

Get Down

Hush.

Chicka, chicka, get down.

This is one of those songs, when people hearing this
Will try to judge me, demoted from being a lyricist
Thats why I put the MC before Hush, because I insist
Of being in control of the mic, a specialist.
My nemesis, being myself is venomous
Because sometimes a foot in ya mouth is dangerous
Sharp on the edge in ways a razor is
Slicing thru any red-tape or plagiarist
Backhands to many for grand stand and win it
When demands ask for bands of the bland man you dish it
Infinite, all of my words with quickness
Like a deck hand with a bad stomach, I see sickness
Crazy like a kid with his hands slashed and slit it
Till his parents have to come have his quack ass
committed
And any emcee that I can't stand, I'm shittin' on
Any mother fucker that backstabs, forget it

If you ever hear my sound in the street, it goes -
blow!

Get down!

So if you ever hear my sound in the street, it goes -
blow!

Get down!

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Yo

I'm a bad ass lieutenant, who can't stand a gimmick
The ones we all just like to laugh at and mimmick
The ones we all know that just can't rap a bit it
And I still suffer heat from a backlash of critics
Wack ass with synical slaps that can split it
And anybody saying my raps trashed is finished
Whoever said that having a backpacks permitted
Its just raps that you can't grasp or grip it
I'll blast back on any one jackass who give it
Any nim-witted upperclass ass that doesn't get it
Understand, not every rap fans exquisit
Or has to live it, every track thats explicit
I must admit it, that fast cash will limit
A vast cast of vivid emcees that really live it
You couldn't blow up if you had gas and lit it
When I blast fast cats hit the fast dash and split it

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I can't be fucked with like broken dildos
And I spill flows, that beat you to death like steel
toes
Swift blows to any emcees that can't rhyme
I'm so dope I'll cut ya, then snort your flatline
Obscene writer, my team remains finer
The main liner, feeding your veins a pain liver
Chicks with dicks, or bitches with no balls
Or glisten to blow, big mouth cats with no paw
I misplaced ya album right next to P.D.
I only bought his CD just to hear B.I.G.
I hold it down like tape on toupe's
Put a condom on your tongue, and then fuck what you say
I move crowds like fights at rap shows
And handicap foes who vow they can flow
I'm after your soul, and after that your platinum
Catch em' in the track with my gat, just to strap em'

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