

## **Slow V & Retrospect**

### **"Tag Team"**

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[Announcer: N.y.E]  
Ladies and gentlemen  
The attraction of the evening  
The moment you've all been waiting for  
The main event  
The 2001, 2, 3, 4, 5, and soon to be 2006  
Hip-Hop champions of the world  
Slow V & Retrospect  
Let's get ready to rumble!!

[Verse 1: Retrospect & Slow V]  
[Retrospect] Yo, yea  
I got 'em son  
I got 'em  
Yo, yo

Yo Slow, let me handle them, break eggs scramble 'em  
Chop them like wave sampling this far more than  
battling  
This is hard damaging lyrically arm savages  
Bars like javelin leave you with scars bandages  
Never mind advantages the crowd stands unanimous  
Slow is too fast for this now how's that for antonyms  
[Slow V] Perfecting my craft, I plot like a graph  
Scatter motherfucker's slow like quarter notes in a pad  
Who up next? It's me let me step in the set  
I rise like muscles in stress when applying the flex  
Aside it affects like a sketch with me in the flesh  
I hit hard, even make the dead cough up a breath  
I come heated like sex with sweat  
[Retrospect] The spect is next dealing with threats  
With explicit text I'll lift a nigga in the air  
While Vick's holding his hair  
Pause for a second and stare  
Then slam his ass through a chair  
We pile drive him and out rhymed him, he out whining  
Because our style is hotter, than the south's climate  
He's spitting to loose no money swimming in dues  
So I'm a set him on the ropes and I'm a give him to you,  
yea

[Announcer: N.y.E]  
Ladies & gentlemen  
They just fucked that guy up  
Holy shit I, I think they killed him  
Look, he's on the floor, he's de-  
That guy's dead, he fucking died  
Holy shit, you just witnessed the first death  
In hip-hop wrestling history  
Slow V, get in the fucking ring.!

[Verse 2: Slow V & Retrospect]  
[Slow V] Uh, yo check it  
Yo, yo, yo

And you ain't it, and you ain't shit  
Yo, this a big dog pound, that you can't lift  
I come in a bitch, quicker than a stiff dick  
Been known to rip shit, two emcees we too vicious  
I throw sets at a nigga head, just like Rocky  
Have him seeing more stars, than paparazzi  
Go for the head, two to the side, one to the chest  
And let Retro decide, which victim is next  
[Retrospect] I think the nigga in the goatee's looking  
like cold meat  
Yo we gotta get him done so it's time to expose heat  
With dope speech nigga you know me  
My flow seeks foes who oppose me  
Slow leave them with no teeth  
As your words crumble, I turn jungle  
And jump from the top turnbuckle  
To come down, like a burnt shuttle  
He starts gushing, this motherfucker running  
So I'm a let you come in  
[Slow V] Ha  
You I got him, Retro  
Hand me the tag, I'll leave niggaz in casts  
I'll leave a shade around they eye, and it won't be a  
bag  
Drag him to the floor, and beat his ass to his core  
Leave Nike prints embedded all the way to his pours  
Have a nigga sport more lumps than speed bumps  
Grab him by the throat and slam his ass like an all-star  
dunk  
Even though we two niggaz ripping, we still the main  
ones  
Son even made a sperm forget where he came from

[Announcer: N.y.E.]  
I don't know, that was supposed to be the last, uh, fight  
I, I don't see them leaving the ring  
I, I think they're going to kill someone else

'Cause they just killed that last guy, Umm  
Someone else is going into the ring, and I don't know  
why  
I think he must want to die or something  
Uh, people are leaving the stadium  
It's gruesome out here, they're coming back for more!!

[Verse 3: Slow V & Retrospect]

[Slow V] Yo, yo, yo

(S) We leaving niggaz gushing  
(R) With no discussion  
Hardcore lyrics are busting  
So what is cousin?  
(S) We doing more than bucking  
We leaving niggaz ducking  
Thrusting, cutting 'till both of their ribs touching  
(R) And it's impossible to beat us with a pin  
We hazardous kin, you don't want to see us in the ring  
(S) Ha, ha, I couldn't have said it better  
(R) 'Cause when we get together we clever and sever  
(S) Even stopping sun like bad weather  
(R) Battling y'all is a petty waist  
'Cause just one take is an earthquake  
When you're fucking with heavyweights  
(S) We burry any estate  
We slowly stopping your fate  
We put a beating to a heathen  
Like we're sporting a cape, yea

[Chorus]

We double trouble, willing and able, ready for scuffles  
Spit large, heavy with muscles  
Jeury will crush you Slow V will snuff you  
Hot facts ready to rumble, lines that'll punch you  
Tag Team, so what you gon do

We squash beef motherfuckers get ready to scrap  
We hot heat motherfuckers get ready to blast  
Two niggaz ready to clash, in fact ending your wrath  
It's tag team motherfuckers get ready to tag

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