

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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