

## Johnny Reznik

### "From the Gate"

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{Shawn Geez}

Yo they done started somethin' now man,  
ay-yo this is the ... Shawn Geez man  
repping with my the Grand Agent man  
Ay-yo, A Wise Man once said, to those who want peace,  
let there be peace.  
But to those who want war... (check it out)(no doubt)  
...Sheesh!

{Grand Agent}

Yo

[ CHORUS (2X) ]

I'ma tell you straight from the gate, you frauds  
My name is Grand Agent, closest thing to the lord  
that the mic is gonn' ever know... you wanna flow?  
betta flow the fuck outta here. It's my era

[ VERSE ]

Raise your glass make a toast to your last brick a hope  
The Grand Agent, I don't throw jab or bag coke  
This high-baller had this thing about his once sour  
I got the right mind to rest in this eleventh hour  
I can't see God rhyming in the same game, with what's  
his name  
you know him when you see him, he caught the fame.  
Like the bouquet inside the wedding  
The same fame I be dodgin' cause it came two day  
ahead and  
For them insecure assholes with no grease  
I wanna be a James Todd, not a Chochise  
Happily ever after, but still black  
and through the hood like the good wind chill fac(tor)  
Breeze through with some G's and tools  
that may or may not, necessarily be pistols  
See that's for me to know, for y'all to never learn  
study Grand all you gettin' is a mirror burn  
I'm from the same place that you came  
from the insame come'a the brains behind the son  
I was thought up, brought up to be the Agent  
that hits the listenin booth, with this medicinal truth  
Refinement assignment, I got to grind it all the way out

break day stay out, be only seen en route  
To bigger better more focussed and fruitful  
other LPs you can cop this one bought you  
It opens you wide as the country side  
from the city though, where they shot cops like videos  
This is the sounds of the grounds I'm familiar with  
some down low well-educated killa shit  
You can't defeat what you can't provoke  
'cause what you can't provoke won't even rumble you,  
humbled you  
Like the slap box that went too far  
hit you too hard and, now you wanna hurt me  
Well eat me, jerk me, that's all I got for you  
save the grade school shit, this is doctoral  
Black pain driven, type'a talk the walk  
niggas to the uncharted lands to earn the same livin  
Just hold hold my hands, just blast my record  
true that I'm the man but it's all about the message  
The moral to the chorus the theme of the beat is  
Without a big dick, all your dreams incomplete. That's  
why

[ CHORUS ]

[ OUTRO ]

Yo... Grand Agent up in here.  
Just wanna take this time to send a special dedication.  
To all my... friends and foes.  
To all my... beats and flows.  
Ya know I'm sayin? Make yourself at home.  
Get comfortable. Ya know I mean?  
I got the mic now.

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