

Soul Kid Klik f/ Skinslaya**"Desperate Times"**

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[Blakspik] Who be them cats talking that ra ra shit With all that blasphemous talk they need to step to the left There's no more real rap just fake cats with fake raps Actin refined but in the dark they eatin the swine So who's the killer now with mad body counts It's cool to smoke wools cop dope and act like a fool But I don't carry no burners to look rough Or smoke no la la so I can look tough I just maintain like them old school brothers do Rap is slippin so whos the A and R trippin' This is the sounds that we created Translated from true to to life scenes, verbally stated So call the cavalry cause we's about to go to war And get your wig split my crew is kind of desperate [Hook: Skinslaya] Jealousy lies and deceit Step to me with that shit it's an instant ass beat You cant do shit if you cant stick together Desperate times for desperate fuckin measures [Chorus: Blakspik] Desperate times call for desperate measures The true hip hop wont succumb to the pressures So keep it pure, hardcore and raw Soul Kid Klik declare war! [G-Clef Da Mad Komposa] As I stand perched on a cliff in the skies of Mount Ararat high Smokin' a spliff lookin down on the sewer rats Swoop down to earth in the form Gideon's Hawk Then land in a pile of sand that used to be New York I'm kickin rhymes in the worlds biggest sandbox Battling Ewoks descended from hard rocks Conduct a eulogy among the devastation Of a land formerly brand the hip hop nation The tribal leaders sometimes see me as a rival We communicate through rap as a means to our survival But overall we're in co-operation The resurrection of hip-hop's a sticky operation Heed the recipe, a eye of neut, a pinch of rice Twice, follow the book the recipe's precise Look! Descending as the sky grows dim Comes the Soul Kid Klik, Wu-Tang Clan and Rakim! [Chorus] [Infamous Mr. Savage] Nineteen ninety somethin The year of the studio gangsta fakin and frontin It's open season on you bitch rappers im goin huntin' It's war between real hip-hop and rap Wreck shop or wack, fist fights and carry gats My mind reacts to notes upon the track That take me back to 1988 when the scene was fat Nowadays you got these

little ass niggas actin like they Bigger fakin on triggers,
it all look good in pictures Which which is which that kid
who shoots his lip But in the face of beef switch up
turns bitch [Storm da Ghetto Mutant] And changes
pitch! [Infamous Mr. Savage] The apocalypse for style
biters and criminals Stop suckin' the next man's dick
and be original Following trends the agenda of a
beginner Heard Wu-Tang Clan now everybody is a five
percenter Disrespectable non intellectual It's desperate
times kid guard that knot before I step to you! [Chorus]
[Storm Da Ghetto Mutant] Me and my clique is at war to
keep this pure Verse an industry poisonous to the core
Financial collaborators end up in broken refrigerators
Style snatchers get dropped in trash compactors
Shiesty A and R's get strangled in the trunk of cars The
Ghetto Mutant on the battle field leading the charge
Stalkin', striking foes headless horseman style On a
hunt like a pack of wolves in the wild For infidels niggas
are rotten fabricated tales Yeah ya shit may sell but I'm
a see that ass in hell For the desecration of the sacred
art... Rhymes striking Storm bolts of lightning through
your heart [Chorus]

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