

X-Perience

"What"

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No-one can ever juice me
Losely, I rip slow
Dug into your brain for unknown flow
Some wish they could prevail
But against me, they'd fail
Styles more shockin' than rain fallin' on third rails
Cuz when beat beats streets concrete breaks on the
feet
To break down whole structures and leave most men
weak
If you scared of being buried in the catachol
Hold tight; these lyrics might bust your dome
Ya now ease up! As I select the brew
To punish with my raps and thrash his whole flow
Scatter minds like code did digital data
False entry in my cypher leaves niggaz getting
splattered
Dun boy tried to bite rhymes and mouths got numb
Start rotting at their teeth and affect their gums
Spread through their whole body leave them punks for
dead
While real niggaz take it in and it swells their head

Chorus:

So what?!, nigga what?! nigga what?!
Watch this nigga GRAV take lyrics to their gut
Wat deez little bitch ass niggaz really want?
Wat nigga?! wat?! Wat nigga?! wat?!
Wat nigga?! wat?! Nigga wat?! Nigga wat?! Nigga
wat?!
Watch this nigga GRAV take lyrics to their gut
Wat deez little bitch ass niggaz really want?
Wat nigga?! wat?! Wat nigga?! wat?!

Verse Two:

From brain waves to vocal chords, the ear drum
cavities
The food chain of the thought process of GRAVity
Mental growth is acquired when the farmer sow seed

To penetrate my face and make ear drums bleed
Of these -- fake niggaz trying to bite off styles
That were once buried deep inside the X-Files
Just a street nigga with skills to move the mass
Sporting a Scully in this cold war to block weak rhymes
From one street corner to the next
I flip complex text
More maneuver on the mic than Doctor Ruth with sex
Sixty-nine and doggy style down on straight-up
foreplay
Got this rap shit sewn up; Yo! what more can one say?
Kinda tight right?
Yo! Lets spark shit up tonight
Lace gloves on my tongue so we can start a verbal
fight
Left hook from butta lyrics, right hook from phat tracks
To KO weak flows and make the streets react

Chorus

Verse Three:

Yo! now check it, many brothers have often got lost
Died when exposed to verbal holocaust
That thought toss their mind outta wack
Brain rings back and fracture skull caps
Show love to gods on Earth to keep real
To manifest on studios on two inch frails
Hey yo! Adjust the levels on a flight deck handle
Why lie on these styles thats are wild like jungle
mammals
While most niggaz are blind and simply can find
Styles buried deep in the sand-dunes of my mind
A rariety to find such a nigga so nice
The oasis in the desert where lightning struck twice
Now see! I'm on the track to best me
Use rusty nails to crucify men who test me
Anoint only the worthy with lyrical holy water
The rest of the mantis get slaughtered

What? Ya know what I mean?
Whatcha want son?
Sparkin' it off like this
You don't want none

Chorus

Like this, like this
Like this, like that
Like that, like this
Bring it on, bring it on, bring it on

From up town to shout town
The realm of the gonzillaz to infinity...

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