

## 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