But it's only one thing, if you miss it then you die
And it ain't no judge and jury, the commence'll get
fired
Just my team in a tinted rented NY
Y'all heard Jada, it's a message in a bullet, Good-bye
Should have been spitting shells instead of palming
your celly
It ain't no more shells, Beyonce's, and Kelly's
When lead hit yo leg, head, arm, and your belly
I know y'all say damn I'm so calm, but I'm deadly
Pull up to the prom or the telly
Hopped out the Serbians
Looking suburban, chicks swarming the Chevy
Associates is the staff of The Don
Vegas is back, but this time I ran and mastered my
charm

[Hook]

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