Twelve

Taster Peter

One, two, Jurassic crew
What we 'bout to do brothers have no clue
Three, four, tear down the door
And give the party people what they came here for
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What we bout to do brothers have no clue
Three, four, tear down the door
And give the party people what they came here for
Yo, my pleasure principle from the streets of South Central
Ghetto hip-hop, non-stop fundamental
Urban curb servin', vocabulary surgin'
Rebel with the turban and the street corner sermon
I keep it working for certain, close curtains
Renegade bought up a troop when I'm dispersing
That body rock moving, ghetto baby music
We eat together with the inner city coolness
Yo, who's this? Slicing a rhyme in square bits
Burning through open skin like newly prepared grits
It's tuna fish, I'm bringing the bad news
And changing your bathroom if you thinking that cash rules
Pumpernickle blow words like snot speckles
When shots echo, some duck and hide like Doc Jeckyl
Like Don Rickles, I'm kicking rhymes that stop heckles
Correcting all them bombaclot specials
Yeah, I got my mind on my money for those that comprehend
And my money on whatever I think I look fresh in
Questions, is he stepping authentic?
Controller of the panic, break a senate lieutenant
Spit it, yo, despite your critic comments
Knowing it ain't a hotter verse than Zaakir Mohammed
Whether last or first, or bottom or top
Now is it stop hip-hop or hip-hop don't stop?
You need to protect your neck
You the kind of brother that be chasing checks
Me and my crew crash through and get enough respect
Basic bet takers I'm beyond your average thinker
Breakin' mc down, like my name was Dr.Shrinker
Passion fake MC's, wearing mink MC's
On the brink MC's, you need to think MC's

Bout to sink MC's, don't even speak MC's
Cause half the shit you kicking sounding weak MC's
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I razor sharp with mindset, sunset 'til sun
I admit, I used to bite people's shit when I was young
Back in 83rd, before my style was preferred
Now my connection with the word is preferred
Primo, my AC, 310, the first confidential, inscribed my initial
The Z double A K I and R
Submerge in submarine words near and far
'Cause I'm too hot to handle, too cold to freeze
And I'm a diss any nigga that sounds like me
Yo yo, breeze through the trees, feel the flavor at ease
Degrees of melodies, typewriter MC's
They on their Q's and P's within my vicinity
Department of correctional rhyme ability
Keep the biters on lock, rock no silk
Still shock, rhyme around the clock
From dawn to dusk, my raps is mack truck
You schmucks is out of luck, I'm ready to run amuck
Aye yo I'm lampin, I'm lampin, I'm cold stone lampin
High pitch, beat drumsticks like Lionel Hampton
The champion, fly shit, the anthem
Five eleven with dark skin and tantrum
Handsome never, not even as a kid
The girls used to say "Yo his nose is too big!"
Yo, you'll get bruised, kid ghetto blues, you'll never refuse shit
The show's good, pinching MC's like rosewood
I'm shrinking you rap characters into dye-cast miniatures
I'll blast ten of you while my rhymes harass senators
Through TV monitors, brains and glass dinner jaws
Verbal vinegar for you biters down at the salad bar
The combat that's making your mom mad
I'm feeling a congrat for burning his mom bad
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