Braggin' Wrights

J-Live

[J-Live]
For underground metaphors
You can scrape an inch below the turf, for what it's worth
My style's been developed in the core of the Earth
The exhale's volcanic, the inhale is seismic
So brothers just panic when the Live one arrives with
The natural ability to run through your crew
From 2-1-4 to 2-1-3 to 2-1-2
In other words, from Dallas, to L.A., to the place where J stay
Everyday is mayday
So you can talk your shit on how you're wettin' MC's
With mad blood stains but I'll bet you can't stand the rain
I look upon your brain with disdain
Go back and reflect on my endeavors black I can't complain
It's like a raw deal, consistant with the way I make you feel
The ends stay revealed while the means I conceal
And those who try to steal get decapitated
You wanna snatch my H2O-type flow, but it evaporated
I displays my credentials over instrumentals
And my potential, increases at a rate that's exponential
It's detrimental questionin' my thesis
The penetration's exact, like amniocentesis
I rip your rhyme to pieces after drainin' out your fluid
My vocab is fluent, yours is evident of being truant
I know you wanna make moves but son you best to take a second look
Before my knight takes your rook

Chorus:

Cause everybody's rapping, and only few can flow
So why the hell they trying to deal with Live I don't know
I handle true MC's on their block or at their show
So if you got some bullshit, please keep it on the low

[J-Live]
Cause yo, I got the hair-splittin', self-written unbitten style
That leaves the competition running scared and shaking in their pants
You best to set it off cause black it ain't no second chance
Once I'm open, all you doing is hoping that the Live one
Will put the mic down, but son don't try to snatch it after
The laughter won't cease from the comparison, how dare you son
Step around the booth when I'm on
The microphone magician says poof, you're gone with the wind
There's no trace of your friends cause you don't know where the
Beginning ends or where the end begins
But you see that's the difference, you get sold, I get paid
Black I told you, get paid
If you're broke I'll have to rain on your parade
You belong in special ed if you think you got it made
J-Live with the mic is like the chef with the blade
Cause suckers get sliced and sauteed
Yeah, you thought your joint was fly but the flight was delayed
Because

Chorus: repeat 2X

[J-Live]

Cause yo, I take the grey matter of pretenders
Through my mental blender, and then return to sender
My pen don't pretend to offend
I intend to render MC's, hanging loose like a fender bender
I recommend regardless of your gender
That you strike fucking with J-Live from your agenda
And remember that whoever lends a helping hand to defend ya
Will get burned to a cinder
As I end the, reign of wack MC's with their suicidal tendencies
Rendering me sick, with the thoughts of killing enemies
But then I return to reality
Metaphorically murdering MC's when they battle me
You can't rattle me
I'm not your average snake slithering through the grass
I surpass the serpent as I head to class
You consider me crass as I wax that ass; style's no joke
But you best believe I gets the last laugh

Tištěno z pisnicky-akordy.cz Sponzor: www.srovnavac.cz - vyberte si pojištění online!