Tell 'Em

Emcee Lynx

You abou' to come through right
(Yeah, don't stress it)
You about to come through
(I got this check this out man)
You ain't gonna front on me
(I ain't gonna front on niggas man)
Make sure man, I'm tellin' you right now
(Check this out, what I'm about to do right now)
You gonna kick it word up, ha
Personal ggats I gots about 11
Without weapons I swing more bats than K7
Plus, I'm soup like Campbell without heaven
Some rappers pack great big guns like Frank Drebbin
In this century
I uphold the crown for bringin' flavor in ya ear
Plus I'm gettin' down
I maneuver techniques for species of all kinds
The third, yours and mine, introduction is in full effect
I come with the mothership and some other shit
Yeah all the way live like a concert
The most respected brother, puttin' in some work
Yeah, if you got a crew you better tell 'em
E kicks rhymes from the cerebellum
Don't slip or you won't be around next year
Well heres a little something that needs to be heard, slick rick
Check the poetry in motion from this bom bazi smokin'
Bitch that get you open, it's mess if you tangle with my tresses
'Cause I posses gifts thats wickeder than hexas
That explode on the scene be all means, I be flushing MC's like Queens
And none of ya'll can see me, got more boom bom than Manzini
Your style is strickly primi and I stomp with the big dogs

Off the wall with a crew that rough enough to rush Limbaugh
We stay, strapped, part of packed pistol posse
I represent through mind soul and body
In any form I'm doin' work over beat breaks
Now even cheap skates is peepin' my tape release date
Word born, I'm comin' in like a swarm
Then I'm gone before you can ring the alarm

Yeah, if you got a crew you better tell 'em
E kicks rhymes from the cerebellum
Don't slip or you won't be around next year
Well, here's a little something that needs to be heard, slick rick
A-yo catch this word bubonic plaque
In your head back chest arms and legs
When I'm coming through grab your cranium for ultimatum
Punk I faze them subterranium
My subliminals mix with criminal chemicals
Got more milk than sylabals then alphabet cereal
Place your bet and your whole entourage will get wet
That's a promise 'cause the squad don't make threats
I'm a, graceful poet with some distic ballistics
Above and beyond all that other bullshit
Linguistics will bless a anticeptive, nerve wreckin'
Conceptive or consistent contestant
My deviant deliverance be leavin'
MC's in the state of malmet depressive
(Word up)
Damaging your medulla, cerebrum and cerebellum
You got a crew you better
Tell 'em

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