

Tracksmart (feat. Mr. Gene Poole)

Atmosphere

(Mr. Gene Poole)

Lovin' this sound comin out to yo system I spark to get yall off to a good start. Show me some heart, walk through my hood after dark, dodgin' poison darts catch one in the left lung I hope that (? ? ?) by itself tracksmart. Act like a part of this you'll find yourself a victim of the rhyme bombarde'ment weak shit I have the tolerance. I write the best rhymes in my sleep. Dreamland beats and freelance techniques fuckin' up the sheets. Ink spots. Puss spot niggas tryin to stop this think not (get big not..?) and listen for your bank knock. We do a lot of this activity in my city, get a job in my world, join a futuristic commitee. Weak assistant of three had to be persistantly equal in order for it to work out in a balance which comes down to a question of natural talents. Cant keep those gifts isolated in tablets. It's not about rap ballads or who can flow the best, what kind of dressing you gonna have with your life salad? French...yes..thank you very much..On to the next(Slug)

Yo you rappers eludin' but that's nothin' new. I still stick to my duty, to kick something true. Still if you wanna boo me we can do this in a circle of peers, tell your bitch to kick a beat so I can work you to tears. I've made a full of strangers throw hands in the air. I know you sense danger I can see it in your stare. Don't provoke anger when the mic's in my hand, cause if I get that spark i'm quick to rip apart your plans. Yo Ant, let's keep this one accesible. Take the fruits that wanna test these bros and make em' vegetables just to let em know that the course tastes pure. Pissed off all the local rappers so it's time to go on tour. I'm sure, so I never break a sweat when a fate steps instead I break that snake's neck and take his breath. Half the time half of em don't catch the rhymes they need they friends with to show em how we wax behinds. Please fool, hella stupid i'm assumin' probably couldn't even rock your own family reunion and i'm through with the politicket. Rhymesayers on a mission, watch the following thinkin', motherfucka(Mr. Gene Poole)

I stick two fingers through his nostrils and a thumb through his mouth and swing em' like a bowling ball make em' strike the fuck out. Take a hook and stab it through his back and curve it around his spine and throw em out by the lili pads and wait for a hit on my line. Cause this rap shit makes me wanna catch niggas like catfish, chop em up into steaks and sop em up off the plate with biscuits and rice. I put the hand of the one that likes to hold mics in a vice, make sure he never writes in his life. When its time for me to display(stay the fuck out the way), and when its time for you to dj you gon' play what I say. The word for the day is Fette cash lessons. Get ready to mash when I give the word don't ask questions. Pack yo shit, dont smack yo bitch, leave peacebly cause these'll be vital elements of livin' feasibly. ? ? ? the urban ? ? mocha latte, Saint Paul nigga rockin the uptown partay like coca angel vatte, I provide that mental rush and that physical feelin like yo whole worlds being dusted. Be hushed when you see me in deep thought, hand clutched interrupt and you just might be caught then crushed

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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