

Brothaz

Mr. Lif

Now count how many levels that I smacked you back to oblivion
My heights olympian
I'm from the Caribbean, Barbados
All fatal
Styles that I construct and conduct in a manner like Banner
Sky scanner, eye jammer
40 miles above Highlander with my grammar
I shitted on Bush and tried to cap Santa
Rap vandalizer
Verbal brutalizer
Who's the wiser, me or he
Who moves to grow flesh in test tubes
I have mastered such degrees in less moves
My discipline
Envisioning
Ritalin
FDA approved, we lose
Medication taking brute forces
They battling and tallying losses
See how costless holocaust is?
Helicopters now replaced by flying saucers
Over the ghettos where some brothers are taught to bust shots
To get a lot of what is had by the haves not the have nots
Raps drop pun your brainstem
This is Lif aka codename Mayhem
What made you think that I wouldn't come back with a bloody axe
And some muddy facts over tracks?!

Up in the ghetto we're taught to bust shots
That's a bird in the bush and a fine line to walk
Get down, stay down
Hold up, back the f**k up
Get up, stay up
Hold up, back the f**k down
Brothers is taught to bust shots [repeated]

Fact one:
America don't give a f**k about you so get off it
I'm not a prophet they just want the profit
They make you want it so you cop it, soon you can't stop it
You're addicted
But low on doe so you get evicted
Fact two:
Darfur's in a state of emergency
It's genocide
Code red classified
If this was Kosovo it'd be over, bro
But it's brothers so it equals no coverage, mo' sufferage
People drawn and quartered
Castrated, slaughtered, burned, disgraced
Gang raped, displaced
While the rest of the world just turn face to chase
Some economic goals
Balance the lost souls
But live it up
We 'bout to burn in hell 'cause god knows

Fact three:

The Bush Administration's worth nothing

Just f**k 'em!

Throw 'em in the barrel, buck 'em!

Oh, you ain't know them flood waters was coming?

You can't smell that african blood running?

Oh, to y'all niggers is worthless or something?

Fuck Clinton too!

You ain't really down because you live uptown, bitch

Rwanda!

Check out what we're looking at here across water

In the ghettos, brothers and sisters, it's self slaughter

How could colonized minds lead to such uncivilized times?

Maybe the tribes were harmonious and you were erroneous

It's no fun

In fact, it's sin under the sun

And son, in the event you meet some cops just run

Or maybe walk real slow and lick shots at Po

Not with the gun this times, through intelligents lines

You see, they look strong externally, internally they're dying

Just elevate

When drama escalate, you just shine!