

Mountain Kind

MC Frontalot

I shalt not front-a-little cause I'm front-a-lot
I climbed mount sinai, got hi at the top,
Blew a cloud straight up and the voice I heard
Said Front, you were born to front, I said "word"
Stumbled on back down two tabs in my hand
Chiseled little onna one it said "don't be bad"
Onna other one written "be as bad as ya like"
That one under the tongue and then I grapple the mic
Y'all better listen to me I bring commandments
First off y'all better make me a sandwich
Second up, God says I'm in charge
Word from on high: frontalot ought to live large
It's the dawn of the age of the mc front
Melt down that calf I'ma gild my butt
I'ma gild the mic, I'ma gild my tongue
Or I would if it hadn't already been done

Every god damn time that I get this high
Feel like I'm gonna hit my head on the sky

And I try to leave it alone but I can't
The mountain kind what they call the plant

Up top of mount olympus I was dissin' em all
Said, ya beats is short and ya words is tall
With ya molehill rappin, some gall you got
Made attempt to step to m. front a lot
I shot flares in the air zeus said don't do it
I'm messing with the old school now, and truant
Gone blue in the face, I drop bass
Drop rhymes so thick that they take up space
Um, ways and means to an end
I'm in need of a sherpa when I smoke this blend
Ascend, spark it up like the sun
Lose a digit or two off my IQ before I'm done
Unconscionable this habit
Better quit before it's too late, dagnabbit!
Every time when I climb my ass down
Then I'm done. till the mountain come looming back
Around