

Get This Low (1993)

Jedi Mind Tricks

[Chorus: samples]

"I'ma get deep like Jacques Cousteau"

"Jacques Cousteau could never get this low, ahh" - ODB (3X)

"And I'ma get mad deep like a threat!" - GZA[Verse 1]

No where to go and I be flowing, try to flow and then before
Back in the day when I was cool, I couldn't afford to be a guru

On ya case like your lawyer, think you run, you mistaken
Put all records to the side, and it's ya face I'm fuckin' breaking

Awaken and await, and take the shit like amoebas

I'm rollin' with stowin' Tim, gas rack, that's where the heaters
We just wreckin', what the fuck was you expectin' from a minor
Put a bullet through ya chest, and see who next to rap behind ya

Straight up and down, y'all a sermon and blew it
I half niggaz wildin', as if they smokin' a gallon of embalmin' fluid

Drillin' and wanna be fit, like something shrimp on the barbie
I do my dirt up in Philly, chill in the hills, where other gods guard me

Thinkin' that's going thru my hood, like I chew it

Comin' in with this other pussy, I smoke ya then rejuice ya

Crucify ya, I fuckin' rhyme ya, now I'ma fuckin' shoot ya

My bone is hard as stone, cause I got blowjob from Medusa[Chorus][Verse 2]

The beat addict, I'm crushin' MC's who cause static

Pen tips the pad, I touch stars in the attic

The dopest that wrote this, when suckas provoke this

Now it's the time for perpetrators to quote this

Rhyme that I wrote for heads to get loose to

I blow up spots like snots in a tissue

I dissed you, dismissed, but suckas persist to

Bite my flow, so now you know --

That when I rip up a set, I get mad deep

Don't sleep, or you and ya whole crew can get beat

As I'm waxin', taxin', a dope reaction

Bitches who front, get reduced like fractions

So ya motherfuckin' flex to vex, whose next in line

To recline, and steal my lines, so check it

Now the man ya facin', ya rhymes I'm erasin'

If you drip or get slipped, I convict like Perry Mason[Chorus 2X][Verse 3]

Meet ya makers, ya fakers and immitators

I'm greater cause I do my best work on paper

Mad raps, raps the disaster from the masters

Snatchin' up rappers, and takin' out actors
He can test, skippin' yet, don't pass the limit
You finished, so save the Die Hard image for Bruce Willis
Ya raps are a joke, but I put dope from start
Transform with the art, rippin' ya fuckin' mics apart
This is the rawest of words of you ever heard
My rap style superb, gettin' nursed in the curb
It can't compete with the man when I freak it
The crew will get beat quick, so stay in ya seat bitch
Rhymes I wreck or perfect, and correct lyrically
Too complex, who ya punks to step
Yo, I be rhyming hits whenever it's time to flip quick
A writer's block non-stop, and I'ma get --[Chorus]

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