

Ladies and gentlemen  
I'd like to welcome you  
That's Stro on the beat y'all, he's a monster  
Let's do some hip-hop y'all

Roofers move on the one now  
Homies help yourself, you're welcome to get down  
Time to get to steppin' and reppin' your hometown  
I'ma spit a verse to put a beat in a hearse  
It's dirty drum thirty-some years of murder one  
Neck brace, snap case, battle track, Tunnel Rat  
Where your crew been and why don't you speak?  
We top seeds in the playoffs, man that was a Maui  
Came from all walks of life, a piece of what I speak  
Bring peace back like it was pre-360  
Home, God grown to understanding the game  
Tune our ears to your [?] and take up your mic'phones again  
I'm West Covi, style-wise y'all owe me  
But race takes the place of anything [?] throw me  
Coping fire I got so much to say to ya  
Between bars only got so much space, do ya  
Stay pure or water down your art?  
Am I too smart to be that dumb or too dumb to be that smart?  
So I face the clock, race to give y'all the facts  
And can you help me out Dax?

You got us wondering what you want from us  
It's like no matter what we do, it's not enough  
We had our season for sitting down and resting for the second round  
But now it's time for us to rise  
Just the way it's always been  
Guess it will always be  
(What up, Prop, thank you man, check this out)

Now I remember a time when time didn't matter  
And the second hand would be the first to wait a minute  
And in that minute a lifetime would pass  
And a life rhyme would prove to be the thing that last  
Said it's life that I speak, to live in this flesh  
Then yield to the test cause I'm weak (forgive me, Lord)  
Of this I am an expert: expression through explosion  
A mic controller holding these life lessons  
It's time I start sharing these collections of corrections  
Introspection, collaging misdirections  
And how many times was I told not to do it  
But I did it anyways cause my flesh was into it  
I fluid and I knew it, but stayed [?] taking  
Cause there wasn't nothing to it and you people put me through it  
But what about the youth?  
What about being living proof and the call to the truth?  
I hear 'em crying, no more denying it, got no choice  
But to tell it like I told it, bold I can't hold it  
Sold out on the hard road, light steps on a scarred soul  
Lost control and just went with the flow  
And now I can say that I finally know fo' sho  
It's youth watching international  
See I'm what you call classical, old school radical

Raised for the last days and born for the battle field  
So Tunnel Rats and the world  
Rise

Feel good, don't it? Yeah  
This is Listen Watch Focus, people  
We gon' try something right here  
Everybody sway to the left, sway to the right y'all  
Sing this with me  
Sing la la la, sing la la la  
La la la, la la la