

Silk F/ Antoinette

"Give 'Em a Sample"

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[VERSE 1]

Now I'm gonna sit down and let the rhythm spark a
brain cell
Spontaneous the way that I dwell
And to the beat like a predator, the stage is my habitat
When I'm at war mic becomes a battle axe
I write the lingo to hype up this single
I make you fever for the flavor like Pringles
Design a rhyme like a strategist
When I plan the attack all the suckers get mad at this
To prove the point that Tone is on the uprise
He'll drop a beat so Marquis can improvise
Super vocal, the hyped up dopefiend
If I was meant to flow, I'd flow upstream
To show an MC that my approach is different
No beating around the bush cause I'm straight up
business
Reactin like molecules to cause your friction
Tone is my producer, Kay does the mixin
Right on time I intertwine with the rhyme
I let the beat flow smooth so I can add the bassline
I get the cue for me to give an example
Yo Kay, get quick on the mix, give em a sample

[VERSE 2]

As a wise man said, you have to prove you're worthy
That's why I grab the mic and I show no mercy
Get straight to the point like steel to a magnet
Time to detonate, watch for the fragments
I take rhymes, stick em to the beat, he's pitchin
The rap Bo Jackson's up and I'm hittin
You a homerun that's pumpin to the maximum
No time to slow down, so I'ma add some
Style and techniques by one rhymer and a DJ
We're sittin on the world, listenin to the replay
Runnin backtracks, never eat a bowl of Sugar Smacks
Cause when I rhyme I'm a potent aphrodisiac
Makin your hormones quicken with the blend
I take a pause on a break and let the rhymes flow in
Slow like a thunder cloud, inconspicuous
For me to grab the crowd, make a sap look ridiculous

The art of war is to conquer all obstacles
For this soldier nothin is impossible
My pulse rate quickens when it's time to unwind
Just gimme the mic and it's showtime

[VERSE 3]

Track three, yo Tone, what you're doin?
Pump up the bass, I feel a brainstorm brewin
And that's when it's time to come smooth like satin
It's the bottom of the ninth, I'll do the battin
I'm sittin and waitin with a rhyme on a enema tongue
Like a viper ready to strike one
Down, and leavin no wounds intent to
And 911, homebody, cannot help you
When I let the DJ spark my combustion
And all the words form from the pen I'm clutchin
Down on line paper, the newest rap caper
Who rhymes like a bystander with this tape of
Paragraphs, sentences, words and adjectives
Combine it all together on lyrics is what's happenin
Marquis's shinin with the sparkle of a dope rope
And I'm winnin, make the suckers hope
To ever try to get it or even want it
But only the chosen few could ever flaunt it
In ways that pays for things that are material
Barin a course straight for your cerebral
Membrane, or audible organ
Or should I say our eardrum to change the slogan
The term which explains why the DJ's scratchin
It's because of the drum and his allergic reaction
To the suckers on the sideline who need an example
Yo Kay, get quick with the mix, give em a sample

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