

Keep tryna keep it real by keepin' it raw  
While half of y'all still be keepin' it flaw  
And all the real heads scream "FUCK HIP HOP!"  
Until this mediocre bullshit stops  
Drug fiends let me show you the route  
Who's that motherfucker still keepin the dope in the house?  
It's Mota mouth (who?), it's Mota mouth baby, it's Mota mouth  
Whenever I write, I put myself out of place from other cats  
So it don't sound like another brother's rap  
I smother tracks with raw shit, niggas aren't able to bite  
What I bring to the table is height  
Then I easily superceed, niggas need what I got  
Reason I'm hot, there's no other raw season of pot  
While most motherfuckers follow the guidelines and hit by 101  
Jakki the Mota mouth decides to have fun  
Not following rules, swallowing crews  
Son I toss cats off the stage, often I slay their soft raps  
To all you fake dictionary emcees, get off that  
Half of y'all don't understand your own rhymes and soft batch  
They straight a t open mics, we put them out on the street  
Take away their dope beat, let 'em rhyme and they weak  
And the mic can be a decieving device  
Muffle your rhymes so they ain't clear and concise  
Have niggas thinking you nice  
With battle I'll crack all your gear and all your wack raps  
You can't be saved by your babbling or your backpack  
Doing it for the love is great but you fake  
And putting your shit out is a mistake nobody wants to make  
Hate when I go to open mics and I see everybody clapping  
For some clown they don't understand  
Yet everybody acting like he dope because they believe he's hip-hop  
Y'all convincing me that most of y'all are brainwashed  
Dug(?) in old hip-hop history  
Some cats are crap without their tracks 'cause they weak  
I wish a nigga would say he listen to me for the beats  
Some got the nerve to say they dope when they spit  
When even they family got a tape and they won't open the shit  
I got a big mouth and I ain't scared to use it  
One person's keystyle(?) allows everyone to abuse it  
So what the fuck is your definition of underground?  
Depressing beats and bleak cats who love the sound  
Well I ain't part of that, I'm tired of rapper's garbage  
I'm the part of the underground who only feels the raw shit  
And I can take a nigga out regardless  
You can bring your hardest artists and I'll make 'em heartless  
Some say they lyrically this, or lyrically that  
Throwing lyrical in every rap and they lyrically wack  
And many cats rhyme over tracks nobody fiends(?) for  
Don't fuck around with me, if you can only fuck with keyboards  
Just 'cause lazy niggas use recognisable material  
Don't mean the dope samples are not original  
'Cause a producer with skill can lace tracks  
Keyboard beats aren't that original, lets face facts  
That shit was overused in the G-funk era  
Don't give me that excuse, real emcees want better  
You rhyme over enough shit, most get away with murder  
Like kids who think they words rhyme 'cause they the suffix

Must bitch niggas be fragile with facts  
You bragging 'bout who you battled, but who you battled was crap  
What you angry for, and acting all tense  
If you innocent be cool, only the guilty's catching offense