

Courtesy

PRhyme

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(It's that "whoop! whoop!")

I like this one

Just let it go Preem

Z06 'vette, gripping feeling almost there

Listening to Bon Jovi, rolling 'Living on a Prayer'

Privy to the gossip, that's what's said about me constant

It's the life and times of Bumpy Johnson meets Nucky Thompson

I used to rap about death, now I'm only concerned to live

I value relationships, still I keep it competitive

Nowadays chances are that if you see me throw the match

It ain't to lose the fight, it's to walk away from a burning bridge

I'm from a family of alcoholics and coke addicts

Daddy taught me if the ass is so fat it's a fact

That if you with your ho, don't matter it's still appropriate to scope at it

Living life with no balance, driving drunk on co-pilot

Driving 'till I total it

I'm trying to stay afloat, but I got nobody to throw a rope at it

The game is just a game of splits and politics with no ballot

All kind of clips with mo' malice than Pusha

If you profiling, it's probably be more violence than looking

I'm so stylish, but I ain't talking eBay, no high end fashion either

If you catch me by the runway it's the one that's for the PJ

This one is for my lyricists- courtesy of my DJ

(I can't control it, can't hold it, it's so nuts)

(Hustle hard in any hustle that you pick)

(I respect that)

I done had a lot of niggas say they wanna hurt me

Somehow, some way they just end up in my mercy

Just show some courtesy

(Hell yeah, nigga you know, niggas still got it)

(Believe that shit)

I got killas 'round the way ready to move that work for me

Niggas wanna ride my wave, bitches wanna surfboard me

All I want is courtesy, who cares about the radio?

And you can take the cassette deck from off your old boombox

And it wouldn't matter

It still squares on your radio to keep your

Wealth

I learned to stay to yo - self

I call for Shantelle to spray paint a mural in Watts

Of me spray painting a mural of Miracle Watts

Shoutout to Michael 5000 Watts
I'm on than lean movement like I'm out here tryna box
Look, nigga, this is a boss thing, uh
Meaning you getting the laze dot to your offspring
I'm a lost being, uh
Try to cross me without falling off, I'm afraid not
I'm a frayed knot like a draw string
I'm preaching to the congregation like I'm Peter Popoff
If you can imagine
Me hopping up out of the cabin like I'm one of the dukes of hazard
Like fuck it, leave the top off like time for foreplay
That last line that was before ya time
Like Big Ben sitting in Beyoncé doorway
While I'm receiving Four Seasons, Norwegian top in Norway
Listening to rappers kick knowledge
That they probably got from Toure'
These Michael Eric Dyson niggas claiming they king
Not knowing the kind of drama that that bring
Imma be the first established rapper to hop in that battle rap ring Turn that to gatling
My next album gon be so dark and so fly
I should CD package it wrapped in batwings
The Soultrain music awards actors rock fake as wrestling
Dressed bottom to top in leather looking like bacon in Vaseline
How you looking like beef jerky, beefing in every verse
But never beefing in person? Randy Savage
You wouldn't snap a slim Jim
You wouldn't rip a wrapping on Christmas in Santa's attic
With the hands of Eddie Scissors, ain't you average?
Put your motherfucking hands up
My job is to move the crowd, move the motherfucking crowd
Put your motherfucking hands up
(DJ Wonder, ya heard?
DJ Wonder, ya heard?)
(I respect that)

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>