

Koopa Fields

"Vipers"

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You about that life late nights on some hypers
Flying solo never been higher
You've come a long way to limit your desires
But be careful babe your dealing with some vipers

Koopa's Verse:

What's that?

Your buzzin' in the game?

Well fantastic man hope you never change

But you probly going to hop up on the train

When the gravy stars rollin' then the passion fades

I mean its tragic all of these fake dudes

Oh so plastic, style is erratic

Kick one vocal set her whole mind free

Give me one hook and some 88 keys

I turn em' all into hipsters

Listen to em' as they say they heard the verse first

Hates never could stop

This game can't quit

Try to knock me off

On my Ben Hur shit

First move as the king

Love to the game hip-hop I'ma bring

This is limited edition babe never go plain

So watch the rhyme sceme gon' bring em' all to shame

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Groom:

Yo, it is a new beginning another fame route

The same brain got me dwellin' on this plain couch

The same lane I ain't feelin and not havin'

And not tryin' to be the one that's left

And hurt until I master it

Until I master this until you bastards just

Make a name in this game

then your caskets must close

Friends of foes who knows two face bro's

Tight when I blow right from this flow
Pick a pose leavin' em' froze when I can pose
Here we go niggas oppose when I unload
I suppose that's how it goes when you a pro fa sho
You get some hoes and
all of em' on your pole you know
It's kinda cold cause next
they gonna want you for your wallet
I'm keeping one eye open so I'm quick enough to call it
Ha and all these wack ass niggas gon try and solve it
But you can't you'll fail cause I'm a mother fuckin'
problem

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Groom:
Uh huh some mother fuckin' vipers
So with this pen I spit some venom like a sniper
I scope em' out broke em' down with a tight verse
And show em' versatile listen now you ain't quite heard
We sick as cows mad and amin' at your wife first
We rollin' out so don't complain and get a life first
And quit debatin' who's the greatest on the mic
Look if your not statin' Groom then sit your ass to the
side

Koopa:
hey groom these fools thrown off by these rhymes
Refuse to change lines so I'ma see time
Or let the bloggers opine
I'ma look to a higher power to review mines
So pocket all our lighters
Your dealin with some vipers
I suppose my prose is equated with a fighter
I'm just gettin' on call it pre-game
Yo we puttin' in work babe hold the champagne

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