

Unparalleled

One Be Lo

Once again, you are listening to 101.3, WSUB
I'm your host with the most Cool-Lo-Dee in the place to be
Whether you're moving your butt or cruisin' in your truck
Turn the music up
We gonna get into this SONOGRAM. jam by One.Be.Lo called Unparalleled
'Cause no body does it like the SUB, you dig?

We hard to the apple core, raps galore at your door
Pull crowds like a magic sword, exca-li-bor
Travel north on a saddled horse, on a battle course
Rap in codes, tap in morse, Lo never lack the force
You need to practice more, you ain't in my cat-e-gor
I rap for sport, Trackezoids got my back support
So pass the torch, and of course, I can rattle yours, ask for more
The more the Marry (merry) get your raps divorced
Slice like a razor blade, mix tape brigade
Raps erase ya data- base, snatch your flavor, call you Gator-rade
Trying to get major paid, like the upper class?
You can't escape from the wrath, sufferin succatash
Bust your ass, with a duffle bag, full of mustard gas
Fingertips equiped, with a touch of class
We touchin' fans, we trust no man, here comes the plan
All we need is just a chance, we must advance

This is who we are
No movie stars
No nudie bars
No jewelery jars
No groovy cars
Some truly are
We just wanna see some elevation in hip-hop
Producers slash emcees when the beat drop

Now let me some hands in the air

When the beat drop
[Magestik Legend}
You can wave them like you just don't care

When the beat drop

We moving unparallel
If you feeling this, well
That means somebody need to say Oh Yeah "Oh Yeah"

I'm just, clowing you circus acts, and nervous cats
With gerber raps, I murder wax, similar to Roberta Flack
Killing you softly, with every word, no time for stress
Petty herbs get addressed like the gettysburg
A hundred miles and racing, with a wild imagination
Even if I get the job half-done it's half-amazing
Only obligation, Trackezoid collaborations
Go together like masturbation and ejaculation
Coming with accurate calculations, configurations
Like the pyramids, lyrically, there's no equivalent
Michigan citizens, should've been sittin' in Switzerland

Listen to lyrics I roll, like a michelin
Tired of rappers, smoking phillies
Not really sayin' nothin', like Milli Vanilli, my style? Don't be silly
Don't need a filthy record deal, people still feel me
Big willies, hillbillies, I rhyme without achilles

We keep it hot like the summer time, when it comes to rhymes
what my tounge designed, is nothin' but thoughts from the mind
I've come to find, most cats is deaf, dumb and blind
So I gotta scat, and get mines, underline
You lyin'

It's raw talent, no gimmicks, no eye shadow
Keep yo costumes, I'm like hydraulics to shock value
I'm not on clown, labels I'm black but not Sambo
A FuManChu swing, karate chop samples
To body rock avenues, while you shark mammal pop channels
Mock hip hop battles for stock capital
I can not help you, lasso the black youth
Step into my classroom kid, I'll take you back Roots
I'll give a Uncle Tom a shell toe with no lace
I'm free from Amistad can't sell me no chains
I follow that mirage 'sell' [sail] boat, 'til one day
I found the underground railroad, the SUB-way