

# Lyrical Monster

## Afu-Ra

Pure microphone magic  
Carving up MC's, straight up torch their weak embellishments  
Getting it, put it on  
Dirty download gigolo with the illest flow  
Yeah  
Perverted Monk high chief Life Force moving swiftly  
Pitch forks steady miss me  
My renaissance, my brother's light eclipse me  
My rough callous feet stomping on these city streets  
Fuck that turn the other cheek  
Unless you squeeze a peach No parental advisory, so no need for the bleeps  
No comin' in my crib unless you wipin' your feet  
I hit the street, I feel good plus complete  
A lotta hot rappers ain't nothing without their beat  
Mark my name, on the clipboard, I gets raw  
When I was sixteen, that's when I used to rip for it Like Jiminy Cricket, hopping over the candle stick  
Watchin' my ass and yo I learnt quick  
I'm nifty, shifty with my dirt, G  
Doing my thing, put in work, ain't nothing hurt me  
I bring it from front to back, white to black  
Shoe to hat, use clues I'm doin that Rhyme skills the dopest, the lyrical style I spit is ferocious  
You feel the beat in the streets and get close to this  
So while I do my thing, you do your thing  
Caress the mic like a baby to make your head bang Rhyme skills the dopest, the lyrical style I spit is ferocious  
Feel the beat in the streets and get close to this  
So while I do my thing, do your thing  
Carve my name in your brain, make your head bang Monumental, thoughts flowing sequential  
The quintessential mental, tapping into  
My focus, take it round like a rental  
And if I have to cut you with my gonzo  
I'm like a warless sword, I'm digging into  
Like you can joust defence  
So many strokes and slashes let off  
You ain't got not fingerprints Carve you up with my Rambo, Ammo  
Looking like leather-face, trippin' on the dance floor  
Too much hypocrisy, up in the market, B  
It ain't about talent, it's all about the currency  
My magna opus, addicted plus the dopest  
Maybe I'll write a line and Fara Canna quote this

They got status but can't work the apparatus  
How could a project sell millions  
Talking 'bout millions when half their buyers ain't seen a thousand  
Rhyme skills the dopest, the lyrical style I  
spit is ferocious  
Feel the beat in the streets and get close to this  
So while I do my thing, do your thing  
Caress the mic like a baby to make your head bang  
Rhyme skills the dopest, the lyrical style I spit is ferocious  
Feel the beat in the streets and get close to this  
So while I do my thing, do your thing  
Carve my name in your brain, make your head bang  
Times is kinda critical, that's why I gotta keep it lyrical  
Simple and plain, 'cause I don't wanna riddle you  
I'm tryin' to black out, 'cause I'll blow your back out  
Pullin' my axe out, do a M.O.P. mash out  
With my dreads out, an' I ain't no type of boy scout  
Mr Life Force but you call me The Count  
Got so many names that I can't even count  
Let's see, Paisley, 5th Thaing, Mr. How, Dr Intergalactic  
My other names is under the mattress  
Now you can get your grades pissed on  
After your body's been buried  
From trying to get your diss on  
Wax off, wax on  
My calm is bringin' a storm from the night until the early morn'  
I got so many styles, forget the grape with wine  
Life Force on the mic an' 'bout to put it on  
Takin' you ass away like I was Kogon  
Rhyme skills the dopest, the lyrical style I spit is ferocious  
Feel the beat in the streets and get close to this  
So while I do my thing, do your thing  
Caress the mic like a baby to make your head bang  
Rhyme skills the dopest, the lyrical style I spit is ferocious  
Feel the beat in the streets and get close to this  
So while I do my thing, do your thing  
Carve my name in your brain, make your head bang

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