

Got What It Takes

J-Live

Ayo, calling all hot college radio spots
I'm coming to your city playing connect the dots
If you can't bite the apple then we brought the applesauce
WHAT IT MEANS IS the versitile still got the moxie
When it comes to
Shit you love, that gets true love
In places where nothing else does,
The underground rise above
All the cream in this coffee mug, like what?
The steam when we make shit hot, THANKS ALOT to
All those who know True School is a must
If the records in your crates don't collect no dust
And your steel wheels got no rust
Tables are turning towards
Brothers with hot lyrics that keep yours ears burning like
UNSPOKEN HEARD is down with us
C. V. (?) is down with us
Raw Shack records you just can't trust but
Rolling with the punches is a definite must
I'm number 7 on the mic,
Babydoll don't forget,
Some of y'all scratch your head like your scalp got lice
I live and die for it, just cause, not just cuz
So if it ain't justice then you get just ICE
See, at the date of this writing, yo my shit's on hold
At the date of this writing I'm predicted gold
If 500,000 love real rhymes and beats
I'll be halfway to platinum when it hits the streets

Do you got what it takes
To take what I got? (I think not)
Do you got what it takes
To take what I got? (I think not)
(I got street knowledge plus a college degree)
Do you got what it takes
(I got props as a DJ and a true emcee)
To take what I got?
(I got ????)
Do you got what it takes
(I got nuff respect in every time zone)
To take what I got?

So did you miss me? (YEAH)
Well, I missed you too.
Did you miss me? (for real?)
Yo, I missed you too
The hip-hop in my veins to which I stay true
Tradition's brand old, but the flavor's brand new
Now did you miss me? (word)
Then I missed you too
But if you diss me
You better know I diss you too
The hip-hop in my veins to which I stay true
Got crab mutherf**kers not doing doo-doo
Now do you think that you can handle my derogitory style
That knocks the wind out you like a flagrant foul
Oh, you drop some shit?

But I transform the crowd into fecofeliacs when move my vowels
And when you got to try to throw in the towel
I wet it, rip you with it, wait a minute, don't look now
Cuz I'm so amped up to set this off
We goin back in time to snatch out yer mother's (PUSH!) womb right now
Now, now, now, how's that for hostile?
Who's that that stated
The Live one that brag is the most overrated
Ain't I rated over most that brag?
Damn right, and one, now what?
See, yo, GIMME THAT MIC
What the hell you gon do with it?
You just mad cuz ??? and your shoes fit it
You need to find some lyrics that can fill these kicks
Until then, just refrain from riding my dick, until

Til you got what it takes
To take what I got? (I think not)
Do you got what it takes
To take what I got? (I think not)
Do you got what it takes
To take what I got? (I think not)
Do you got what it takes
Do you got what it takes

So don't call this a comeback (why J?)
Cuz that would imply that time would
Nullify the store for looking fly, guy (?)
But my juice on ice that says concentrate
Has no exporation date
No matter how long you wait
So you better in a cesspool with no BENCH
Tryna combat the STENCH
With a stick of inCENSE
Kid, it doesn't make SENSE
Claiming Live is past TENSE
Under false pretENSE
So repent with knees BENT
See, my time and my money's both wisely spent
I'm beyond fresh,
I'm heaven sent with a lemon scent
Cutting you up
Like Eric B. running for president
So a penny for your thoughts isn't worth a red cent
Now, you stepping in my realm of malicious intent
You get powerbombed like a Sid Vicious event
So ask yourself, when your rules and your back gets bent
Where your pride and your props and back-up went, cuz...

You ain't got what it takes
To take what I got (I think not)
Do you got what it takes
To take what I got? (I think not)
You ain't got what it takes
To take what I got