

Yo, Hold it to me your fucking cash's about to slee.
I'm a show you all how to emcee,
See I can rock a floor if I rock with high beams,
I rock with melody, on of the soldiers of the team.
See y'all niggas is dope fiends hoping for a dream,
I intervene like a case of gangreen.
Gain the green then exit the scene,
With a fine chick who could fill up a pair of jenes.
See I'm doing this shit, doing this shit, for magnet,
And niggas at Coney Gardens who try and do shit.
Seen life ain't a game it remains intense,
Lock, hold to a nigga like a dog tracin a scent.
See ya gotta get your money, you gots to pay rent,
Feeling it, y'all ass is read!

Uh, one of the musical priest we form the lyrical voltron,
Hippocrates get stepped upon, in the combat,
Don't you come back until you waxed your song.
Your served at your war phat.
Your up against the lord of the first high priest, Melchizedek,
Don't shoot till you see this, just sit back breath,
I got more where this comes from-from.
Jay-Dee, thee original drum master,
You will never hit the best.
Fast or solw? It dosen't matter though T-3 times emcees calling the 1
ap.
Ba-tian is the one whose in the tree of life,
Hold tight, don't ever give up in the fight
Grace can only come into the sight.
Soul power it ingites like the sun
SV dominates the industry for fun.
(Fun Fun Fun Fun)

Yea, yea to the beat
Yea, yea ya know it can't-can't stop
It can't-can't quit
Stance answers put up your hands and fist,
For the band, and if ya can't stand
One of my man's dance sleeping on some sandman shit, (c'mon)
Like damn man! wake up, as we bring the action.
Don't be standing like a grand-slam hit, (c'mon)
For the whole fam flipping on the hand-stand tip (c'mon)
We get the dough weight up, straight up, the wham-bamm hits,
Before we go-go, we getting on some damn-wham shit,
Against, as for second hand brand kicks.
Ripping from the Beat down to San Fran-sis to Japan land,
It's the brand new, we keep moving like the trans am
Do-do don't stop we can't can't quit, we can't-can't