

I got the recipe to be the greatest mc you see
My tongue is sword my ammunition the vocabulary
I'm the type you just sit back and listen
when I've heard enough of your shit
I take your mind to prison
cause when I drop my poetry everybody gets frantic
I put you down bitch like the ice did Titanic
I handle this ruff rugged and raw
I do a lot of crazy shit cause I like to explore
take things to a limit that's definitely unheard
watch your speakers as the air gets filled with verbs
hit the curb cause you getting something you don't deserve
ugly as a mother fucker like the singer from the Verve

Todos me miran reconocen este estilo
siempre en español en la cima yo estoy fijo
latino orgulloso con formulas que complican
tu formula de pensar sin saber que significan
representar es fundamental, es algo que siempre hago
pase lo que pase tengo outland por mi lado
ven conmigo y déjame enseñarte el camino
y descifrarte las entrañas
de este laberinto formado con palabras
soy representante de un sonido
que queda para la historia
clavado en tu memoria
personaje carismático, como Napoleón
discantar estos versos es mi profesión

I come right-n-exact with a mighty impact
The name is Acorn
Blasting off roofs when I brainstorm
Don't stay calm
Never forget it, kid, prospects are limitless
pathetic kids, y'all careers are as short as a minute is
Let it be dark for a minute,
when I kick yo ass it'll spark in it,
You'll never receive a medallion with a mic carved in it,
often it is cats like you I feed my rancor with
You shouldn't have been a poet, but a dancer, kid
The only things bugging me be the eternal Q's,
so now I search for tools that make fire,
so I can be burning crews, at first I chew
ya nerves in two, then I turn into
a pyromaniac and serve ya crew wit hell
till they desert in two, I bring out the worst in you,
make you turn baby like some perverts do,
I'll keep being annoying till the earth is thru breathing
and Armageddon comes bursting thru,
Outland and A make you run home early like if you had
a curfew... WHUT!

Me dhashatkard
Jab phi kareeb na hona bekharr
Warna kalam karrde ka je sultan tera sarr
Tu mujhse darr
Na larna warna kaat doon ka teri jarr

Kacha jobake tujhe phaink do ka
Waqas ali se na le banga
Tu guli ka lafanga me hoon jadookarr
Eik nazar se tujhe na raib kia
To mera naam waqas nahi
Tere baas sans nahi pyas nahi
Mere saat jang karne ke liye tere baas hatiyarr nahi
Abey tu sonn
Tu ga nahi sakta mere gunn
Mujh chasa banna chata hai kute tu hoga tunn
Dekho zara eik baat zara bata tu hai kia shay
Janta nahi ke dhashatkard hoon me
Eik rhalat nazar se mujhe dekh me tujhe jala doon
Ye bata doon ke mei hoon wo kala jadoon
Harr eik jang ki bazi mei me tujhe hara doon
Zindagi ke bare me eik do cheeze tujhe bata doon

I'm a terrorist
Whenever you near
Don't be unaware
Or this sultan cut'll cut your head of
Be afraid don't step or I'll separate you from your roots
Eat you raw and spit you out
Waqas ali is not the one to mess with
You just a street punk
And I'm a magician
If I don't make you vanish with one stare then change my name
You ain't got the breath it takes
You ain't got thirst it takes
To go to war with me you ain't got the weapon it takes
Yo listen you cant sing my song
Wanna be just like me you must be high
Look at yourself then tell me what you worth
Did you forget I'm a terrorist
One wrong look and you'll burn
Letting you that I am what you call black magic
In every single battle you'll loose
Letting you know a thing or two about life

Når jeg kaster mit dub op så rynkes der på næsen af mc'er
Der har svært ved at kapere en hvid knægt der kaster w'er
Men i '94 var vi ved at producere
For Mack 10 og MC Ren og kan du se hvor jeg vil hen
Vi lavede Westside Slaughta House med Cube og WC
Og når jeg hælder øl ud er det for Ben og Eazy-E
Og når jeg glor ondt på din ho og råber get the fuck out
Tænker jeg på Gangsta Dresta, Compton Crips og B.G. KnockOut
Når jeg står op i boksen på et track med Outlandish
Tænker jeg på min lokale diner's tuna melt sandwich
(mon ikke jeg gør)
Så lad vær at spille dum knægt for nu kender du the deal
& du har hørt det fra Den Gale AKA Madness 4 Real

I be the great Dane
Half moro - half Viking
Faithful slave of GOD
He my only heart I gave
Riding like a storm
Crossing the sea to the jungle of N.Y.
With my sable attached to the 5 mics on my back right
Paying dues - second generation bout to present the newest trend
Illest form representing hip hop thru the millennium
And then some - extra large - legendary like biggie smalls

Leave my sable by his grave
El moro salutes the greatest one