

## Action

Saukrates

Record mode

"Action!!"

We taping?

Are we roling?

Yes sir

God damn

Who's the hip hop...

Who's the hip hop

That's action

Give it to me

I'm the hip hop drug, you want a hit give me a minute  
I'm leaving your brain tinted, with scores of metaphor  
Lyrical glim-fitted, bringing you sweet misery  
Like sugarcane mixed with history  
Kissing the sun could never blister me  
Jesus, I said Jesus, will you relieve us?  
A critic commentators who never believe us  
Achieve trust, never gamble on expectation  
Unless you in the future, got some kind of blood relation, ya dig  
Potent rhyme moonshine, yo take a swig  
Got a vegetarian dreaming of microwaving pig  
Secular soul, the regular man's in a hurry  
While I'm chilling in the studio eating iguan and curry  
You're a pussy ass motherfucker (hell ya!)  
I said you're puss ass motherfucker (hell ya!)  
I get your flask, flipping my words backwards  
Attach judge, either leaving the jury with the lackluster, impression  
When I'm on trial for obsession  
With the death of them MC's progression, learn your lesson  
And search for the antibiotic, I hook on cigarettes and coffee  
Like you should get hooked on phonics  
Before the thought of approach crosses your mind  
I find your method of wackness, sending constant reminder  
Your style's bullshit, your style's bullshit!  
Want a key to be an MC, here's the full kit

Now that's action (action! what) (4x)

Now that's act... this gonna take a minute, relax son  
Play the government up in your ass to tax one  
Unlawful MC, reach unlawful degree  
Saukrates tear up, enemy by enemy gees  
Something like a phenomenom, ghetto serial trauma don  
Pain of acid rain, target the skin  
I drop the bomb, fuck it  
I'mma keep my jones irregular  
So don't act surprised of Saukrates is checking ya  
And even with your dogs protecting ya  
Disgrace printed on your face  
You had 'em saying 'dogs forgetting ya'  
(Blah, blah, blah)  
Representation's bizarre, my mind to my mouth  
Shiny G watch to a guitar  
Never ghetto superstar, rather ghetto entrepeneurly czar  
I'm twelve under, you're checking in at twelve over par  
Toke a cigar and start travelling

I know it's potent son, I see your dreads unravelling  
I have battled men who sculptured knowledge and culture  
But poisonous dialects exposing cadavers to vultures  
Excuse me for being blunt while you get blunted  
But in the words of Biggie 'hunt me or be hunted'

Now that's action (action! what) (4x)

Can't fuck with this