

# Rocksteady

Epik High

Hit the closets,  
Here come the lyrical monsters with weapons from neck up.  
Wrecking flows with concepts.  
Burbs to projects, they yelling my name.  
Kero One, free us from mainstream shackles and chains.  
The messiah of indie music,  
Be the movement, do it yourself,  
Pursue it or else you'll lose it.  
Truth... I told myself as a young youth,  
Now I build with skills what haters try to undo.  
Edge of your seat flows, stepping on beats' toes.  
Spitting fire like a lighter, reppin' my peoples.  
Second to none when it comes to showin' how it's done.  
Epik high, Kero One, Map the Soul. Cowards run!

Yo it's Dumbfoundead  
Map the Soul, modern day Casanova.  
Pack a bowl and pass it ova',  
People say I rap like Yoda.  
Hand me a pack of coronas and Imma kill it,  
Get 'drunk' like the tiger  
Rhymer and go terrorize your village.  
Epik High called and told me  
To jump on and 'kill the track'...  
I took it literally and stomped on it till it was flat.  
I'm from killa California, K-town to be exact.  
Got so much damn soul,  
To find it you won't need a map.  
I've earned stripes like the corner  
Regions of Korea's flag.  
A recording demon but there's  
More to me than being a rapper.  
An advocate for truth, I am a savage in the booth.  
Step up and try to battle,  
See how much damage I could do

Yes I'm ready to rocksteady! Cuz I got skills.  
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Emcee Myk Map the Soul.  
Epik High muthafuckas, our tracks are bold.  
A tale unfolds, but y'all already know.  
Six years deep and they still 'follow the flow'.  
Joined the team in 0-5,  
Despite a little down time  
I'm rollin' with the varsity team,  
Your rhymes are hardly mean,  
We hold it down in this scene  
And never barter with thieves.  
Words are sharp, shoot darts at a hater's heart.  
Aiming at your lolly gagging lines and your faking smarts.  
Breaking charts down, taking the whole crowd.  
Face it, we march proud and we making this art loud!

Be your own big boss. Get yours,  
With your mind on the money like you're the pit boss.  
Go independent, be your own self-defendant.

Like a knee repentant, the rules can be bended.  
No fool can be mended, it's a torn sickness.  
No need to prove yourself to a born witness.  
Look in the mirror, kid.  
You're a wonder like the pyramids.  
Industry, the stink of it,  
Ain't you fuckin' sick of it? Idleness?  
It's a sin, yes. Clean up your 'window'  
Of opportunity like Windex.  
You know, it's like incest to 'fuck yourself' over.  
Self-hate is alcohol...  
You're drunk or you're sober.

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It's on when the mic's on. Dark when the light's on.  
Spit light when dark. Explosive dope, pipe bomb.  
Swing till your whole crew is gone.  
Skills like and.  
Spirit MC King. Ask Wing and Hong 10,  
I work the ring like Die Hard Dong-Hyun Kim.  
Otherwise never say die.  
So I'm blessed with 'nuff local love.  
Worldwide respected.  
I trade money but my time is precious.  
They chase treasure,  
But my milliseconds are measured.  
Map the Soul and every single spot I've affected.  
Rakaa stays fly and the High is Epik.

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East, west connection.  
Boom Bap. One blood, one God, one soul music.  
East, west connection.  
Boom Bap. One life, one love, one true music.