Sara Evans and Warren Brothers ''No Omega''

Visit "No Omega" on MotoLyrics.com

I'm the Alpha, with no Omega Beginning without the, end so play the eye inside, no extended version Next episode be smooth as a Persian Rhyme everlastin, there'll be no part two Knowledge is infinite, once I start to draw a better picture for your third eye, if you're blind You know with a mic, I'm a black Michaelangelo I'm the brother who ideas are colorful Givin em insight, but givin em trouble to comprehend cause they thoughts won't blend in They're pretendin, while I'm extendin You bite like a parasite, ? you attacks But you won't strike, cause you ain't no match You need more light cause yours got dim Then you get sparked by the Lord Rakim What's the matter G, check your battery Go get charged up, then come battle me You try hard and Die Hard, you ain't Eveready When they check the pulse, you'll be +Dead+ as +Freddie+ Sharper spears for new ideas Check your engine and ask your engineers to equalize, try to disguise it If that don't work yo, then monosize it You need more power, better bring Battlecat But this ain't Grayskull, and you ain't rippin jack Don't drop the mic and jet for your tooley ("Bring it to me!") We can go rhyme for rhyme til the mic stop the workin Then I'ma leave you behind the Iron Curtain and you'll remain backstage Your book is over, I ripped your last page Changed the endin, at least you went out rappin Now I'ma tell em what happened I filled the mic with explosives, and lit it up It was too heavy to hold, he couldn't pick it up Pass the mic, let him try to get paid He hit the stage, it went off like a hand grenade Now scrape him off the floor and off my list

I ain't a soloist, I'm an arsonist

Sprayed up, he said he was gonna do what? Played up, MC Grand but Pooh-Butt Stole his lady, and drove her crazy You asked me why - cause her man tried to play me I sent her back a nervous wreck and tried to put her back in check My speciality is masterin the female species I specialize in her, until she sees where I come from, and why I came I tame the train til she manifest my name Fill her with life until she burst with energy Then leave her restless, cause a lot of women be tryin to drain us, and leave us stripped dry Put holes in our pocket, but you ain't that fly I clipped your wings and bring you down to Earth and tell you what life is worth It ain't rings and things that's materialistic You wanna pip on, imperialist with food for thought, cause I'm the shelter I'll be your clothes, keep you warm and help ya not to be hot to trot by a haunt And why do y'all got to flaunt? ("You gotta use what you got to get what you want") Cool, I heat you up like a black mink coat Hug your neck like a fat gold rope Words I speak and my DJ's cuts will warm ya ears like mink earmuffs So Eric show em how fast your hand'sll go so the people in the stands'll know that you don't scratch your cuts in the grave Moves in waves to my rhyme displays Float, evoke, my tempo jets Expressions express when you kick steps Keep em, energetic, so let it pound in your head til what I said is embedded Don't forget it's copastetic, set it Anywhere you want your poetry's pathetic You gets.. no.. credit.. til you get it straight Let's motivate No intermissions cause it ain't commercial If you wanna break then I'll reimburse you I won't let go so my mic won't drop, cause ("I can't.. stop!") Vocabs is endless, vocals exist Rhyme goes on, so no one can stop this Especially when I start to say the rhymes with no omega

No omega No omega

```
("I can't.. stop!")
("I can't.. stop!")
("I can't.. stop!") *scratched*

("I can't.. stop!")
("I can't.. stop!")
("I can't.. stop!")
("I can't.. stop!") *scratched*

("I can't.. stop!")
```

Visit <u>Sara Evans and Warren Brothers</u> page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

<u>MotoLyrics.com</u> | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.