

R. Kelly F/ Cam'Rom, Noreaga, Jay Z % Vegas Cats "Brainstorm/P.S.K"

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Now we found out, some time ago that if you take a
whole group of really
superbad dudes, and hang em in together they'll make
some music whether or not
somebody else thought it was hip or not.
You know, they be OK.
You dig?
Somebody's got to start it.

Verse One: O.C.

It's like me against anyone
First full verse is spontaneous, combustion thrusts me
No rapper can dust me
Bounced upon the scene with a theme, Word...Life
I cut fantasy out cause I differ from a dream
Wisdom lies deep in my molecules, you assumed
I fell victim to, hip-hop blues
You way off I stay on tour often rockin spots
on the California coast, range you know back to Boston
Enforcin my theory, leavin rappers teary-eyed
Fly most who came and thought they had stride
You accustomed to cussin and bluffin fussin for nothin
Half of y'all crumbs are just soft like muffins
I bake, masterpieces, sharper thesis
Y'all candy coated motherfuckers stink like feces
Needless to say, are these running shoes yours?
You retreated when I gave out head for wars
My microphone set is immensely brick wall
Solid in and out you slept so now snore
Who got my back, you ask Lord and BlastMaster
Unorthodox, combinations from the masters
Mics I menace, when it's finished
You get an understanding of what we bringin, no
gimmicks

Verse Two: Lord Finesse

My decision is precision, I'm ill in ways you can't vision
I got niggaz worshipping Lord Finesse like religion
You can't fuck around, you're kiddin

You don't want no collision, you better fly South like a pigeon
Good riddance, I flip flows you can't imagine
I break down your Flintstone style, into fragments
So pay attention to the man rappin
Don't think that it can't, I'm livin proof, it can happen
I reign supreme logical, verbally, I drop it in ways
that you never dreamed possible
So lyrically, I personally figure
That my Harvard style, is too deep for you nursery
niggaz
When I clutch the mic, I'm comin rough and right
I build more than them workers on construction sights
I'm skilled at it, I'm Illmatic
So yes answers your question if you ask me do I still
have it
I'm the realest, the illest
Comin out the woodwork, like them homos in the
Village
But seriously, I'm got the remedy
If I's at the bottom of the toilet
you niggaz still couldn't shit on me
Originally, it's the same the vet
I'm on that get rich list, but they didn't call my name yet
I make it special like a prom night I bomb mics
while other brothers are old news like Walter Kronkite
It's critical, you got these Xerox individuals
But word life, it ain't nothin like the original
I wreck kids, that's my theory and perspective
When it comes to hip-hop, I'm on the case like
detectives
You better step to the next man
Cause the greatest soccer player couldn't kick it like
Finesse can

Verse Three: KRS-One

This is the scientific extra-prolific terrific
mystic simplistic metaphysic, no gimmick type lyric
When you hear it or hear me, runnin through the
scrimmages
You see images, affecting your sight to make you go
(Yo there he is! No there he is!) No here he is
Rockin your superiors, in your hardest area
Your lyrical skills are inferior
It's because your video that they cheer for ya
I'll take care of ya, quickly, cause I cannot take it
Your weak head needs to be decapitated
Cause you fake it
If your heart was caffeine, well you're now
decaffeinated

You scream battle but it's the end of your career
you anticipate it, I hate it
Career ended, how splendid
For wack MC's I come doctor recommended

Haha! You know whassup when Lord Finesse up in the
piece
All you wack ass rappers better go rewrite your album
O.C. in the house, KRS in the house, yeah
New York style in the house, yeah
BDP crew in the house, YEAH...

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