

Yo, I'm gonna hit real hard with that,  
shit that's gonna make your dome crack, back, back  
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shit that's gonna make your dome crack, back, back  
Yo, I'm gonna hit real hard with that,  
shit that's gonna make your dome crack, watch me...

Yo it's the slang buster, Madlib the beat conductor  
I hit you off with that ill structure, cuts ya  
Never on the bandwagon at any time  
Every day, every place, got my pants saggin'  
For y'all niggas that be strictly braggin'  
Up at the spot so eager to grab the mic with the breath of drag  
on  
Niggas be walkin around waggin' there tail taggin'  
Along trying to get their mail laggin'  
Make me wanna disrespect and check  
Grab that nigga's neck and start gaggin'  
I drop a pound of discussion and drop a rhyme to leave you with  
a concussion  
And have your whole crew commence to hushin'  
Down with the Master race of emcees  
Who terrorize, whoever flies up in the face talkin' lies  
I give a shout to the unseen at the lost gates  
While you're makin' mistakes, we make them hot plates

Soundin' like, we got the rawest shit ever known to man  
Expand my lung with the chronic smoke then proceed with the pla  
n  
My anecdote rain movin' on ya  
I got your brain locked down like some jail terrain  
You out for fame talkin' about my name, I aim atcha like a gat  
ya  
Thought you were my rapture, watch your mental fracture  
You're just an actor, playin' the rap game, total shame  
Nothing really gained when you shell framed is all in vain  
I hitcha with that shit that make ya neck snap  
While goin through my SP1200 with memory that's stacks  
The beat conductor keep your speaker shakin'  
I got your amp'll quakin like a vacation on Haiti  
Relaxin', I'll take you on a mental trip, grip  
The ill loop digger signing out on the skit