

# Some Kind Of Wonderful

Hi-Tek

What's next?

These chicken neck MCs get me vexed  
My rhymes be blowin' up chat rooms all over the internet  
And causin' collisions on the highway of information  
And then I head back to my prior engagement  
In the nation of Brooklyn  
Land of Trinis, Haitians, Jamaicans and Bejans  
It's amazin' how lickin' shots is the proper representation  
Soon they gonna need wack MC reservations  
Cause I endanger the motherfuckers, they needin' preservation  
Carry 'em home on the top of a truck like a trophy  
Niggas still sleepin' like I'm Jay Z in the video for Hawaiian Sophie  
It's cool I stay low key, keep a low pro  
Come out crushin' shit just for fun like Co Flow  
Yo yo yo yo yo yo here we go  
Ridin' on the sound waves out your stereo  
In the procession to your burial  
Callin' Hi Tek little Leon the professional  
I got the special flow listenin' to estero  
Puffin' vegetables and now I'm red to go  
The illest rhyme animal like Chuck  
Burn leech niggas like salt when i lay in the cut  
Think you about to blow when you continue to suck  
The shit I've been through  
Make me run up in your venue like What!  
I snatch the mic and ask the crowd what are y'all waitin' for?  
They say nothin' but that fat shit  
I got you, say no more i laid the law and all them  
Crab rappers played the floor I called them out  
A couple of them steeped up and I ate 'em raw  
Some more wack niggas tried to spray the door but had no aim  
Later for them corn balls  
On the way out smacked them in they face with a methaphor  
For better or for worse you better call the nurse  
Before I send a cleaner and he get to your hospital room first

(Chorus)

What you wanna do? I'm runnin' through your front line  
Your whole plan is catcha tan in my sunshine  
One time 'cause it's some kinda wonderful  
Don't stand there lookin' stupid, what you wanna do?  
(repeat)

I'll take your style and embarras it with  
Words beautifully written like Arabic  
Got niggas on the run 'cause the fire like chariot  
Introduce pen skills to ill deliveries and married it  
Put it in your face like big gats and carried it like Harriet  
Various crews tried to bury us  
But we shut 'em down like Sagiterious with  
That wack shit money you can't be serious  
You niggas is hilarious actresses  
Runnin around the club pissy like ghetto mattresses  
That's why I smack these kids back to reality  
And how it be in actuality  
With ready to battle MCs who skip the fuckin' formailties  
We spark it in any club or meat market

Sweet artists don't come on the block they become street targets  
If you want it I got it, come get it I'm with it  
Your career will be shorter than a midget  
And the world will know who did it  
I smack up these ho ass MCs like a gorilla pimp  
You comin' out the box like a gimp, money you still a wimp  
My shit blow out filaments and light fixtures  
With the right mixture of words used as colors  
To paint the right picture  
Graphic masterpieces your whole shit is smashed to pieces  
Make you look at your man who rhyme and be like, "you not nasty like he is"  
Believe this when you see this, and don't fuck with  
Me either, 'cuz you'll be down where my feet is  
Curled up in the fetus  
Cryin' from the kicks, watch when I flip  
People gonna be buyin' my shit like fiends dyin' for a hit, so...

(Chorus)