

Banana Clipper (feat. Big Boi)

Run The Jewels

I move with the elegance of an African elephant
I presented the evidence eloquent as a president
Evident, it's whatever since I deserve me a championship
But before I banana clip, I'mma chill so my man can rip Little man against... and with the heart
of an orphan
I've got the words of a murderer and an eye for distortion
You take a slice of my portion, I'll take a piece of your profit
I'll drive at illegal speeds and keep an oz. in my pocket We run the jewels in your town, a
quarter pound on my person
I'm known for pounding the stage, I'm talkin' burning and cursing
Producer gave me a beat, said "it's the beat of the year!"
I said "El-P didn't do it, so get the fuck out of here!" You wanna hang? Bring your throat - I've
got stool and a rope
I'm a slang pope - orang' in a land with a man's flow
A new addition to the art of the old code
That's fully retarded, and put a part in your bone dome
And we the villains, we ain't tagged 'em as bad guys
Mercy me, merciless me, putting pain in their sad eyes
It's time for Skywalker talkers to meet the true Darth Vader
I hit your mom in '03, but a G ain't ate her
So baby boy, you should tighten up and show some respect
Before I Melvin on you, Jody, put my arm on my neck
Or worse yet, be the reason your girl want a divorce
Be at her crib with your kids sayin' "fuck your fort!"
Lil' nigga... The style is radiation leaking, my island
Also known as Chernobyl talk, listen for the sirens
Where's the green? I'm a hoarder - you're the poor distorter
Sort of morbid, sonning these f-ckin' whoredom explorers
I'm bored - enough of your bummy shit, it's numb to the core, sure
You sucked a good dick for the fame and couldn't resist getting played
I f-ck like I'm headed to war, I'm really not playing no games
Like... goddamnit, I'll kill the Carrie that mentions my name
I'm a soldier of fortune, a mercenary on beat
I'm merciless, I'll torture emcees, tie up both of their feet
If they refuse to run the jewels, we beat the bottoms of feet
I'm talkin grip pliers, guys, to the top of your teeth
And me a Jaime killed the competition, top of the heap
Is where we staying, with their corpses resting under our feet
I sent their moms a little cash and a sympathy letter
Told her she "raised a bunch of f-ck boys - next time, do better"
Bitch... We the old Atlanta, new Atlanta, future of the city
Daddy Fat Sax don't give a damn

'Cause can't no new nigga get with me
Now it's true niggas or simply simpleminded Simple Simons
Being dumbed down by the local radio stations by design, and...
But I be rhyming - no payola is required
My bank account obese as f-ck while yours sits on a diet
Nigga, your lease is up, you're fired - quiet, that's how the boss talk
Retain ownership on everything, every car bought
And paid for, no neighbours 'cause I'm sittin' on acres
Went to Vegas, jumped a broom 'cause I wasn't trippin' on papers
Or no pre-nuptial agreement for my money
If we broke up, and she took half, I'd still be sitting on commas
Eight figures, nigga...

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