

Hip Hop Frontline

DJ Kay Slay

There is a warrior comin' (Frontline)
Kiss him, tell him you love him (Frontline)
Maybe he will die for nothin' (Frontline)
Might just go die for somethin' (Frontline)
And may God bless the dead (Frontline)
Flashed the way overhead (Frontline)
Here stands a faithful soldier (Frontline)
Until the war is over

In the final days before the angels came to slay them dark demons
And faces from all nations embrace whores and heathens
And dawgs was supposed to be woke, was livin' in the past
We had lyrics that spoke through spirits and cut like glass
The warrior poets, part gladiator, part priest
Who came to contain the beast, to be the kings of the East
Solid gold mics on the thrones of the pharaohs
Who chose to oppose those with the stolen souls and the cold bone marrow
Stages covered in sweat of legends
And subway walls and project halls that foresaw the hip-hop Armageddon
Blue versus red, street corners covered in lead
And littered with the bones of the unknown and the spiritually dead, yet
I came back again like I been here before
To slay all the devil's hoards over the lands and the shores
'Cause with this hand on my mic, I swore
To slay millions of more demons who were dead
And crossed through the devil's doors, we are at war

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We like the rich pharaohs in rap, godfathers and gangster hats
Trailblazers, authentic macks with racks
The game is ours, it's our fortress and of course it's potent shit
Don't make me insult you for this culture (That's real)
I live prestigious, my name in this game is street shit
From marketing rap out of uniqueness
Portraits is real, facial expressions is ill
A level seven grand if it sit still (Watch your back, bro)
Gotta protect it, it ain't real? Dissect it (Quick, man)
If it shine, perfect it, you heard it from a vet, kid
Livin' out my wildest and realest ask, when flowin', don't ask
You need a cut-man for this shit, it's glass
I swear to pledge my allegiance for all the teachers who preach rich (Talk t
hat shit, dawg)
Then sat up in suites with gifts
Much blessings to the team
Shout out the amazing ones
Hold the flag high, yellin' and screamin', y'all, c'mon

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There's a war on the horizon, this one's for the culture
Fuck tryna insult you, death to all you fuckin' vultures (Word up)
I'm on the frontline, guns and microphones blazin'
From back in the days and, all man, all amazing
A general in this army, son, this ain't no hobby, nigga
I didn't build the building but I damn sure made the lobby, nigga
Help spread this culture from the Bronx to Abu Dhabi, nigga
And I ain't gotta front, everybody know who I be, nigga
Caz, the Bronx Bomber, all I need is some pinstripes
They blowin' smoke up your ass and it's comin' out your windpipes
But I ain't no fuckin' pacifist, I'm one of them "get it in" types
Like Kay Slay, I'm one of them "all I do is win" types
There's a war goin' on outside, ain't in the street, player
Fuck your company, I got a laptop and a beat, player
A culture to regulate, and some streets to sweep, player
Salute the circle and a slash, on cold mics, heat, player

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