

LongShot f/ Modill

"Space"

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I'm ready whenever you are

[Modill - One]

I need a little bit of space man (where I stay always
lifted)

The special ed down the hall just past the gifted
Honor roll class, feelin proud to roll past like
Up out of this bitch, they call an inch, take a mile
Why y'all accept the shit, that's way beyond me
Ain't no way that they ever gon' sway beyond we
Beyond belief, no receipt man, no repeat man
After burnin your brain, that's permanently engrained
Branded like ran into the coals - you smell smoke?
Pitch overhead and your standards are old - I smell
joke

Sucker stranded in your life called professional piles
Stand up in this life and smile like vegetable style
A while back since, confess, bent his face a while
Hell yeah we session
Modill, E.V., LongShot, believe me
Be on Alpha Centauri, and that's fo' sheezy

[Chorus 2X: Modill]

Gimme a blunt and a fat sack of space
Gimme a stunt and a fat back with face
Gimme a brew, a vitamin C pill
Fuck it spark the cypher, fat beats and then we chill (I
need space)

[LongShot]

Back it up, ask a buck who fly
And the young'n super quick throw a L in the sky
Ready to die, ready to fly, ready to fry
Fuck a fake Kentucky Jacob gimme space when I rhyme
High, like I never blew a day in my life
Provin to make it you gotta move it and shake it like
dice
Break you like ice cause these bitches gon' front
Know they only respect your lyrics nigga when you
stunt (what?)
Ain't nobody off the face like me

I'm from outer space, that's why I flash a fake ID
Vocals, choke you, quote you to death with bars
Yes you are the next square to get bruised hard

[Modill - Two]

Space, whaddayou say, like five feet? That's the
regular?

We grown men wavin mic stands as sceptres
Somewhere far beyond your galaxy range
But closer to the core, Midwest home of the plains
Look out, we transmit pristine
I know you love the way the frequency sound all crystal
and clean
We be off - we blast haters, Shot got phasers
Davis spit razors, race car he the major
The trinity's born, you lost and amazed
Ignore me now, after life you probably tune in the
grave
Shit, we tryin to spread our wings while y'all flap the
same crap
We advance, Long style and the green is good

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