

You lack the minerals and vitamins, irons and the niacin  
Fuck who that I offend, rappers sit back I'm bout to begin  
bout foul talk you sqwak, never even walked the walk  
More less destined to get tested, never been arrested  
My album will manifest many things that I saw did or heard about  
or told first hand, never word of mouth  
What's in the future for the fusion in the changer?  
Rappers are in danger, who will use wits to be a remainder  
When the missile is aimed, to blow you out of the frame  
Some will keep their limbs and, some will be maimed  
The same suckers with the gab about, killer instincts  
but turned bitch and knowin damn well they lack  
In this division the conniseur, crackin your head with a 4 by 4  
Realize sucka, I be the comin like Noah  
Always sendin you down, perpetratin facadin what you consider  
a image, to me this is, just a scrimmage  
I'm feel I'm stone, not cause I bop or wear my cap cocked  
The more emotion I put into it, the harder I rock  
Those who pose lyrical but really ain't true I feel

"Their time's limited, hard rocks too" -> Slick Rick  
(from the song \_Hey Young World\_)

Speakin in tongues, about what you did but you never done it  
Admit you bit it cause the next man gained platinum behind it  
I find it ironic, so I researched and analyzed  
Most write about stuff they fantasized  
I'm fed up with the bull, on this focus of weed and clips  
and glocks gettin cocked, and wax not bein flipped  
It's the same old same old just strain it from the anal  
The contact, is not com-pexed or vexed  
So why you puhsin it? Why you lyin for? I know where you live  
I know your folks, you was a sucka as a kid  
Your persona's drama, that you acquired in high school in actin class  
Your whole aura is plexi-glass  
What's-her-face told me you shot this kid last week in the park  
That's a lie, you was in church with your moms  
See I know yo, slow your roll, give a good to go  
Guys be lackin in this thing called rappin just for dough  
Of course we gotta pay rent, so money connects, but uhh  
I'd rather be broke and have a whole lot of respect  
It's the principal of it, I get a rush when I bust  
some dope lines oral, that maybe somebody'll quote  
That's what I consider real, in this field of music  
Instead of puttin brain cells to work they abuse it  
Non-conceptual, non-exceptional  
Everybody's either crime-related or sexual  
I'm here to make a difference, besides all the riffin  
The traps are not stickin, rappers stop flippin  
For those who pose lyrical but really ain't true I feel

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