

Why Battle Me

Grits

First to disperse on unrehearsed verses's
Snatching purses from MC's who Punky like Brewster
Three times the rooster, crows cause they wack
Denying this in fact they Screech on my Zach
Saved by the Bell 'cause my combinations intact
Jab uppercut right across it hits exact
Attack like special forces no mics from the sources
It's Bone not the thuggish crew brotha I will get with you
Get with you when I rip the tape up accapella
I swell up like David Banner when he turns into the Hulk
As I give it to you in bulk and not small pieces
For mental releases to set my mind at ease, please
In the dark when I spark a flame occurs
Your speech is slurred, your sight is blurred
You're drunken, intoxicated because my style is kinda complicated infiltrate
it if you can

Brothas always want to step to me
When they need to be using their telepathy
Sleep when they creep, awakened by the quake
Cause they don't know, they really don't know
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Plastic MC, what's the matter, do you wanna climb Jacob's Ladder
Slip and fall in the pancake batter
Serve you on a platter to family and friends
You'll be swelled up blue like that bear on TaleSpin
For real though, for real though, I tell you some things
Step into the ring, your head hits the floor and it goes ping
Don't get me wrong not in the physical
But in the spiritual aspect you're defeated like an Aztec
So go home, fix some popcorn, analyze your callin'
Pop "Old Yeller" in the VCR and start ballin'
But don't come back without the proper diction
If you do, friction, as I freak you like science fiction
Depiction, a mediator of confusion
Perusin' the MC, some full but most are empty
Now ya wanna battle a serpent with a rattle
Leave ya in the dust on the count of three, combust

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My Dilemma, makes things great, when I, uh, flips, uh
Through these states and I never thought about being a MC till, uh
One day God said to me, "Boy, look here, I got something for you to do
You can start by startin' on the 1, 2"

You probably heard me before when I was comin' through the door
Singin' the jam that I like
"And I will be yo best friend all the way to the never mind the
Begginin'"
I can start by introducin' my self, my vocal flava
Last longer than a cherry [?] LifeSava
Say whatcha say, uh, I heard ya the last time in the jam
Sittin' in the stand rockin' witcha man
I'm the Liquid Man, say, uh, jigabam
That's who I am, that's who I supposed to be man
"So give me the sunshine to save my soul"
If I turned 42 now, what would you do about it
Nothing, and that's the same way I feel about my style
Nothing, 'cause you can't do nothin' with it, I'm bound to hit it

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