

## OuterSpace f/ Des Devious, King Syze

### "Gods and Generals 2"

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[Des Devious] My flow cock-d, Des be the meanest  
Pulsating beams on the gat leave you spleen-less Built  
right in, you don't hold iron, you lying But my license to  
carry stays tucked, why? Don't let the clean record fool  
you If they eva found out the dirt I've done They'd  
throw me under the jail And building of the jail won't  
talk But instead I'm on your block Twin air brush glocks  
claiming all your guap Me and my ace we done took  
your place Blow the kush in your face while you state  
your case Disrespectful you know why? We don't give a  
fuck We a lil outta pocket but I dare you to brush your  
luck You betta duck quick cuz the sound of the four/five  
busting You running got me love sick You dumb shit  
learn the science to the math Or I let my bitch shake  
you for an hour & a half [Planetary] They need to set  
steady beef free let Koosy out the gate We need the  
Hilltop Hustlers back, the Park Side Killaz Club Fever,  
the rap we spit bust ya speaker I'm wit the Gods and  
Generals throwing up ether You in the land of the  
poets, where every man is a motive A bulldozing the  
game, not sure if you notice That Q Dominion is pure  
focus, raw talent We balance the beams evenly and  
face the challenge We own up to the name, we spit  
raps spacely Outta this world, gon' whateva rap take  
me And even if Planetary ain't the best breathing I  
leave 'em at loss for words and their chest wheezing  
You and your man beefing? Let me get on the horn And  
see how these Voltron niggas will transform We come  
so deep; man they'll lower the casket Bury us alive, we  
look up at the streets cracking (Chorus) Des Devious  
We still Gods of rap, we still Generals Serial kill the  
track, we pure criminals Disrespect straight up, fuck  
subliminals Disconnect your neck, you're so pitiful  
[Crypt the Warchild] Yo, when OS in the building, you  
need to listen up This ain't '94, when will you give it up?  
I ain't gotta freestyle, I ain't gotta write graph I'm  
allowed to like cash, I'm about to write math WHAT!?!  
Hip-Hop is ova, no roots, no culture Every man fend  
himself, no troops, no soldiers Yo Planet and Des these  
niggas straight violating I annihilate 'em; spit it live  
from the mind of Satan Eyes erasing, scheming on the

next move, eating on the best food Creaming wit the  
fresh jewels, stress you, neva the best, who-eva Pick up  
a mic, spit precise, your crew severed You got few  
skills, claiming like you ill, sounding like Dru Hill Get  
thrown in the slew kill, QD Killadel P H I A 2-1 Pow! We  
hold it down, we not for games [King Syze] It's the  
Gods and Generals, man we back in the building We  
filling the airwaves wit this shit that you feeling Y'all try  
to think; I just write it and rap it I hear the track and  
smash it, yeah it's time for some action Y'all simulated  
games, y'all target practice I sit on the globe, niggas  
ain't on my atlas God forgive me, Lord have mercy To  
any mothafucka tryna hurt me Any Label tryna jerk me,  
I rap on my terms Y'all chill on seed level, I'm deeper  
then earthworms I'm baiting Satan to a game of chess  
Ain't no debating untill I lay to rest Yes, I remain the  
best Forget talk-to-talk, I scream and shout The dream  
is about getting that green and large amounts We  
calling you out, yo I headed up the hill Wit the Lion and  
the guns that you kicking in my ear fam (Chorus) Des  
Devious

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