

Soul Kid Klik

"Spark Da Mic"

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[Infamous Mr. Savage] At various degrees I strike mics and seize Numerous amounts of M.C.'s and place 'em on they knees And freeze, my temperature is Sub-Zero When I react, and hunt down the Last Action Hero Who couldn't break a tornado, cuz I hold his heart In the palm of my hands like I was Kano Style's is fatal, arrow tips pierce your naval You unable, to handle my steeze, no one can save you But it would pay to, pray to, your Jehovah Cuz when I approach with my platoon, it's all over The mad cobra, the renegade ill spitting the poisonous lyrics Blowing up spots like twin grenades I remain still, collected and calm, in Mortal Kombat Absorb blows, countereact and go beyond that And crush competitors, and any competition comping any compound flows That ignite to third degrees, my enemies, better recognize the trauma The Bronx Bomber suited in armor, ill with the toma You gets no wins in the Woods, soldier Cuz youse a pack of Newports, and I'm a dirty chain smoker [Storm Da Ghetto Mutant] Coming on the scene blasting The thought assassin, with my mind unfastened The inner beast, unleashed, attacking Your world, get ya ass beat by a girl Shattering the myth, wielding the gift Melting down corruptable flesh with murderous breath The Black Sonya, p/k/a Angel of Death Going into battle, armed wit wisdom of self A bonified rugged female M.C., trained in the Soul Kid infiltry My specialty, verbal weaponry Yo, any ya'll bitches wanna challenge me I'm earning salaries, so you best be packing calories I got my weight up in the heavyweight division So called gangsta the chicken heads, lackin vision turned pigeon Behold the Storm, an ancient prophecy of what a spirit transit of rugged matter should be [Blakspik] I be that rugged undercover, who'll smother And smoke your crew up, and you up, and slide inside your baby's mother Drop science like Einstein cuz my brain is programmed To spark, mics up in the dark So step out my way, cuz I'mma flow like water I got my nina cocked for the New World Order You profane with no name, you driving on my lane I finally peeped ya style out, son, you got no game The Bronx Bomber,

Blakspik slash comma The spear chucker that'll three-
piece your face, nucca Terminate like
Schwarzenegger, but I'm a darker figure So draw your
guns, here I come I don't fake jacks, I keep it real, all
the time renege all your cards, and your soul will be
mine Flex on my klik, and you're wasting your time
Reach for yours, I reach for mine My style is Mortal
Kombat, son, You Don't Know Me You better Cop-N-Go
and play that back wall slowly I'm rolling with two
goodfellas, cuz it's Desperate Times Desperate
measures, then Savage release the pressure My girl
Storm, she Masters the Game, tight My crew is wicked
on the flow, and we Spark Da Mic [G-Clef Da Mad
Komposa] Mortal Kombat, I'm taking niggas to the
Outworld You'll never get back, your ass froze like a
pack Never wack, feel the blast from Sub-Zero I'll
destroy your ass then go to work on your heroes Many
M.C.'s in the past tried to test I ate up most then shit out
the rest G to the Clef, AKA cause of death I cut you into
fourteen pieces like seth The stage is dark and eery
like the moon It's armageddon now and apocalypse is
soon Your end is near, as the final days approach your
like the egg to be poached you get smoked like a roach
Ya skills are kinda ill, but still pure junk Ya gift is so
swift but your flow lacks the funk High tech rappers got
to take a back seat when my flow sends out more funk
than skunk's feet Sit the fuck back down it ain't your
turn I'll make you poem collapse like Rome, crash and
burn Ashes to ashes, soot to soot Styles go up ya ass
with my muthafucking foot Talk crap behind my back,
yo, that's dead Bring it to my face so I can bring it to
your head Hard rock can shock ya knot without a glock
No escape kid (Goodfella: Why?) Spot you like a
chicken pock How you gonna be an M.C. with no timing
it's a mystery, like why Showbiz stopped rhyming
Verbal shots, your brain stained like glass The only
things coming out yo mouth is spit and gas So called
new styles, I'm not with it Niggas so froggy, they
should quit rapping and ribbit This is the flow you
couldn't handle Cuz like a fed up Yankee fan, I'll dis-
Mantle The bridge burner, cement shoe salesman Cuz
when I spark da mic, yo it's like anthenum and So
pledge allegience to the Soul Kid Klik I got Infamous,
Goodfellas with more Storms than a Blakspik Have your
ass playing all types of notes and tones Make you say
"damn, that nigga G-Clef wrote some poems" from
Rome To Mecca the Clef can't be fucked with Sunset to
Vine Gun Hill to Sutphin -- Boulevard, you know it ain't
hard to see it You should never try to fuck with a Soul
Kid M.C.

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