

Yo, I'm gonna hit real hard with that,
shit that's gonna make your dome crack, back, back
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Yo, I'm gonna hit real hard with that,
shit that's gonna make your dome crack, watch me...

Yo it's the slang buster, Madlib the beat conductor
I hit you off with that ill structure, cuts ya
Never on the bandwagon at any time
Every day, every place, got my pants saggin'
For y'all niggas that be strictly braggin'
Up at the spot so eager to grab the mic with the breath of drag
on
Niggas be walkin around waggin' there tail taggin'
Along trying to get their mail laggin'
Make me wanna disrespect and check
Grab that nigga's neck and start gaggin'
I drop a pound of discussion and drop a rhyme to leave you with
a concussion
And have your whole crew commence to hushin'
Down with the Master race of emcees
Who terrorize, whoever flies up in the face talkin' lies
I give a shout to the unseen at the lost gates
While you're makin' mistakes, we make them hot plates

Soundin' like, we got the rawest shit ever known to man
Expand my lung with the chronic smoke then proceed with the plan
My anecdote rain movin' on ya
I got your brain locked down like some jail terrain
You out for fame talkin' about my name, I aim atcha like a gat
ya
Thought you were my rapture, watch your mental fracture
You're just an actor, playin' the rap game, total shame
Nothing really gained when you shell framed is all in vain
I hitcha with that shit that make ya neck snap
While goin through my SP1200 with memory that's stacks
The beat conductor keep your speaker shakin'
I got your amp'll quakin like a vacation on Haiti
Relaxin', I'll take you on a mental trip, grip
The ill loop digger signing out on the skit