

The Host

One Be Lo

The mic, the booth, the stage, the lights, the cameras, the action, the sound, the album
Yo, I be the host with the mega most,
Forecast, temperature, One Be Lo, wear your leather coats
If you don't know me by now you'll never know
The number seven flow, beats knock at Heaven's door
The brightest in your telescope
Focus your mind, listen to your heart, like a stethoscope
I had two options: Hip hop or sellin' dope
Now guess what I chose?
I'm in effect with the flows
I clutch mics, in clutch time, I never choke
These rappers is off the wall, too bad it was in Jericho
Now tell the deputy "I'm here to shoot the Sheriff, yo"
I spread butter rhymes on tracks like breaded toast
Teach you some facts of life, only Mrs Garret know
Y'all want the riches, I'm content with being never broke
I ain't finished droppin' lines, "How Many?" seven mo'
Now me rhyming unacceptable
That's like Pac-
man eating power pellets, being scared of ghosts
These are my parables
So deep I'm lookin' at the world through a periscope
And ever where I look, and everywhere I go
Now that explains every rhyme that I ever wrote
Some of the realest that you ever quote