

[PSC]

I know where the music came from, I not a lame dumb dumb  
Origin is respected but still we choose to come, original  
Down from my talk to my walkin'  
Heads out to please the king Christopher Walken  
A city with fly lingo and bad ass latinas  
Got heads on this side biting styles still unequal  
Unless you assimilate you never considered great  
Demonstrate the speech from your birth place you can't race  
Disgraced by false handshakes, these punk rap dudes  
Talk behind our back but they don't want the feud  
A few of them seen the ads y'all helped us pay for  
Now they say what's up in the club! What the fuck whore!?  
Listen up bitch! You diss because you can't see  
Born in California actin' N Y C  
Influence is golden but when mics is holding  
I roll with the oath to spit what's never stolen  
It keeps us out the mix shows and tape decks of 64's  
Because we in the middle, we strangers to the riddle  
For DJs who play this the bravest get propers  
But most won't even touch this unless we sign to Rawkus!

[The Grouch]

I met you twice before and shook your hand  
You didn't feel it  
Did it for the cap but should have acted like I'd peel it  
Now I'm in the skillet on the burner in the back  
Caught between the trunk bump and the motherfucking boom bap  
Bring the tune back,  
You're craps in the chop shop  
Thermometer up your ass  
That's the reason that I'm not hot  
But I got a fever times three for every CD  
Bound to be the missing link  
For those who want to meet me at the crossing  
I'll be the one semi-flossing  
With mega self-respect but avoid to go with that  
Cause he's employed to act like he doesn't see the free man  
Oops that's too much credit, I bet it isn't the plan  
Freak of nature, I'm the stranger, you're bad with names bra  
Change your views, I'm giving clues  
Strangest news you're about to lose  
Blame them fools who got the tools.

[Eligh]

I'd never consider moving out  
When it comes to the coast I'm dwelling on  
Hell if I ever switch up the weather  
To fit what these other fellas are on  
I cause a renaissance  
Renovating creativeness on this side of the coast  
Self-hatred, radio stations  
They play their shit while they brag and they boast  
It's not about toe tagging with a rag and a magnum  
It's all about respect  
Caught in the middle without a clue  
Legendary originality here to battle the fallacy  
Here to put it down with my crew  
Actually I'm open to any option, except belly flopping  
Over a sloppy copy of a Primo track, that's a fact  
Action taken by middlemen  
While you fiddle with pens and pronouns  
Trying to pronounce like your pro-eastern affiliate  
When I affiliate my style with the golden state  
While you're holding hate, claiming to hold weight  
Now, much respect to the roots but once you've walked in these boots  
Doing a format like that is so fake  
You're a dormant doormat  
Wearing a whores hat  
With a horrible imitation of what you consider great  
When that's only a bite.  
Your eyes are bigger than your stomach  
So when you plummet into the darkness  
We'll be rising into the light (that's right, that's right)  
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We'll be rising into the light (that's right, that's right)

[Aesop]

I'm anti, but I'm not anti-social  
You can feel it through my soul  
My presence through my vocals  
"How the fuck they got fans?  
Man them niggas only local."

Bitch we chase down the mic  
And put you rhymes in a chokehold  
I'm a pro bro, comin' fresh ain't a problem so  
Legends' got skills  
Cause we're always evolvin'  
And involvin' our self in the life of our fans  
Revolvin' around them like the earth on its axis  
And neva payin' no taxes man  
Firm in my shoes where I stand  
Not a stranger to this land  
With my choice of words I gain respect and proceed  
They say if you don't succeed try, try again my friend  
Ya must make words blend within the beat then  
Make it a part of this world, make your mark on this earth  
For what it's worth, evade the demons while they lurk  
In the envy of the jerks bi-coastal who smirk  
At the talent and the balance that shine in our work  
The suckas love to hate us and these girls LOVE TO FLIRT  
Stranger to the under ground, ya neva dug the dirt  
True we blowin' up fool and it hurts to be you  
Still tryin' to sound like them, just to make it through!!!!