Freeze

The Young Gods

Yo, yo what the fuck? Yo, yo
It goes stop, don't make a move, just freeze
Instead of tellin' a lie, get down on your knees
Please, give up the mic to MC's
Masters of the ceremony, is what we be
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I was walkin' down the street about three o'clock
When I saw another MC at the end of the block
Talkin' to kids tellin' em, how they had to get the dough
So I rolled right up in the Cypher and said "Yo!"
Here is an example of a whack MC
Caught in the world and he just can't see
He said, "What? Yo, aiyyo, you disrespected me"
"Now I got to battle you and show them who the best be"
He started spittin', he said, "Somethin' somethin' hot"
And then he tried to talk about the money that he got
I said, "Shh c'mon yo, that's all passe"
I got to break it down another way like this now
Follow me here in this moment and time
Follow the rhyme created instigated to see the crime
You commit, when you sit in the past, don't you know?
You construct a future based on everything that you know
But to get to the unknown, we surely must erase
All the preconceived notions they keep throwin' up in our face
On the daily, I run over tracks like Donovan Bailey
And break every record, in less than ten seconds
They said, "Ooh! That's a real metaphysical"
"We pull down the light 'cause the force is centrifugal"
He tried to act up, I had to give in
Because the truth is an offense and not a sin, word life
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MC's ain't comin' equipped, with the rhyme
Don't do the crime if you can't do the time
The time is essential when you play with the lives of the youth
They want the truth, but you want loot
So ya change a little bit switch up your steeds
Now you got a bigger bank account and extra ki's
Please, everything you do we do with these
Real MC's are universal entities
That scope the universe, lookin' for the fraudulence
Then we take a disguise like Clark Kent
Mild mannered but I'm quick to check a scanner
For a weak MC sinkin' a city like Atlantis
You can't stand this, missile placed and you vanish
I meditate, delevitate the twelve planet
You cannot withstand the heavy verbal attack
I'm the lyrical master blaster, yeah I can do that
I could also beat your style, because I analyzed it
You used to rock, but now you paralyzed it
Doesn't really matter like platinum blondes
Think what is an MC if he can't drop bombs?
Don't really know if it's over your head
'Cause the job of resurrectin' is to wake up the dead
So pay attention it's the hard to behold
That everything that good is ain't gold, for real
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It goes stop

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