

Substantial

Your majesty, makes casualties of wack emcees/
Catch you off guard like niggas speaking japanese/
Mics I have to seize, I'm Duracell, You're dollar-store batteries/
With that wackness, please, send your weak records back to the factories/
I shop in Delaware, ain't nobody taxing me/
Not unlikely, well actually/
We come hotter than big pun, you still don;t sound fat to me.

PackFM

We're bananas like a daiquiri, haven't you heard?/
They say 3 is the magic number, Dominion's the magic word/
I'm stabbing your nerves with the pens that's in your pocket protectors/
Blocking you set, knock your head right off the top of you neck/
I'm blocking your tech. Mad malicious, crazy vicious/
Your rhyme was weak as fuck, I thought that you were blowing kisses/
Whole crew got issues. I ain't got time to diss you/
I'm the shit, Only foes are diapers and Scott tissue/
Competition I rip through. You can't tear shit/
And the only projects you've ever been through...is Blair Witch.

Rise

I can't hold a job, because I'm so sick I always call out/
Make rappers shit enough bricks to build a small house/
My records, if they're all out, buy the mixtape/
I ripped it, unless the DJ screamed over my lyrics/
Nasty, I've been called the MAN lately/
Locked up, a ladies man, will turn to a man's lady/
I heard your freestyles, and all the songs you come with/
You're not developed, you should climb back in your mom's stomach.

Wordsworth

Wordsworth's about to make your whole style plummet/
I got a hundred of different styles/
Matter of fact, I got a hundred of women, that means I got about a hundred
of different child's/
Or children, I've been building/
Raps are just, be fulfilling my obligations, this is my job and my occupati
on/
And I'm sorry if I'm rhyming at your own show, then I got you waiting.

Wiseguy

Hired MCs occupation is to rock the nation/
I'm happy rocking the basement/
Word Up, Cause I don't need to rock a whole population of small nations/
Three people is enough, cause my rhymes that rough and tough/
I'll call your bluff, call you up and hang up/
Click! Leave you alone with the phone and the dialtone/
AL Show em.

A.L. Skills

Now, you couldn't take me out if you had a chaperone/
What! I kill MCs over the phone/
So, call the fire guards, and red alert/
Cause I kill MCs through your MHz, my baretta jerks/
Kills MCs off the top of the brain/
Your girls giving me brain, cause AL is insane/

You know the name, el nombre/
I do it in Spanish, MCs stepping to me, of course they vanish/
Spenglish or Spanglish, whatever, que loco tu giuera/
AL, fuera fuego.

Tonedeff

Given any instance in time, I split the rhythm in a million pieces/
Pull tubes on scuba gear to disable the breathing features/
I'm fabled in regions, that I've hardly seen or dreamed of even/
Elvis believes I'm the king because I stole the crown from Stephen/
I'm overachieving. Y'all niggas snoring or sleeping/
Need to WAKE THE FUCK UP, game point for PLAYAS scoring a beating/
The Foreman of freedom, when you let me on/
Cause after you hear us..you'll never wanna go back like Elian.

Wordsworth - B

Yo, what the hell he on?/
He be buggin out, when it's a hot track now you can tell we on/
You prolly got some radiation inside of your brain and a tumor from hearing
this because your celly's on/
But wordsworth'll come across any station/
You prolly jotting this down for your documentation/
This is something off the top of the dome, I didn't write it/
But I know I'll be killing all you rappers sooner or later, cause I'm a psy
chic.
You gotta like it.

PackFM - B

He's a psychic, and I got my sidekicks, PackFM/
You can't rush it, going biking, while you're pedaling/
Yo, I fucking roll, pumping like adrenaline/
My shit is ill, I'm under your skin just like the melanin/
PackFM, last name is an acronym, I'm smackin men/
Um, fucking getting your shit pumped just like an abdomen/
A Six Pack, Yo, you get your shit back/
Call the dispatch, because your shit's wack/
Yo, Get off the dick black.