

[K] Whatch you on Kwan?
[M] I'm on some next shit kid
[K] Yo whatchu on Kwan?
[M] Yo, I'm on some next shit kid
[K] Yo whatchu on Kwan?
[M] I'm on some next shit kid
[K] Well blueprint a niggaz face and use his head as the grid

[Mad Skillz]
Mad Skillz and the Immortal, keepin it in the streets
Track back with amnesiac microphone techniques
I see the thunder hear the lightning when I'm writing
MC's are always fighting, I find that shit real inviting
So let's face it, cause as soon as we meet
you and your crew will dissapear like Lee from fuckin Beat Street
Breathakin words, verbs, and subliminals
make MC's wanna have cookouts around my genitals
Smackin dice and boobytrappin mics
Watchin MC's try to see me when they know I'm beyond they sights
Mortals with no skills, check the fusion
Yo my style's a gold digger, cause me and her be usin men
Professionals, mass intellectuals
Snatchin the man out your body like a homosexual
I'm kickin style to make the microphone sweat
cause we on some shit, that the next nigga ain't on yet

[M] Whatch you on K?
[K] I'm on some next shit kid
[M] Yo whatchu on K?
[K] Yo, I'm on some next shit K
[M] Yo whatchu on K?
[K] I'm on some next shit kid
[M] Well blueprint a niggaz head and use his face as the grid

[Kalonji]
My lyrics split, oceans, the mystic, phenomenon
Kalonji rocks, rhymes like, Romulan war bombs
Inside flow, realistic, perfectonist
Intelligence poseses my brain like the Exorcist
I change, and switch places like an inter-transitional
element, from outer space
It's the Ultra, human eater of mics
with telepathics that float, inside, infinite gigabytes
of many eyes, which spit up poisonous quadratic formulas
Hold up, let me warn ya
This manuscriptical, crimatical, architechtrual
connectical, poetical, supernatural, mathe-matical
infallible, theoretical acrobatical
paragraphical basic instinctual
warrior, hip-hop artist who catches wreck is on THAT SHIT
that the next nigga ain't even on yet

[K] Whatch you on Kwan?
[M] I'm on some next shit kid
[K] Yo whatchu on Kwan?
[M] Yo, I'm on some next shit kid
[K] Yo whatchu on Kwan?
[M] I told you, I'm on some next shit kid
[K] Well tell them baby ass niggaz to leave they rhymes in the crib

[Mad Skillz]
Skillz, the ill rapper killer you'll emerge
from a sack with a fucked up body like a caterpillar
What? It's dope if I conceive it
And if you made it then that shit's bound to be paraplegic
so leave it, and fuck what niggaz might say
It's time for real niggaz to represent, VA the right way
We gets in it and pussy dudes get fried
If you birthin wack rhymes, get yo' motherfuckin tubes tied

[Kalonji]
Yes, conceived at logic like Spock
I posess the vital force to make, humans, stop
and watch the Immortal One, Kalonji
Cause, a million planets be followin me like Gandhi
All the way to the damn end of the universe
Exobiologic, foremost and first
Check it I got so much flavor, here taste it
In the future, boom it in your, boom it in your
boom it in your spaceship - the next shit

[M] Yes, the next shit for nine five

