

# Avengers

Mr. Lif

It's Akrobatik  
With the final fantasy tactics  
Eliminatin' wack shit  
(With strategy that's sick)  
Teaming with my accomplice who helped me on the Fat Shit  
We'll f\*\*k your tower up  
With multiple power-ups  
My appetite for pain will eat a meteor shower up  
Crash a thousand crews (Grab a bite) and get showered up

You feel refreshed  
Now let's continue the quest  
I use a towel to  
Catch innards of those we disembowel for  
Foul play (Lif what did Colin Powel say?)  
Who knows? I had flood waters wash his ass away  
He was just another rabble-rouser from Babel's tower  
Living in the glorious realms of false power

I make you shake ya ass  
I make you nod ya head  
Plus give you the motivation  
To get your ass out of bed  
Cause to me, MC means Motivate the Crowd  
And eliminate the evil cause  
I know they hate the proud  
I blow the fakers out of the box with Hip Hop  
(They oughtta stop or watch they frame get chopped  
Or better yet they suffer from paralysis and shot)  
So if you feeling this pump ya fist when it drops yo

The avengers  
Sent to tear down the terrorists  
Perceptionists (Who's that?) Ak and Lif  
(And you know that we're  
Attacking with the raw for sure)  
The earth (yo check it) get another realm to explore

At this point the predator blinks  
Knowledge rifles past the head of the sphinx  
The nation cringes as a terrorist thinks  
How to spike his next target  
But we're all americans here so our place is the market  
Death to whoever tries to harm it  
We'll demonize you  
Provide adversity you'll never rise through  
We upgrade to downsize you  
(Who says we can't buy you?)  
Here's a dollar that claims faith in Allah  
Currency currently funding a holy war  
You'll only get a little cut  
So you know there's more  
We assure you that we're heavily in debt  
(I'm sick) Sorry we don't have the remedy yet

Yo I shower fat freeze  
On the powers that be

So when they come to me with bullshit  
I devour that steeze  
Like tryin to charge a hundred grand for Bachelor's degrees  
And creating filthy air that be stifling the breeze  
And filling our TV's  
With these gold tooth wearing MC's  
Who probably don't even know their ABC's (But got cheese)  
But we all know that cheese goes bad and gets molded  
So my priority is wisdom for my head to hold it

The wicked get scolded (Their soul) They sold it  
They got a million ways to make sure that we're molded  
Along the same lines as those with no spines  
But the power of these rhymes is changing the times

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