

The Rodentz

"Hip Hop Hustle"

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[Intro: Cno Evil] Yo, check it, yo [Cno Evil] No doubt, kick in the door, crash through your house Then kick my feet up, and just, crash on your couch Controller surfing, History Channel, I'm steady learning Discovering new ideas, mind touring, rhyme yearning Lines burning, words put holes right through your paper Wooden darts on fire, have Smokey Bear come save ya Only you can prevent yourself from doing wack tracks Your addiction, is diction fiction, you lack facts My diagram consists of a gentle tranquility You like, I Am Sam, with developmental disability Responsibility, with the swift agility I turn your power off, like you didn't pay utility I roll with '06 World Cup winners, who laugh at death Pirate style, put a bullet right through a 'dead man's chest' I'm like Johnny Depp's Edward Scissorhands; depressed Kick a hole in the speaker, pull the plug then I jet I'm the official savior of hip hop, I'm getting older Looking at your artificial flavors, like a can of a soda Right Guart Xtreme, I fight hard, but it seems That I'm being turned on by members of my own team Scoring goals in their own net, so what do you expect? I can just accept that fact and not be upset? That's disrespect So I select to reflect on the subject I can correct the next project to be perfect [Li-Mouse] Aiyo, this shit, makes me wanna, spit, right now Knock everything out of my path with iron fists, like blaow Lose your hearing in my ears, like you was Foxy Hit me with everything, you won't get blood from rocks, be I will not, be one, with nothing in the cranium At first, they were nice, but now, we're training them For authentic combat, requires this massive knowledge No, this is impossible, to find in any college This is hip hop, nigga, yeah, that's what we do Everyday we getting bigger, watch how we go through Trials, tribulations, man, what struggles? But I'll rise like Pepsi and Coke, with them bubbles Then pop at the top, balloons in the stratosphere We don't spit darts no more, yo, Cno pass those spears It's definite, that we are utmost unstoppable You attempt, wristbands you receive from the hospital Trust me, I ain't one of those old time kids that rap Nor will I claim to have ever

carried a strap But with that fact, I keep my mind in
keen and intact Just in case I need to destroy you with a
great big smack Across your cheek, nose, ears, eyes,
and mouth Please don't provoke, don't choose such a
deadly route Stop swinging, cuz one strike, man, with
me, and you're out Front on me, man, fuck you, man,
it's Mouse [Outro: Li-Mouse] Word up, I don't even know
what I said

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