

Enters The Colossus

Mr. Lif

"Yo, you listenin'?"
"Yo no doubt Lif what's the deal what's happenin'?"
"Yo, basically we just had to break out the heavy artillery on those cats
An' hold it
Down, you know."
"Yeah, true that."
"So I'm thinkin' we laid them all to waste so I step outside thinkin'
Everythings peace
There's a couple stragglers talkin' 'bout they wanna take me to war."
"What, yo son, wha'd you do?"

I ran behind some trees
Gave my lyrical trigger a squeeze
Five rappers fell to they knees
I got a rhyme grenade
Pulled the pin out
Blew them men out
First one and from Lif has been sent out
Who the fuck pulled they pin out
Look how long the rapper waited
Is incovaporated
He got slapped and faded
I'm nice with nouns, pronouns and adverbs
If the crowd can't feel what I say
Add nerves (?)
With no buffas
I've had enough of
This is ridiculous
Jack them niggaz up like Nickalaus
Stick 'em like licorice
If you can't get hip wit this
Hot, stop
It requires thought
From the concious
My rhymes are missile launchers
Aimed at those were dishonest
About the opportunities in the land that they promised
Come to the show if you want this
I blow up the whole crowd and walk away the comments

The lyricist is fatal
Colossus (scratches)
(?)
The rap philosopher (scratches)

After that
The guard remained natural like habitat
I go to the studio
Grab a dat
Put it in
Let's begin
Gimme the cue (one two)
Package it up and send it overseas and rocks
Over mass hustlers and over Gs and spots
Such as Johannesburg and Belize
I bring apocalypse to earth and shake off the trees
And if you've ever seen me rhyme, you know

I'll drop a cool flow then flip like Kujo
And list yo' wack ass in the mile file
Niggaz need to go back and watch Wildstyle
Hip hop has arisen
Mr. Lif is livin'
And not dead or in prison
Givin you powerful thoughts to envision
Open ya mind up and listen
I'm on a mission

Listen gentlemen
The lyricist is fatal
Stand like colossus
Fatal
Colossus
Fatal (scratches)

So let the shallow MCs wonder where the park is land at
While I'm telling Indians to take they land back
Yo plan that
Coup D'etat I'll be Rex like Rawhead
Leavin' more dead wit my warhead
If you're seemed level here's more red
Looting battle quotes in my catapults
Let's see if these if these fly money having nigga's data floats
When I splatta moats
If you think you got fatter troupes I got battle groups
Who've been down by parachutes
Send yo DJ back to find fatter loops
Oops
Those ain't the right ones
Ya sike son
Ya might run
But your whole squad'll get quite done
Whether it's nighttime or under bright sun
The fight runs for 2 years
That's 24 months
104 weeks and 65 blunts
Daily
You can fuck with Mr. Lif, oh really?
Your label's paralyzed
Your camera maker see bailey
And he fear me
He see me lose my calm
Do them niggaz mega-harm
Mega-bomb
I'm mega strong
Roll my troops to Megatron
What you wanna broke yo leg or arm
A mega arm
With mega rhymes
Short circuit your brains to Sega-luzz
(.....mmmhm!)