

Well let's open the fouls 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 from the chest, my moms the real spread  
Beats to be be need be in frisbee  
My triple threat vets that rush your whole set

The x files  
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The check it  
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To no man's surprise you are only small fries  
Take out the bodies soon after the head d