

Rhymes Galore

DJ Tomekk

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This for the motherfuckers out there on some real hip-hop shit
Yo, yo yo, mayday mayday, mayday mayday
Walk barefoot on niggaz like Kunta Kinte
(So, what you say?)
What is you doin' you walkin' this way?
I burn you like I'm smokin' a chalice with El Da Sensei
I be designin' fashion like Mark Buchanan, yes I keep it slammin'
Shit just be bangin' just like a loose cannon!
Blaow! You better park, niggaz I spark
Niggaz like sharp niggaz I stay up rippin' shit apart
Niggaz float over water like Noah's Ark, niggaz cover yo' face!
And don't get caught up in the scene when it get dark niggaz
Uhh, excuses me Mrs.! Sure to hit you with the fitness
Give you niggaz the sickest, jumpin' Jehovah Witness
Beamin' in on niggaz plottin' and schemin'
And steady dreamin' on how they gon' do they double-teamin'
Fuck the bullshit, my nigga it be best you know 'bout it
Before you get secret indicted, make me slap a nigga lopsided!
Hold up, son listen it be so beautiful
When we catch you like a nigga sold us too much pharmaceuticals!
(Come and get it quick)
When Busta Rhymes be up in the place
Those who don't like go get the dick I'll give you a taste!
Aiiyyo you need to just focus on my earth tremblin' rhymes
That got me fillin' in by the million
Fucka yo' opinion! Dominatin' like Kings Dominion
Leanin' on niggaz like we on motorcycles pop a wheelie an'
Ay-aiyyo-yo, number one roman numeral
Completing the executional shit is usual
I ain't scared of ya! Takin' all of yo' paraphenial
That's my words on Mrs. Mahalia
I hope you know yo' best bet, is to get the fuck out of my area
Before I rip you from out yo' interior
And hope you know you got to keep a corny nigga smothered
Grab the gat off the cupboard
You never know when shit is safe so keep yo' face covered!

While I be scorchin' it, a lot of niggaz be lookin for alternates
And still just lose they life that's so unfortunate
Trailblazin' me, since my mother started raisin' me
Hit you with the powerful shit that sometimes amazes me
I create junkies just like "12 Monkeys"
Spreadin' right throughout yo' block
Catchin' suspects who thinkin' they so lucky
Loud and clear for those who cannot properly hear
Frequency so loud shatter couple a pair in yo' chandalier
Now when I'm in the place, give me my space!
Nothin' left for me to do,
My niggas blew up the place
What the fuck
I got rhymes galore
Rhymes galore, ya'll I got rhymes galore, rhymes galore
My Flip Mode niggas got rhymes galore, rhymes galore
Busta Rhymes got rhymes galore, rhymes galore
A yo yo I got rhymes galore, yo we got rhymes galore
Rhymes galore, rhymes galore, rhymes galore, rhymes galore
Me and my squad got rhymes galore
Fuck that

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