[PSC]

I know where the music came from, I not a lame dumb dumb Origin is respected but still we choose to come, original Down from my talk to my walkin' Heads out to please the king Christopher Walken A city with fly lingo and bad ass latinas Got heads on this side biting styles still unequal Unless you assimilate you never considered great Demonstrate the speech from your birth place you can't race Disgraced by false handshakes, these punk rap dudes Talk behind our back but they don't want the feud A few of them seen the ads y'all helped us pay for Now they say what's up in the club! What the fuck whore!? Listen up bitch! You diss because you can't see Born in California actin' N Y C Influence is golden but when mics is holding I roll with the oath to spit what's never stolen It keeps us out the mix shows and tape decks of 64's Because we in the middle, we strangers to the riddle For DJs who play this the bravest get propers But most won't even touch this unless we sign to Rawkus!

[The Grouch]

I met you twice before and shook your hand You didn't feel it Did it for the cap but should have acted like I'd peel it Now I'm in the skillet on the burner in the back Caught between the trunk bump and the motherfucking boom bap Bring the tune back, You're craps in the chop shop Thermometer up your ass That's the reason that I'm not hot But I got a fever times three for every CD Bound to be the missing link For those who want to meet me at the crossing I'll be the one semi-flossing With mega self-respect but avoid to go with that Cause he's employed to act like he doesn't see the free man Oops that's too much credit, I bet it isn't the plan Freak of nature, I'm the stranger, you're bad with names bra Change your views, I'm giving clues Strangest news you're about to lose Blame them fools who got the tools.

[Eligh]

I'd never consider moving out
When it comes to the coast I'm dwelling on
Hell if I ever switch up the weather
To fit what these other fellas are on
I cause a renaissance
Renovating creativeness on this side of the coast
Self-hatred, radio stations
They play their shit while they brag and they boast
It's not about toe tagging with a rag and a magnum
It's all about respect
Caught in the middle without a clue
Legendary originality here to battle the fallacy

Here to put it down with my crew Actually I'm open to any option, except belly flopping Over a sloppy copy of a Primo track, that's a fact Action taken by middlemen While you fiddle with pens and pronouns Trying to pronounce like your pro-eastern affiliate When I affiliate my style with the golden state While you're holding hate, claiming to hold weight Now, much respect to the roots but once you've walked in these boots Doing a format like that is so fake You're a dormant doormat Wearing a whores hat With a horrible imitation of what you consider great When that's only a bite. Your eyes are bigger than your stomach So when you plummet into the darkness We'll be rising into the light (that's right, that's right) So when you plummet into the darkness We'll be rising into the light (that's right, that's right)

[Aesop]

I'm anti, but I'm not anti-social You can feel it through my soul My presence through my vocals "How the fuck they got fans? Man them niggas only local." Bitch we chase down the mic And put you rhymes in a chokehold I'm a pro bro, comin' fresh ain't a problem so Legends' got skills Cause we're always evolvin' And involvin' our self in the life of our fans Revolvin' around them like the earth on it's axis And neva payin' no taxes man Firm in my shoes where I stand Not a stranger to this land With my choice of words I gain respect and proceed They say if you don't succeed try, try again my friend Ya must make words blend within the beat then Make it a part of this world, make your mark on this earth For what it's worth, evade the demons while they lurk In the envy of the jerks bi-coastal who smirk At the talent and the balance that shine in our work The suckas love to hate us and these girls LOVE TO FLIRT Stranger to the under ground, ya neva dug the dirt True we blowin' up fool and it hurts to be you Still tryin' to sound like them, just to make it through!!!!