

Be Out

Mr. Lif

Disc Jockey: Oh Lif what up kid?

Mr. Lif: Yo what's the deal fact?

Disc Jockey: Haven't seen you in a mad while you know?

Mr. Lif: Yeah it's been a minute

Disc Jockey: How you been? Main'taining?

Mr. Lif: Main'taining, son

Disc Jockey: No doubt, yo I been holding it down here
rocking a ton while you away

Mr. Lif: Of course, of course, of course,

Disc Jockey: You know, but like yo this cat was running his mouth you heard?

Mr. Lif: What's up?

Disc Jockey: Cat was running his mouth

talking 'this' and 'that' saying you don't be

rocking, you don't rip the mic or whatever

I was just like, yo kid, I just wanted to know how you felt about that.

That's absolutely ridiculous I'm meticulous when ripping this

I'll break your ribs, hip, and fist

If you don't get the jist I'll give the ear a twist

I'm more fatal, as a tornado, or volcano

Hotter than fire with the texture of glass

Lif the lava mass

This mega blast is supplied by years of struggling and praying that society
start crumbling

It's humbling when you describe your skills as pummeling

Step on stage and proceed to start mumbling

And stumbling over the mic stand

This is when I enter the stage and start to decrease your lifespan

Same thing goes for your dj and your hype man

My targets are all marked kid, my sights in

I am, going to show you a true mic holder

Burn that ass up, watch you smolder

Run step yeah bounce nigga bounce

Run step yeah (echoed and scratched)

Step yeah bounce (echoed and scratched)

Be out

Run step yeah bounce nigga bounce

Run step yeah (echoed and scratched)

Step yeah bounce (echoed and scratched)

"All you pussy rappers be out" (sample)

My shits so clear, yours just bubbles like root bear

Talking bout you went on tour where

With that tired ass shit that nobody wants to hear

You showed up at the venue wasn't nobody there

Except me, hooded down and deadly

Ready, to end you with the murderous medley

This one here is aimed right at your head see

You suck clown, krs told you "duck down" (sample of krs-one)

But you didn't listen

Lif wasn't missing

I came in on some nuclear shit, well here's vision

Hitting, with a quarter century of wisdom

Have you ever heard the sound of bones splitting

Come a little closer, oops you're not supposed ta

What with another rugged rhyme from my holster

I keep flipping
You think you're calm? Keep wishing
Til' this niggas done, next mission

You hear my voice so you know that I'm here
Letting competition know I'm fresher this year
Parts of a scientist, mind of a bear
There's a rumor, that mr.lif's cooler
Robots time warp to battle me sooner
Cause they know my plan is to damage they future
So I write a def rap
Similar to a death trap
Squeeze til the bolts in they neck snap
Check out my newly, found ability to let life flow through me
The only way to truly pursue the
Wisdom for which my soul seeks
Now my mind stands over valleys and peaks
Bringing an alarm to anybody who sleeps
Orbit the concept inside of your reach
My breath taking word play snatching ya speech
Son you're just a student of the lessons I teach