

# the battle

## Lady Sovereign

Inside.  
The.  
Medasyn.  
Camp.  
Yes.  
MCs.  
State.  
Your.  
Identity.  
Frost P!  
Zuz.  
SOV, Lady Sovereign.  
Shystie!  
Let. the. battle. commence.  
[FROST P]  
Yo, Medasyn star.  
Plus the prodigal son, Zuz Rock.  
Den, I will do. Yo. See I'm a man who only chats realness  
Be like most these kids who chat sh\*t  
S\*ck record company dick.  
Frost P, I keep it gutter.  
Still bills I'm payin', still for meals I'm prayin'  
In the meanwhile, I stayed me and wait,  
They life ain't great,  
But's better than the jobs from state,  
For makin' it, mate, just a Q and A.  
Still ghetto wit they mind of a needle  
Quicker than a cheetah,  
Draw nine millimeter up.  
Grab a man's chain  
If I get shifty, never in vain  
Ain't life, but I stay in they game  
Yeah the prodigal's the same  
"Ain't we all a little ?"  
Frame my brain to the game  
Nigga blow the whistle (tweet)[ZUZ ROCK]  
Same issue, I move like a video on jerk.  
Steady, walk forward in my Timberland boots  
And I still ready to shoot, you need proof?

Show it any time  
Fuck a label, I never get signed!  
More time, niggas wanna leave me behind.  
Tell me to put my name on they dotted line.  
Ya find, the way I am contracts to they street  
Come around, will you?  
In the last two weeks, you're too weak.  
I still represent Hays Town.  
Though it's my proximity, my boy face down.  
Murder mans, niggas fast like a greyhound  
Quick to run in the bank, and tell ya lay down.  
Style to the manner, got a place in the manor  
Like a .38, always come back to the man-ner.  
That's grammar.  
Use it punk, big like they clumps.  
You versus me equals my car trunk.[Chorus: x2]  
Lissen up, Zuz, Frost P, eyes frosty,  
That Meda camp, kills MCs softly  
Like Lauren, we buy shots from foreign.  
And you don't wanna fuck with my side, fool[SHYSTIE & SOV]  
Yo, this is Shystie  
Yeah, SOV, Lady Sovereign, and what Shystie.  
Let's take these boys out, yeah?  
I'm on it, boy-eh, Let's battle,  
Show these guys what we're worth, ruthey boy,  
Cause I know, see, I can spit,  
Let's show them.  
Alright!  
[SOV]  
Yo, there's something, I got one bad habit,  
When those streets step to me, I won't have it,  
'Specially people like you and you an  
That's okay, now when I come through  
Come up they light's in they low power,  
Remember they time when you got slaughtered,  
Beef? cause no, it's just an argument  
Words they is jerkin' in they House of Parliament.  
With out they words, with out they verbs  
Little boys left on they kerb.  
People, lift them up before dey get hurt.  
But their heart rate stop (beep)  
When they have just learned  
That I'm above they flow  
Leave yer mind in high-low  
Like they center of a polo, push

Can't enter his height when I'm so low,  
Yah, yeh don't know, so --  
None a yer words can hurt me, fool.  
None a yer combacks mean f\*k, fool.  
Nuffin' you say can hurt me, fool.  
I feel bad, pity for you.  
Rue the lack of sense.

That's yer ish-ing that does dis.  
Where yer car? harhar! A domestic life  
Devil promotion of sickness (hwack)  
I'll spit this Anyone listenin' is a witness.  
Helpless lady -- I never written dis.  
Let's get on wid they quick busi-ness.  
S.O.V. that darn lyricist can get us dis?  
-- No.

Hup-two-three-four, I'm goin' to war,  
To win and leave the runner-up sore. (ow!)  
I'm raw, like uncooked meat,  
That's why I'm in they hole,  
That why I flak it, I'm a treat --  
I'm deep. But my face looks sweet!  
Sweet enough to fool yeh 'bout my greed.  
Waltz it to where them don't sleep,  
Yaeh, now creep!

