

Snoop Doggy Dogg F/ Kurupt, L.B.C. Crew "Competition is None"

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[V1]

Through the pages of tall tales and short stories
I was systematically given by Dewey my own category
As surely as it was written the chapters were
satisfactory
I'm booking niggas that's claiming they've got a stack
for me
My raps are purely worded with allegories inserted
Fuck with your hearing leaving one of your senses
perverted
Make sure you heard it
Rarely averted my verbal array with slay the barely
assertive
So get Judy to judge and spare me the verdict
No matter how you interpret the letters, regardless of
translation
You're illiteracy shows like Babylonian aggravation
From lack of communication, sound barriers get
broken
Whether written or spoken, I turn-styles without a token
Cause the way I coin a phrase will rapidly anoint the
stage
or vocal session, in every direction, let me point the
ways
By way of my index, I pretend like I'm in text
So, I stereotype 6 rappers, and interject 5 spaces to
indent
Then I backspace to erase the last trace of niggas
whose tracks waste
My time. You'll be last place to the line
due to the fast pace of my mind
And it takes more than a snake or a swine
To place me within a backbrace
cause I'm fat, ace, check the weight of my rhyme
You diggin the slap bass? Trying to figure just how this
bitch's ass tastes
Was headed for third base, the minute the bitch
delivered the gas face
Like Ants to acid, I burn slower than butter on a tepid
gun
Yo, cause competition is none

[V2]

Now, you can bring it if you want it. But, be sure to keep
the receipt

Cause when I freak to the beat, you're bound to get
returned

I seek the heat and set to burn your tape, to let you
learn your fate in advance

But that depends on if you tend to urinate in your pants
I place demands on small bladders and weak
podiatrists

If there's a reason I get pissed, then 5 MCs can die-per-
diss

And that's a quota. You stated that you know the
amount

But you can strike it off the record, cause that shit don't
count

I end quotes like double apostrophes, put commas in
comas

Make you dash to the doc, while checking your semi-
colon for melanoma

Revoke your diploma, low marks to question me
Bastardize the alphabet, and ask him which parent he
sees

I use analogies and context clues on occasion

Find my name's in tune with Tonedeff, minus the
hyphenation

See, my inclination's to slash forward and not return
Cause if I come back, I'ma light you up twice like
burned urns

And pound ya. Cause what you make up is cakey
I'll leave you so flaky

you'll be trying to hit the escape key just to evade me
But you can't quit out to safety

So pay me with your pin-number to sway me away
today

cause maybe an 80 will dissuade me

I've played the nice guy long enough, I'm charging
late-fees

Can't fuck with the rhyme, so you're hiding behind the
9 just like the 8-key

I create divisions like space bars when you press me

I'm like a hooker with her period - Fucking with me gets
messy

[V3]

Competition is none, and Tone said it with authority

Cause competition nowadays is a majority

Of undereducated niggas delivering horribly

Swearing they're more complex than their own
inferiority

And right behind them, There's sure to be some whore
at the local sorority
Who's wack, yet her shows are packed formidably
Now, baby got back, but she's a bore to me
Cause she's a front, like New York bottled water that
lacks purity
My aura be tapped straight from the stream of
consciousness
It's not often that I'm impressed, so I'm popping your
confidence
At every given opp I get. All I'll need'll be a needle
Some custom instrumentals and just over 30 people
I'll surely hurt your ego if you go that route
I take the low road, but I don't bow to no man's clout
No need to be way-high to express ways to enact this
I planned the fastest path and ran McNally off the atlas
And this I'll practice, even when I be 95, I'll still be at
this
Globally off-axis, hip-hop madness
Regardless how the demographics are stacked
Cause I'm the legend that never got on the map

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