Soulflexin'

KMD

Onyx]
Now just to blow this up, like I intended
Straight from the Kausin' Much Damage will I send it
I recommend hittin just fittin just fine then throw it up
Vocals for locals the whole nine I'm blowin up
The birthstone kid, I got it goin on
Every time I throw it on, allied strength is what I'm growin on
I kick styles like maybe this one or that one
Whichever which I bust, it's got to be a fat one
Like Walter Hudson, my rhymes is thick son
So when you pick one, man I'm gonna lick one
God style, hard with no smile
Cause I profile, for the ignorant child
And when I bust off, homeboy {?} I just bust at
Point blank range, y'all think I ain't livin strange?
I got this soul thang caught up in a head swang
I'm on the mic with the Gods, and I'm, soulflexin'
Straight from the flock with skills
Pizazz your whole cipher Subroc builds, as is
As I jazz it up I grease your okey dokey then
Yup, I do the hokey pokey let my soul bend up
Grown to be sixty-five inch
Short to swing, this hood sport is a cinch
Indeed I rap, ghetto vocal snatch your soul in tact
Now slap your head up, bob and catch stiff neck MC selector
The addict to this funk thing
And it sticks to you dramatic like static cling, for granted
Laps for years, I avoid troubled traps
Help me out the hole, to the brother I'll give double daps
Cuttin that old haps, to the straightening comb
Maybe, twine the knots, I'll have the nappy dome
Sent to the home, crankin with electric bass drag
Kick 'em big, but won't brag, I was hittin into a rag
I don't slag, so won't you let it off (let it off)
Can the MC selector set it off? (Set it off!)
Suffer the {?} my style is some big licks
Rockin it twenty-four/seven clock is broken tickless
Broke up yup I'm on, the uppity uppity note
I came my style to move, a party a part of your {?}

With clout no doubt I gots to boom the boom
From Onyx my man to Zev X my physical
Yes I'm braggin like a wagon wheel I roll
I have my cake and eat it too, and lick the bowl
I'm soulflexin'
Yo yo, can I get up on this? Get up on this?
Yo I'mma get on this, confusion, pure
I collect dust and rust colored coins
Trust rock a mic and must grip the loins
From a ton gun a big slug, as quickly
As I'm sickly, if sucks some of pig
Plug my mic in, discuss this tons of dust
That's been busted for a rust-like tint, {?}
Despicable, duck, more Scrooge than Rickle
No wins sucks, no ice cream, pickle sickle
Now check check check it out, I's no goody good
I wreck you're never luckin out so get the Woody Woodpecker
Check when plaid slacks was a trademark, I made marks
Now back taxes always stay at max of stacks so
I'm a bad guy and I'll snuff with a noogie (boo!)
Some do slump punks but up jumps the Boogie Man
I got a natural coppertone, tan and plus
Eight hundred coats of gold in my glands
And one can on the wall, one can
If that can would, happen to fall lend out a hand, to snag it
Ill ain't nothin spilled and be drippin or leakin
See on, the lip I'm speakin and be steady seekin, some soulflexin'
The God Zev X is soulflexin'
Yeah the MC selector was soulflexin'
And the birthstone kid is soulflexin'
And the Boogie Woogie men are soulflexin'
And the S.O.S. are soulflexin'
Yeah the God Desaad is soulflexin'
My man {?} is soulflexin'
Haji, and Sadat X be flexin'
Alamo and Jamar be soulflexin'
My man Diego D be soulflexin'
The Gods from Long Beach be flexin'
Yeah the Gods from Now Rule be flexin'
Phife and Jarobi be flexin'
Q-Tip and Ali be flexin'
Posdonus and Dove be cold flexin'
Maceo, Maceo be flexin'
Superman Clark Kent be flexin'
Richie Rich and 3rd Bass soulflexin'

The cracker cracker Crackerjacks be flexin'
And the L.O.N.S. be soulflexin'
And the H2O be soulflexin'
And {?} be soulflexin'
Stanley Winslow be soulflexin'
And the {?} be soulflexin'
And my man Ghi Bee be soulflexin'
And the engineer Ganz be soulflexin'
And Dante is like the worst person
Yooooooo, OUT
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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