[SHY/SOV CHORUS] [x2]

Yo, lissen up to Sovereign and me, Shystie!  
The Meda camp's deep, and they never stopped we  
Spittin' lyrics in your face, you can't keep up they pace  
So you don't wanna fuck with our side, fool! [SHYSTIE]  
Ha! So, let's show these boys what time it is.  
I'm showin' you,

Dey don't know about how us gurrlls spit, yeh.  
Let's show them how we keep it real.  
Let's show them what they deal is.

Let's show them what time it is. Shystie! Let's go! Oi! 'ey, lissen up,  
Don't get f\*cked up I go through PMS,  
My mood swings leave niggas in a state of  
Distress.

I'm the lyrical Shakespeare thou shall never test  
Doesn't spit about a rattle man's chest Accordings to these angles, if dere was a circle  
Yeah! -- play, boy, but I know my swivin' hurt you. I take you for a joke, so you get laffed at (haha)  
Yer a basic MC, boy. I'm done -- past it.  
Cause my microphone sample is in they silence,  
Leaving, yeh suddenly need stabilizers.  
Yeah wanted to battle me like an idiot.

But I'll show everyone (sure!) here that yerr not  
Ready yet.  
I'll leave you body wrapped, body bagged, in a closed hearse.  
Leff it in they church, can I really get worse?  
Cannot rilly know that I jes silly caught, seen me  
But I'm still here, cause I move like the wind.  
Goin' to make havoc -- spit til I choke.  
How could anyone ever better me for a joke.  
See they tick-tock? on they body clock, I put it on stop.  
If you wanna come and drop a lyric, there is no top.  
But if you had it, you still couldn't rhyme  
You still couldn't write (nah) in beat to dis time  
So you never get close enough to me to attack.  
You take two steps forward, but three steps back. Cause I'm daily separatin' mens day out day in,  
Leaving them with no self-esteem, meditating  
And don't think of it, Unless its how I'll make you lose your confidence.  
Even how you spittin on dis track is never-never lan'. Your sh\*t  
You. can't. spit. and. it's. better. dat. you. quit.  
Leave. it. to Shystie. that. spits. hot toxic.  
But -- you member how we's doin' all?  
Yeah! right! hah hah!  
[SHY/SOV CHORUS] [x2]  
Yo, lissen up to Sovereign and me, Shystie!  
The Meda camp's deep, and they never stopped we  
Spittin' lyrics in your face, you can't keep up they pace  
So you don't wanna fuck with our side, fool!  
[FROST P]  
Yo! This is it! heh hah haa!  
The beef's kickin' off now! (s'fun now)  
Frost P! Bruce Grove N17. Z-U!  
Let's take down these dudd birds. (nice)  
Yo, I used both of these girls mouth  
Like pick-up sex in a condom they beef is on.  
And your Miss Dynamite  
Impressions ain't botherin' no one.  
So thanks but nah. Get yer own slogan!  
Take that! Matter of fact, get off they track.  
I'm too classy to go back-to-back  
With your average hood-rats.  
What you know about markin' yer game  
Up yer walls? Nuffin.  
Spittin' crap at yer sympathizers. (nuffin!)  
Treat yeh frauds like Kit-Kat  
-- "Give 'em a break!"  
Cause yer unknown and fake,

Cause yer bound to hate.  
Dey wanna beee like us!! (I know)  
But they're featherweight,  
And I'm a heavyweight.  
Eatin' MCs like ready-break.  
If that's the case, imagine what the skets get slapped.  
Quick and exit. (huh huh)  
And home it crept. Must be men!  
'Cos you had the balls to steppin' into a rep  
But you get blazed off they set.  
Trust if you be Sovereign, I'm Benson and hedges  
Don't to trust get me like anesthetics.  
Even wif Gab's compressor, ya still sound lesser.  
So don't get it twisted, girls -- you aint better.  
Man, I take down your whole 'hood with my four wood.  
You hear they way I flow, and you really wish you could.  
Never dat! Too many rhymes, too many lines.  
For the amateurs like you, I ain't got they time.  
[FROST/ZUZ CHORUS] [x2]  
Lissen up -- Zuz, Frost P, eyes frosty,  
That Meda camp, kills MCs softly  
Like Lauren, we buy shots from foreign.  
And you don't wanna fuck with my side, fool  
[ZUZ ROCK]  
Heh heh.  
Yeah, these gurls can't be serious!  
Frost, are these gurls serious, man?  
They better f\*kin' reco'nize what time it is,  
Before we clean their clocks.  
R-O-C? -- yep.  
I spit sick rhymes, my styles  
Better den yours, times ten.  
I rhyme couple time, I punish you in line,  
You could never take Zuz for a spin.  
'Cos this isn't nevah-nevah  
I'm tougher dan evah.  
My vendetta is simply payback  
Write lyrics with no pen, no paper.  
Hate-ers never prosper. (yep)  
So get lost like change down the sofa.  
Garage doesn't matter to me.  
'Cos if Shystie is on battlin' me  
She's ready to see, R.O. is old school  
Like bullet-hole jeans (whew)  
-- when they bullet goes in

