

You Can Tell

One Be Lo

Yo, You can tell be the "Tone" of my voice, I keep "Loc-in"
My Sub Z's coldest, finish rhymes, the beat's chosen
You must be joking, try to battle me? hopeless
Strike back and fall like the Greek/Romans, call me Green Lotus
I kick emcees at any "sleep on me" moment
With speech you could only "dream" of, like King wrote it
Code red, see the mic be open, me hold it, me Moses
You should of left the beef frozen
'Cause I got recipes, from west to east
I jack lines from KGB and still couldn't be a whack emcee
For some reason cats still wanna wage war
I'm the one promoters pay more, you who they pray for
You're far from a heavyweight, I step in the ring
Weave and bob your "punch" lines, I don't "like" your Similes
Mentally, physically, lyrically, you couldn't harm me
Don't even think of steppin' to the One Man Army
The lone saddle ranger, ammo aimer, battle natives
Like Banner David, incredible flows channel anger
My "Resident" was "Evil", you graphic like Castlevania
Your hooks/line sinkin', I'm down, holding like anchors
It's no comparison, you pale with one, embarassin'
Even on my off day, "Ferris" tongue to ever come
From the underground, best verse to run your town
My double edge s-words castrate your fucking style