

# Say Goodnight - Reks Lyrics

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## "Say Goodnight"

Primo. Reks. Long time coming. Listen!

I think they want the new P.E now

Ice Cube, Nigga With An Attitude now

They want a dude who's immune to the 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 upon the 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 Gang Starr audio reign

No longer R-E-K-S, it's R-E-Cocaine

Y'all on the way out, Reks on the way in

East coast boom bap, PM to the AM

Opinion on my rap, delivery propane

Rhythmatic, eternal king, supreme, remember the name

REKS!

("Drop the mic you shouldn't be holding it  
This is how it should be done")

("Dropping bows on 'em, I like to catch them  
While they slippin'")

("Say Goodnight")

("Drop the mic, you shouldn't be holding it  
This is how it should be done")

("I'm serious man, I'm so sincere")

Rockabye, pop rapper to sleep, heavenly conscious

Melodies monstrous, R's one hell of an artist

Syllable dart smith, lyrical bars pimp caution

Beware of close proximity cause conflicts

Even through all this

Garbage, nonsense, media sponsors

I'm gonna spit the raw shit, regardless

My thoughts in cockpit

Steering past and judge through the darkness

While 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 to my belly

Hunger gettin' deadly, ain't a killer, don't tempt me  
Fill the booth cause the youth mental fridge on empty  
Opinion on my rap, the flow's ether, the soul seeker

Born leader, R-E-K-S remember the name

("Drop the mic you shouldn't be holding it

This is how it should be done")

("Dropping bows on 'em, I like to catch them

While they slippin'")

("Say Goodnight")

("Drop the mic, you shouldn't be holding it

This is how it should be done")

("I'm serious man, I'm so sincere")

Yo, 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 weak rap shows

I never needed guns, but as my stress grows

Need that East-swag back, a new West coast

80% of the new South rap shit blows

Now the Midwest, shinin', respect to 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  
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  
("Drop the mic you shouldn't be holding it  
This is how it should be done")  
("Dropping bows on 'em, I like to catch them  
While they slippin'")  
("Say Goodnight")  
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This is how it should be done")  
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**For any correction please mail us at [showthelyrics1@gmail.com](mailto:showthelyrics1@gmail.com)**

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