I used to shop work to get a gold fing.  
 For sure, I'm talkin', my fro's clean.  
 Yo, my 'fro's clean, just like the po sheets  
 Better listen up when R.O. speaks.  
 So all of my worrds are hurrtrin' you.  
 And yer both damn, sound like dudes.  
 Why would not you got a better fing to do?  
 Easily kill you hos, I won't lose. ZU-ZU!  
 In the MC game, I put a lame MC to shame.  
 You've only got yourself to blame.  
 Tame your voice when you talk big my sh\*t is real  
 I kill your little kids like mornin'-after pills  
 -- So chill.  
 When you walked in, I met ends, it's not happenin'.  
 I still strappin' my nine, I still rappin' part time.  
 Lemme up, I take ye back they old ways.  
 Yeah don't wanna see me take it back to old days --  
 I favored Frost P like a maniac. (he's great)  
 'Cos I'm back, I show you where the f\*ks izzat.  
 I'm still one of a kind, win they war with me?  
 Killed twenty-two (22.) MCs,  
 Them wanna make it twenty-three (23!).[FROST/ZUZ CHORUS] [x2]  
 Lissen up -- Zuz, Frost P, eyes frosty,  
 That Meda camp, kills MCs softly  
 Like Lauren, we buy shots from foreign.  
 And you don't wanna fuck with my side, fool[SHYSTIE]  
 I'll slew you, hands tied behind my fat\*ss  
 No lies, I will even close my eyes.  
 Turn aroun', with my back faced  
 In yer face, switch place.  
 Spit my lyrics in yer face like mace.  
 [SOV]  
 Yo, my eyes -----  
 I pity they fool who will sell it  
 Like dresser, uh huh.  
 I be they midget in they middle  
 Wot right about now (yo)  
 But can you do a little?  
 [FROST P]  
 Rose, never stoppin'.  
 I called they rolls, twenty years old.  
 I still hop on the bus with a child bus pass.  
 We ain't stoppin for queues we just rush past  
 Educated, but yep, I still bunk class!  
 [ZUZ ROCK]

See, I'm renegade. Roll wid they R.O.C.,  
Plus, we fully stocked wid they nine milli  
'Cos we hotter than the sahara desert  
Afta banned and a filly,  
I thug jacked Pokemon cards from kiddies.

[SHYSTIE]

A lotta people know Shystie they renegade,  
I keep gasses out they bottle, but it's not lemonade.  
So -- don't get twisted, 'cos I'm not Shy.  
Give a bad look, get a right hook in yer eye!

[FROST P]

Fat man that man I pull scares like anthrax  
Leave a boy lookin, zip is lips wit' Tampax!  
Wit my accent, jack all they lime off they track.  
Make a used door sound like "Oh dear, Maxwell"

[ZUZ ROCK]

Still --

Huffing and puffing and bluffing  
And not on a double to nuttin'.  
I doubled up when I f\*d yer girlfriend,  
Double the trouble, when I doubled they barrel,  
R.O. dubbed it, so you won't be into lurin'

[SOV]

Yeah don't wanna look in my eye, fool!  
My lyrics see people that cry, fool!  
Yeah'll see black and white,  
Like a black tie ball, so --

[ALL]

**\*\*YOU DON'T WANNA fuck with MY SIDE, FOOL\*\***

Songwriters

LOUISE HARMAN, B ADESANYA, CHANELLE CALICA, D.I. CONSTABLE, GABRIEL

OLEGAVICHPublished by

Lyrics Â© BMG RIGHTS MANAGEMENT US, LLC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941.

Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>