

## Termanology

### "Still Got It Made"

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[Intro:]

Yeah, yeah, yeah

Terminology

Yeah, yeah, yeah

This business is usual, baby

Yeah, yeah, yeah

I'm a Puerto Rican and I don't speak this, so

I got a name

I got lasers and grenades

And razors and blazers, in case you're aggravated with  
hate

Big' for my shoes, they deposit in a lope

Gone to my shows, it's like an army bounce for the  
truth

ST. stop, I know you heard of us

My ' fellows fallen, and I burn this up.

What? I write BAU

Fuck the feds and the cops and the DA, too

I got a name, so let me repeat

From the stage to the street, yeah they all know T!

Terminology, and I'm fulfilling a threat

I kick a whole in the speakers, I take your life in our jet

Don't be a set cause I stay in a jet

Different city, different color, come and see what

I'mma get

Talking pounds, pounds, euros, cash and yens

Coming up in the casinos when I'm cashing in.

I got it made!

Yeah, yeah, yeah

Frank the Butcher

Realm Reality

Term, what up?

Game changed, I've been changing it too

My bos choose to remove, that was' brought to a tune.

This mild mode, I don't give a fuck if you're acting hard

You'll be late' I told you I play my part

Dummies is the fourth flow, ' is stupidity

Lost in a matrix and fall in love like a trinity  
You're kidding me, all that ball will get your boy clap?  
More facts! Frank Ocean, I guess you lost track!  
Uh, me and' been this motherfucker  
Three bodyguards and the speakers in these  
motherfuckers  
We got it made like a nigga fresh in the shade  
And a foreign country with names,  
With names we couldn't pronounce!  
I'm like a forty I'm.. directly in the nineties  
They only grind me, go for' you need grinding  
Consider trying me, it's infamous and now I'm shining  
If you look in my eyes'

Huh, yeah, yeah  
ST show off  
Huh, yeah, yeah  
With that grind selling 80.

I did pay when the record is played  
A verse I spit doing less than amazed  
..like he stepped in the maze  
Them rappers need teachers so, they're less in a day.  
Keep it one, where you from, better rap to the grave  
Do you give a fuck when an executive say?  
Keep it G, never been disrespected and played  
For I let it happen, homie, they're rapping the place.  
I got it made! Gotta gaze, got a grenade  
He out of place, hide his face, tell me how I chop a  
taste!  
Won't ' . her graze'and knock 'em out of'  
Everybody craze'Wopi got a case.  
Say it once, say it again, bitch!  
I got it made! Your bitch do what I tell her,  
You think I got it made!  
I'm not to be played with  
Home boy, it's not a game!  
Fuck the fling, fucking bang, bang  
Knock you out the game!

Yeah, yeah, yeah  
Yeah, yeah, yeah  
Yeah, yeah, yeah

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