

Printmatic feat. Eyedea, Illogic, Slug & Aesop Rock

"Hold Mine"

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Intro: You know it's fucked up when your own little brother won't bump your shit (Where am I comin' in?) Yo, you walk into the place with your own little brother and be like, "Yo, check it out." (Yeah, thanks a lot Just make sure that you keep your mouth closed.) This is my motherfuckin' little brother And people say, "Ayo, why your big brother act like that? (Yo shut the fuck up when you're talkin' to me.) Fuck him. He ain't no rapper." (Yo, what the fuck's your problem?) Verse One [Eyedea] Yo, shut the fuck up and die is what I really want to say to you I hope someone hits you in the face til it's 80 different shades of blue Isn't there anything better you got to do then jock my crew? I severe contenders and render the hearing process impossible You talk trash behind my back and act like you know me But when you see me at the show you give me dap like we're homies Remember Bad Day? Thought I was through talkin' shit And now I'm like, "Fuck the world" Just cause you walk on it [Illogic] If you pass this test I'm be sure to pin your red badge of courage through your chest flesh With swift hands The way your blood will flood you'll switch plans Til blue waters is red quick sand Sinkin' deeper into the potion I'll bottle my jizzm and sell it to your wisdom as some hand lotion I walk the fine line of being ill and being sick And you walk the fine line of being a pussy and being a bitch [Blueprint] I hold attention spans like drums sticks and play solos That sound like Coltrane High on cocaine And now the clouds are quarter notes And I'm a mortal man thinkin' I can float but Maybe I'm delirious And this is a psychedelic experience Either way I know it makes me a better lyricist And you ain't hardly hard In fact you a coward That back bites behind closed doors like Marv Albert [Slug] It's the sour taste of self esteem swallowed through a straw Enough to make your stomach bloat and leave a swollen jaw I'm holdin' balls You're holdin' breath How much of your soul is left? Frozen steps, snooze button, perpetual overslept Wake the fuck up And sit the fuck down Shut your fuck hole And ask yourself, "What now?" Rippin' the shreds Lift 'em by the heads Spin 'em around And let 'em look at

what they did to the bread Verse Two [Aesop Rock] Roll
over, sit, fetch, play dead, beg The political allotment
walks with a peg leg I pack celebrations of an awkward
opus Not because it's fly But simply because I can
identify [Slug] I carry the type of clout That sneaks
below the radar The less they know about IS the more I
can take apart I got a few famous alter egos inside of
my frame It's how I deal with these people that don't
know my real name [Eyedea] I fired the angels Hired a
miser to hide in the rainbows And murdered the
worthless merchants purely For kickin' the same-ole-
same-ole You're what happens when God hiccups The
contents in a fraction of my product Will leave your
whole project crushed [Blueprint] The Orphanage Got a
quality crew You got a bunch of teeny boppers
following you All you pastel poets I'm talkin' to you
Who's the gay rapper? It's probably you [Illogic] Word
Print, they all hoe cakes No flavor like cookies that are
no bake I like sacks fully budded up with no shake We
prepare rare forms five snow flakes The wack get no
brakes [Aesop Rock] Now these here brittle bitches
Cuddle up to syncopated sixes In triplicate I cripple it
just to fiddle with the syllabus I hate slackers They burn
through my city By thickening up the atmosphere And
thinning out the madness [Blueprint] Ah, whatever the
language Blueprint freaks it well From visual basic
Down to Speak And Spell I'll even battle these weak MCs
with braille Not to be fucked with Any MC can tell
[Illogic] Cause you the cat that packs pink caps to piece
they thought train I sodomize him with six broomsticks
to watch him walk strange Slug drowns him in spit
Eyedea snaps the camera Aesop prepares eulogies
And I am the contaminer [Eyedea] It's the Orphanage
Certified Kevorkians Rappers be torturing my dick Chap
lips will leave the foreskin ripped Unless you're givin'
props Put a cork in it As I give you a new reason Never
to record your shit [Slug] We spent the most time
Workin' this gold mine Everybody's got their own
stories I wrote mine Everybody's got their own words
You quote mine Everybody thinks I'm fuckin' nuts
Wanna hold mine?

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