

# 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 subterrarium  
My subliminals mix with criminal chemicals  
Got more milk than syllabals 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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