

Who be first to catch this beat down? My rappages be the source
Ego trip remain victory, and no loss
Rap sheet show you details of wars in streets
Where the most live, catch vibe and blaze heat
Double XL kings who rush through, got right on
Quick to stress ya, sound crew to get a mic on
Math lets the plates spin consecutive hits,
Promoters' face grin the dawn catch fist,
Keep the paper direct wire see them jake be tire
Unlike the story that echoes out with chronic liars
Like those who feast on hogs, eat murder dogs
A village voice kid with his heart and soul calm
Killa bees produce the honey, that fortify the platinum
Plus the dj claws fiend to scratch them
Thus street team takes shots of criticism
Promotional vehicles wiffin wit mad rhythm
With the lockout of one of our source sports
We spice the stand and launch the stage on the ball court
During the first half, number one draft rap lords,
Swing swords, slam microphone, shatter billboards
Forty-eight in sight, after inhalin the herb
Vision impaired, when the silhouette emerged
One nut out the clan get your whole click banned
From radio pd's cut your raps man
Forcin me to move on from one world to another
On the gulf, from the fuel jet to hover
Take cover wit the radical, urban latino
No hip-hop connection wit us and Janet Reno
I do an interview and they aim to trace my essence
To know more than is necessary blunts your weapon
My group's nova, remain unsober
And serve high times wit king cobras i shoulder
Low-post mc's, your whole style (lafeast)
Second to get your word up, then the troops unleash
Creative (low fling) to the grand opening
Wit my ray gun scoping, you're hoping
Uniforms be fridged when they walk the black beat
In the heat, of razors exposin fresh meat
In bedrock and gambling - rolling stone, out of zone
Where they can't monitor my 'xact poem
Collide wit the tiger beat, rappin raga
Ebony eyes, folks see the saga