

X - Files

Terranova

Well let's open the foulds on the styles unknown to full blown
Brothers that front can get their head blown from the back
The turntable terranova hook the track
We came to drop the rhymes ill with no slack
Came to get loose reduce that tight noose on the neck
Give me my respect
Learnin' the raz can leave the track burnin'
A thousand dead guys my rhymes is still earnin'

Still the main course of cor-shall rhymes it's the side dish
Couldn't hide this
Rhymes is suspect indorse that fat check
But don't forget the o's these off the hook flows
That did 'em, my rhymes just jumped up and bit 'em
We twisted up their wig, no jig and still split 'em
So pull it the razztic whip like hot bullets
Right between the spleen and rip your whole team

Up from no where no flash with no flare
Kept my eye sights on those that didn't care
Repair your kit or get your ass split
And tighten up them tracks, not feelin' it one bit
Oh shit
Brothers is comin' from all sides
Grabbin' coat tails not givin' no free rides
Work to damn hard still leavin' the mic scarred all
Battered and bruised 1 2 you still lose

Refuse not havin that negative feedback some claim
They champs but couldn't concede that
'cause we sport the crown, and all set the clown
You came with high hopes but left with heads down
Tail between legs I rips for real heads
Bringin fromthe chest, my moms the real spread
Beats to be be need be in frisbee
My triple threat vets that rush your whole set

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To no man's surprise you are only small fries
Take out the bodies soon after the head d