

# Elements

## MIJO

There, there, one more game  
Yo, uh huh, uh huh, star  
Surround sounder, blunt smokin', Remy downer  
Hip-hop sizzar slingin' my raw in your flounder  
You get skidawed, undertakin', undergrounders  
This lyricist, lounge with low, that be lounge  
Aliens is out of townish, fuck applause  
Niggas clap now with forty pounders and forty-fours  
Is it all, fair in love with war  
Young ones with guns, acting like they taking yours, uh  
Live by the sword, they gonna die by the sword, uh  
My vocal cords break the laws that apply to nature  
Low and these niggas love to hate ya  
Request the Henney straight no chaser  
Twin towerin' I skyscape ya, now gimme yours  
Trifled disciple, arch rival reppin' with weapons that homicidal  
Star leaves you marked from the start like tribal scars, Allah punk  
I'm hazardous as a bomb and arms spinnin' like Christ  
Recitin' psalms in the streets of Babylon  
Verbs I gather well, standard data shells  
My squad camouflage your wealth like the Bible with parables  
With the navigator, spittin' razor sharp  
Breath laser data that'll tickle you now, but slay you later  
On this one call me Lee Major  
Million dollar man, bionic or professor chronic  
Still not a player, I just fuck a lot, the panty raider  
Guess shorty's mad, they curse you wild on your sky pager  
Stankin' ass  
Yo Mr. Big Mouth, better duck down or bite the bullet  
You niggas got guns but you scared to death to pull it  
Bet if I pull my gun I'm gon' squeeze  
I'm startin' at your head, son, and stoppin' at your knees  
I hate your screwmugs, rumble counterfeit thugs  
Niggas want mine, bet they come and get it in blood  
Fat potential, gave birth to a corrupt mental  
Foul thoughts paralyzin' temples, it's just that simple  
You better come with your best gun  
Niggas be holdin', it's all war, no fun  
Niggas be bowlin', you niggas under pressure now

My squads down for whatever with whoever now  
Let's get it on  
Best to come with your best gun  
Niggas be rollin', it's all war, no fun  
Niggas be holdin', you niggas under pressure now  
My squads down for whatever with whoever now

Let's get it on  
Arm leg shots to hit the spot like a four fifth glock  
We got this hip-hop shilock and all you clique got was lip lock  
Heavy heat, steady street sweepin' your peeps  
Hawks, machete chops puttin' cease to your petty fleets  
This raw rebel got more metal than pop and rock groups  
When my glock shoots the scores settled  
A ground attack, I'm bound to clap rounds of rap  
Clowns are found flat, face down around the map  
Simple minds, cripple smiles, my rhymes are four five  
The size oh two nines combine, can't even tickle mine  
I told you once, I told your ass a thousand times, chump  
Body in the trunk, stay in line punk, fucking with your mind?  
Yo, you be the actual, sixteen bars, comin' after you  
Never go against my team, they might embarrass you  
Slit-slang terrorist talk, fully armed  
Put your hands up, I'm a put a hole in your paws  
Ruin your side show, eyes low, brains fried from hydro  
Two choices, bass off or either die slow  
We all scholars when it's time to clean a dirty dollar  
Attack the boards, it's like a rotweiler  
Niggas comin' out they shoot like they usher  
These motherfuckers on the run, and they socks from  
The bounty hunter, iron lungster, rain and thunder  
Here come the lightning now I'm strikin' back at niggas bitin'  
Pushin' buttons just to step away from self-destruction  
Inch and a half away from touchin' somethin', suckin' away from bustin'  
Ya'll brothers laugh now and cry later  
I rap from Alpha to Omega, sixty four to Sega  
Whoopin' that ass, walk you dogs through the lookin' glass  
Been burnin' MC's since cookin' class  
Makin' it hot like the summer in the crackspot  
With blacktops, my nickle slot, triple bar, hit the jackpot  
On each block, I'm the remedy, send them back to me  
After detock, shorty got knuckles in the Reebok  
Plus we got a problem with the Benz  
What's the problem with the Benz?  
She want the six-hundred, but she ain't got the ends

You better come with your best gun  
Niggas be holdin', it's all war no fun  
Niggas be bowlin', you niggas under pressure now  
My squads down for whatever with whoever now  
Let's get it on

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