

Last man standing like Bruce Willis
About to kill with this
Niggas feel this the masters of realness
In your town to get down so give your man a pound
Let him know what's going down take a pull and hold it now
Back to matters we call the rhyme data
Home run batter shutting down your chitter chatter
So kill the he say she say bust the replay
Hit Squad Def Squad stay busy like the freeway

Dig this, in the field of rap, I pull rank
Sets it Off like Vivica Fox and La' robbing banks
What you think? On the roof I work, smoking dank
Puffin Bone-Thugs and the boombox crank
Live in color, I represent, for the hardcore brother
Who pack Lethal Weapons, without Dan Glover
And still we achieve the great, those who try
To fade us get clowned, plus beat down, so

Let's get up, let's get down
Roll with the hardcore funk, the hardcore sound
Let's get wit this, mackadocious funk material
It's been a long time, we shouldn't have left you

Hey yothe rhymes I recite, airtight, like a submarine
Hip-Hop fiends, like a Jones, for nicotine
Of tobacco so I can't slack yo
Got the knack though, bring it live and that's a fact yo
Niggas bugging out, asking when we coming out
Samps is running out, need new shit to talk about
How you doing (where you been) in the biz
Sitting on chrome, back to set trends

Well it's the rapping Lex Luthor, step to me I'll do ya
Send you back to the future, he for real man? Hell yeah!
I don't care, I gets it on anywhere
From the streets of East New York, to the streets of Bel Air
First things first, I come to work with mad equipment
To do y'all, in the U-Haul and the side biscuit
My persona, got suburban kids
Banging their heads up in the gym like Nirvana

Back to take mine, like Jordan, goin baseline
Create rhyme, break spines, when it's showtime
Niggas wanna doubt me, talk about P
No slouch B, cause off the meter's how my clout be

Indeed, I'm amazing when I ?
Got the crowd doing shit by remote control

Coming high powered, what's the discrepancy coward?
Dunk on your head, like Juan Howard