

Rok One

"Certified Superior"

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Wack emcee's hit the exit.. check it

[Verse 1: Rok One]

Destruction in my appetite, pass the mic and get
devoured (?)
(why?) cause I'm emcee to the second power
Twice as nice as you could ever hope to be vocally
I get my runnin' flow you on a treadmill sportin' hosiery
Witness how it's not how it's supposed to be
Stress through authenticity
Cancel those thoughts that are dissin me (?) instantly
And overcome the victim of the greatest MC war in
history
I 'm handin' out fatalities to foes, flawless victory
Lies I'm quick to bury, I select words out of the
dictionary
To re-write your record review and transform it to your
obituary
So here's your eulogy, who are we? The untouchables
The true emcee's exposing all you fraudulence like
nudity
Bring your lyrics, money, fuck time (?)
I m like a careless cat burglar when I drop the jewelry
Probably the best you ran across
No one can ever show this man who lost
Towards wack MC's my heart is colder than the Ice
planet lost
Sorta like Diana Ross
My flow is nothin short of supreme
Rok-One will forever be in style like denim blue jeans
writin' rhymes is a daily routine
And my religions refreshing when I'm manifestin' the
blessin I was given
Beatin' lies with wisdom
My creation transcends and defies the system
Examples of verbal (?) over vibes and rhythms
Not concerned with topping the charts
I m on a higher mission to achieve longevity like the
tombs of mummified Egyptians

[Hook]

Ayo when it comes down to it rappers are counterfeit
But rest assured I'm genuine when I rhyme so bounce
to this
I manifest hip hop in its highest degree
{"Certified and superior MC"}

Ayo when it comes down to it rappers are counterfeit
But rest assured I'm genuine when I rhyme so bounce
to this
Hip hop is something I take very seriously
{"Certified and superior MC"}

[Verse 2: Rok One]

Rok One will leave your head spinnin' like the boys of
rock steady
My rhymes hang out more than breasts on a girl whose
top heavy
I m not petty, rappers don't try: you're not ready
I m the best from New York to (?) Roxbury
You heard rumors I was nice? Well now you're certain
I turn psycho on the mic like that man with the knife
behind the shower curtain Norman Bates
Observe my composition as it formulates
MC's hand in your resignation like Nixon after
Watergate
My new releases are razor sharp, reducing you to
pieces
Leaving my opponents more confused than juice (?)
I hit harder than an 808, to stay in shape
With a style that's more off the hook then fish that
didn't take the bait
Don't playa hate
I stay in charge of my own fate
A lot of brothers try to make hits but couldn't bring it
back to home plate
And on decks the best rehearse with concepts to bless
each verse
So well rounded that I should will a contest for wet tee-
shirts
Test research indicates that I 'm ahead of my time
Competitors find it difficult to write shit that's better
than mine
And better my rhymes without the use of reefer, weed
or endo
The crowd responds: "Two Thumbs Up!" like Siskle and
Ebert eating Mentos

[Hook]

[Verse 3: Rok One]

At a show I make even the baddest (?) the status quo

Shining like fourteen carat gold
Never kickin an average flow
In battle mode weak lyricists I'm toe tagging
The highest on the evolutionary chart you herbs the
(????)
My flow pattern makes you dig my style like bone
fragments
It's not your ordinary chrome packin thug tryin' to go
platinum
I choose a path that's holier (step up)
I leave my foes more paralyzed than Peter Parker with
arachnophobia
So nice it's only right that you give me
acknowledgment
Freestyle, written, or story telling; got all three I'm the
(??)
I get props and respect when hip hop's in effect
Yo I got tricks up the sleeve even when I'm rockin a vest
I m not a mack but still attractive to the opposite sex
Me and the mic go together like a Rasta with sex
Put down your glocks and your tech's
I rock without stopping for breath
Been doing this since Flava Flav was wearin clocks on
his chest
Fiend for a mic
One of the best you've probably seen in your life
My dreams to live right, (?) and have a queen for a wife
Until then I keep on rhyming and exploring the world
Hold my own like ugly fellas who can't score with girls

[Hook]

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