A lot of these MCs tend to freeze When someone mentions kicking frees Talking 'bout he's kicking a freestyle He must be senile Forgot that he wrote that track last night That's right If me and that nigga battle it'll be his very last fight Ate him up down to the last bite, with maple syrup You're up next After you I'll drink a Beck's Contact another L, listen to raising hell Run these MCs back to the lab When I stab tracks I slash backs Max like simay Bring your ass to the battle, see what happens Give me a beat to rip on, and Mr.Lif will catch frames like a dip-on Snapshot when my rap drops from my track Rocks and jams your lap-top Cause your disk drive can't get this lad This guy willing to diss guys in the right of disguise This is what wack niggas despise

I hear what you're saying, But what is it exactly that you're doing

I go back to the future like jiggawatts Come back to present time, they say this nigga rocks This jam probably shocks blocks And throws djs in the beat craze Yes ladies and gentlemen real hip-hop is back The gotta rip tracks, smack the wack until the stage crack Get off the stage black, you're of lesser caliber I battles stars like galactica So if you're fucked, get up I'm coming after you After you see me you'll probably flee That's no use, cause I rock rhymes and stop signs Jam up your block lines In text with mic checks Chop MCs necks then say next Every concept is a bomb threat Feared by the pentagon, wear a center-bomb in a black box So the black shots Now they want the guard with the black rocks Cause the fight against crack-rocks, and give back glocks To suffering ghetto tenants who got out of detox And bleedox that report for slave ships and beat the shit out of those that Wave whips Have you heard of Mr. Lif, word is flav flips

Any MC on my shitlist gets ripped with the quickness All those in favor say 'I like witness'
I'm about to get physical like fitness
You paper like litmus, you'll get busts
Now increase my implant, I've been amped
I've been champ cause I'm quite tight
Mr. Lif is old school like Light Bright
Scaring nigga like fright night

We might fight cause you might bite Try to walk my tight rope and I might scope MCs that think they're quite dope but can't quite cope With a style that's sinsicular to sickle your throat Quote for quote, note for note there's no hope Now carry that back to your crew and ask them what they want to do Probably nothing If they said they want to see me, they're probably bluffing Probably only tough in the bathroom mirror Rhyming over are and be tracks But I still bump, ease back like it was brand new That's while all my shit stick like bamboo Ain't no situation I can't handle When it comes to you and your mic getting mangled I take some time out to take your rhyme out And if I can't be there myself I'll create a genetic replica to step you