

Say Goodnight

Reks

[Reks]

Premo

Reks

Long time coming

Listen!

[Reks]

I think they want the new P.E now

Ice Cube, Nigga With An Attitude now

They want a dude who's immune to Rules

Short fuse, aiming at Q, Bishop on the roof now

They want me to say; Fuck who in the game

If your the best rapper alive, then Reks insane

I think Preme's insane, best producer alive

Me up on his track is like needles to the veins

Like burners to the brain, Suicide chest, playing

suicide king

My aim when I came was to bring back the Gangstarr

audio reign

No longer R-E-K-S, it's R-E-Cocaine
Y'all on the way out, Reks on the way in
Eastcoast boom bap, PM to the AM
Opinion on my rap, delivery propane
With magic, eternal king, supreme, remember the name -
REKS

[Chorus]

Scrathes by DJ Premier

Big Pun "Say Goodnight"
Rakim "Drop the mic you shouldn't be holding it
This is how it should be done"
Xzibit "Dropping bows on 'em, I like to catch them
While they slippin'"
Big Pun "Say Goodnight"
Rakim "Drop the mic, you shoudn't be holding it
This is how it should be done"
50 Cent "I'm serious man, I'm so sincere"

[Reks]

Rockabye, pop rapper to sleep, heavenly conscious
Melodies monstrous, R's one hell of an artist

Sylibal darksmith, lyrical bars pimp caution
Beware of close parks and midicons conflicts
Even through all this garbage, nonsense, media
sponsors

I'm gonna spit the raw shit, regardless
My thoughts in cockpit, steering past and just through
the darkness

What nerds be writing blurbs in office
I am return of the legendary, duck through the cemetery
Soul of the ghost in my bones, so I never worry
UHH, I think they want the new Makaveli
I can really feel the pains and the strains through my
belly

Hunger gettin' deadly, ain't a killer, don't tempt me
Fill the booth cuz the youth mental frames on empty
Opinion on my rap, the flow's ether, the soulseeker
Born leader, R-E-K-S remember the name

[Chorus]

[Reks]

Yeah, I think i wanna kill Bill O'Riley
187 G-Dub, peel wheels on dunallis
Mommy I'm sorry, but when these dudes rap

I be thinkin that I should pull a ~Shyne~ in the party

Nickel nine in the audience of week rap shows

I never needed guns, but as my stress grows

Need that East-swig back, a new Westcoast

80 procent of the new South rap shit blows

Now the Midwest, shinin', respect their grindin'

But turn up my face, the bullshit rap-whinin'

UHH, say goodnight to the industry, DJ Premier

sentenced me

To prepare, something lethal for they ears

So here it is for the people, compare me to no other

artist

I swear no equals, I hear their public opinion

On my rap, say the future of the game

Top 10 D.O.A. - Reks, remember the name

[Chorus]

[Reks]

REKS

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>