Mountain Kind

MC Frontalot

I shalt not front-a-little cause I'm front-a-lot I climbed mount sinai, got hi at the top, Blew a cloud straight up and the voice I heard Said Front, you were born to front, I said "word" Stumbled on back down two tabs in my hand Chiseled little onna one it said "don't be bad" Onna other one written "be as bad as ya like" That one under the tongue and then I grapple the mic Y'all better listen to me I bring commandments First off y'all better make me a sandwich Second up, God says I'm in charge Word from on high: frontalot ought to live large It's the dawn of the age of the mc front Melt down that calf I'ma gild my butt I'ma gild the mic, I'ma gild my tongue Or I would if it hadn't already been done

Every god damn time that I get this high Feel like I'm gonna hit my head on the sky

And I try to leave it alone but I can't The mountain kind what they call the plant

Up top of mount olympus I was dissin' em all Said, ya beats is short and ya words is tall With ya molehill rappin, some gall you got Made attempt to step to m. front a lot I shot flares in the air zeus said don't do it I'm messing with the old school now, and truant Gone blue in the face, I drop bass Drop rhymes so thick that they take up space Um, ways and means to an end I'm in need of a sherpa when I smoke this blend Ascend, spark it up like the sun Lose a digit or two off my IQ before I'm done Unconscionable this habit Better quit before it's too late, dagnabbit! Every time when I climb my ass down Then I'm done. till the mountain come looming back Around