

What It Takes

Chocclair

CHORUS what does it take to make it
what does it take to make it VERSE 1 my style will lock you down and get your brain stimulated
decapitating people while my pen orchestrated
mad flavor on the paper
and Ill Behavior be favoring some sky scrapers
I be looking over sides like snipers
watch the crossfire
when my shots ring to bust up a cipher
and lighters be flicking
so fluids on empty, indeed
my style rolls like a stampeed
causing mad casualties
mics smoked like (inhaling)
so the second hand from the M.I. got you high
and made your doves cry
so people check my slang
the Borough Side Representative's who I be
styles be nice-ly spreading rhymes like jam
people, I'll strand y'all
for all your propaganda
talking trash about this flow-er
without knowing the ramifications
I'm staying harder then ----- or before some penetration
with Kid and Supreme
conceited for the fact that all these people around town with
blown heads got depleted
by me and Ill B.
I be what I wanna
shut your stinkin' mouth child, I'm that one, that persona
finds the illest lyrics, having breakers on the floor shaking like they're
pileptics
fresher then some chloroseptic or a squirt from Banaka
a raw chief rocker
check the Chiz-Chiznocka CHORUS what does it take to make it
what does it take to make it VERSE 2 the Chocclair comes back, my eyes are closed
so rappers running for the back, Chocclair don't care
yo, it's realness
forget the nonsense that ain't real
about "keep my face screwed, how many caps I like to peel"

I don't talk about no guns because guns I do not carry
never advocate no violence 'cause violence don't become me
just talking about "be chillin' with these ladies that be sexy"
you don't like it, well I don't give a..... my brother
I roll with the force like Skywalker
understand this fly talker, Chiznocka
yo, you try to get with this man who has four eyes
yo, you die twice 'cause I be Choclair
(yeah, you know my rhyme)
you know my style, you know sometimes I be complex
when lyrics hit my brain, all these people run over
to their urinals to leak out that nonsense they're dropping, man
it's Choclair
yo, the Ill B. be representing enough hits
(yeah, we break it down like that
Chocs, what you got to say about those who want to roll up)
I don't care though
cause when it comes down to battle emcees
they die with ease
they pass like breeze
or maybe leave like trees
some rappers wonder how I do it
how I - how I get into it
my breath be leaving
but I still come back
'cause they're just receiving ill rhymes
and ill raps
like Artifacts
they try to be on the wrong side of the tracks
but got licked by the train
understand the ill-sane
Choclair for your brain
CHORUS
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