

Opio f/ Casual, Rasco

"Confederate Burning"

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[Casual]

Ha, it's mad rock with Opio and Rasco
Y'knahmean? Ha

You must not-a followed my last instructions
Now your little duck friend givin me suction
I'm deadly, the UN'll have to bust in
Like Cash got raps, of mass destruction
You whack - how you got the job?
Niggaz soft like cotton swabs
Dirty Garbage Pail Kid, nigga Rotton Rob
Don't get shot and robbed
In the city you doin Bin Laden job
Plottin, been hot since the positive charge y'knahmean?
Now I get high with no sedatives
My innovation's my stimulation
Can I give a demonstration?
Hiero crew rock the nation
From a disclosed location
Straight out the basement, old Casual and Rasco
Hold hip-hop hostage in a astro
We have you surrounded... come out with your hands
up
(Police move!)

[Rasco]

Aiyyo, we in the lab
Lookin for a reason to rush ya whole staff
Call up the Gods, you niggaz ain't hard
I hit the yard with like 16 bars, ready to take charge
Out the blocks I change the speed
When I try to tap in niggaz change the feed
I switch, air-tight but I found your glitch
Don't give a nigga sob stories when they pound your
bitch
I come off with the flows
Only want those that come off the clothes
Buttery soft toes, earring in the nose, you dealin with
pros
Sometimes play the background, not feelin ya shows
F'real, I might do it for a half a mill'

Some brothers think they really have to kill
This is only a drill, go home baby hone your skills
While these niggaz try to chrome they wheels
It's like that y'all

[Chorus: Opio]
And we ain't even finished yet
We genuine legitimate
Send it through the genelect
Cain't fuck with the confederate
We genuine legitimate
Send it through the genelect
They we ain't even finished yet
And cain't fuck with the confederate

[Opio]
I don't hyper-ventilate, I get the high percentage rate
My credentials, got live in every state
To my mistress, we always sip cognac endless
In the Pontiac, now you only smockin the Benz
And got a BMW, from Bavaria
He's in love with you, you should marry him
She kickin wild fantasies about givin head to Vin Diesel
In Fred Siegel dressin room until he beg please
Shed a fin but I'm still light-skinned
She can call me XXX, my intellect is extra-sensory
I never got excommunicated to the penitentiary
for execution propensity, for mega music
The ultra-ultimate, revolutionary
While the mirror image in inferior gentlemen
who couldn't bruise a cherry
When I shoot from the roof it's the truth sincerely

[Chorus] - 1/2

Roc Raida scratches

[Opio]
X marks the spot, burn that shit down to the ground
y'knahmean?
Roc Raida what's up baby, I see you
Shake it up, shake it up, shake it up, yeah
Put it down one time, Hieroglyphics man, spell it out
So the world can see...

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