

Keep tryna keep it real by keepin' it raw
While half of y'all still be keepin' it flaw
And all the real heads scream "FUCK HIP HOP!"
Until this mediocre bullshit stops
Drug fiends let me show you the route
Who's that motherfucker still keepin the dope in the house?
It's Mota mouth (who?), it's Mota mouth baby, it's Mota mouth
Whenever I write, I put myself out of place from other cats
So it don't sound like another brother's rap
I smother tracks with raw shit, niggas aren't able to bite
What I bring to the table is height
Then I easily superceed, niggas need what I got
Reason I'm hot, there's no other raw season of pot
While most motherfuckers follow the guidelines and hit by 101
Jakki the Mota mouth decides to have fun
Not following rules, swallowing crews
Son I toss cats off the stage, often I slay their soft raps
To all you fake dictionary emcees, get off that
Half of y'all don't understand your own rhymes and soft batch
They straight a t open mics, we put them out on the street
Take away their dope beat, let 'em rhyme and they weak
And the mic can be a decieving device
Muffle your rhymes so they ain't clear and concise
Have niggas thinking you nice
With battle I'll crack all your gear and all your wack raps
You can't be saved by your babbling or your backpack
Doing it for the love is great but you fake
And putting your shit out is a mistake nobody wants to make
Hate when I go to open mics and I see everybody clapping
For some clown they don't understand
Yet everybody acting like he dope because they believe he's hip-hop
Y'all convincing me that most of y'all are brainwashed
Dug(?) in old hip-hop history
Some cats are crap without their tracks 'cause they weak
I wish a nigga would say he listen to me for the beats
Some got the nerve to say they dope when they spit
When even they family got a tape and they won't open the shit
I got a big mouth and I ain't scared to use it
One person's keystyle(?) allows everyone to abuse it
So what the fuck is your definition of underground?
Depressing beats and bleak cats who love the sound
Well I ain't part of that, I'm tired of rapper's garbage
I'm the part of the underground who only feels the raw shit
And I can take a nigga out regardless
You can bring your hardest artists and I'll make 'em heartless
Some say they lyrically this, or lyrically that
Throwing lyrical in every rap and they lyrically wack
And many cats rhyme over tracks nobody fiends(?) for
Don't fuck around with me, if you can only fuck with keyboards
Just 'cause lazy niggas use recognisable material
Don't mean the dope samples are not original
'Cause a producer with skill can lace tracks
Keyboard beats aren't that original, lets face facts
That shit was overused in the G-funk era
Don't give me that excuse, real emcees want better
You rhyme over enough shit, most get away with murder
Like kids who think they words rhyme 'cause they the suffix

Must bitch niggas be fragile with facts
You bragging 'bout who you battled, but who you battled was crap
What you angry for, and acting all tense
If you innocent be cool, only the guilty's catching offense