Stomp On Ya Brain

"If you can't walk the walk," nah don't even try it When I'm wired, I spit fire And come stomp on your brain, brain, brain...

Yo! What about hip-hop, is so interesting? Emcees battle for respect, it's intensive Spit rhymes while I shimmy up the cliff side Before you ask why I'm tryin to show you where Rip died The questions give me more insight into your mind than them whack rhymes I hear you recitin all the time Restore and re-establish it, revive it, revamp it Refresh yourself with something organic, and mechanic Verses be so strong they are generally interpreted wrong Prone to correspond their responses from the songs Mr. Motherfuckin Know-It-All, bet you ten gold banola bars I'm smarter then those fifth graders are The writing technique is from a lion-headed beast Sciatic nerve got me spittin automatic words Ideas eliminated in the order they were created amid specative language about how I even made it Rebel without a cause, spittin ten billion bars to the cold corpse cellophane wrapped on the floor There's more, I declare war, bomb 'em! Pound after pound I come stomp on 'em

We bite without barkin, you just a target I shot darts and stomp on your brain in Doc Martins with boats shoes, so crude, my pardon Soon as the clock startin, show moves I got from old dudes who used to smoke Kools by the carton Set fire to you, I'm the arson Was clappin at cats, before they applauded for John Carson Anybody with good sense, know the footprints solemn leads is from the Air Max 93's 'til everything you see is Siamese I've been stompin since chicks from Martin was buyin reeds We stomp on your cane, and sell it to niggaz The niggaz stomp on your brain Who wanna tangle with the black orangutang? I came to bang, it ain't a thang Name a name he'll be history Nothin more than a mystery, a Stephen King novel Either they ain't been watchin or they need a clean goggle to follow the footsteps of the T Rex, detect whoever leap next from a speed jet without a parachute Turn you into carrot soup troop

The duck-billed dino was eaten by the eighty ton rhino A very long time ago Soul, rock and roll, RTJ double-oh Now you know nigga, lock and load How can I create the right sentence to help explain how it feels when a whack emcee rhymes for Germaine? Don't be a water brain, make you spit your rhymes in quarantine Put you up against War Machine Sixty second rounds, keep your metaphors clean Sleepwalk when I dream, spit Listerine green

Canibus

The (Microphone Fiend) on the scene Call on them scream, he might break you off a sixteen Laser beam lyrics comin at you at an altered speed The (Altered Beast) don't pause for the beat This is lyrical law, you will be among the first to compete to run, walk or crawl over beats The goal is too tall to reach, can't touch the Spit Boss' feet You pole vault into a wall of defeat I love Biggie cause I know what he means When he told you, "It was all a dream"

[Chorus]