

(We gon' keep it raw)

I'm a b-boy, that's the best way to define me
Born in 81' been rhymin' since the early 90s
And I don't plan on stoppin' any time soon
That's why fools try to be down with my crew
But you recitin' feeble chatter, either that or beatin' off
Peace to KNONAM, breathin' patterns that'll leave 'em lost
I keep a choke chain on the peoples thoughts
Teach the whole game how to read between the chalk
Okay we so crazy don't play me just pay me you babies
I break teeth on fake freaks and maybe, just maybe you might live
That's solely dependent upon your mic skills
You rap slowly homey, no regard for what's I'll
Still I hope you're not the nicest of your teammates
I'm your worst nightmare, you like a whack emcees dream date
A walkin' target, plus an awful artist
What you talk is often fuckin' garbage
The public regrets the fact they have to hear your music
What you call spittin' looks more like involuntary droolin'
Say I'm stupid for entertainin' rumors
But I heard you give your favorite producer
Head in trade for his creative juices
We makin' music, just tryin' to put the fun back in
Turntablism, lyricism, ain't no gun packin'
It's hard to swallow even my simple sentence
So bitin's not recommended by 9 out of 10 dentists
I step on snakes and yes I'll make a mess on tape cassettes
With my brother ain't no other quite like my mellow my man
So Abilities, let me hear you make some funky music with your hands

(Ooo you love it!)

War like, solo, drums, and vocals
Guaranteed to put your attention span in a choke hold, peace

We just representin' for all the hip-hoppers worldwide
Emcees, DJs, b-boys, graff-writers, everybody in the house
Yeah, Blueprint in the house
Uh-huh, Day Light in the house
Uh-huh, E-Wok in the house
Yeah, Mr. Dibbs in the house
Uh-huh, X-Cal [?] in the house
Uhh, Abomination's in the house
Uhh, Head Shots in the house
Yeah, Rhymesayers and we out, PEACE