

999**"Break the Mould"**Visit "[Break the Mould](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Hook: "I'm international", "Got to uphold the raw shit"

[Round 1]

Yo' check it

My writin' tight words I incite these herbs to bite
Complex like walkin' through project streets at night
Made a pact with God to uphold the raw shit
Don't flip, we gettin' rotations like buzz clips
While you wait to react, I launch my attack from the
ground up
Right and exact like these tracks
Hittin' on facts weavin' gold on wax
Up late nights scribing these rhymes by candlelight
Sodomites take delight in the words I recite
Proceed to educate at the jam I stimulate
Where I'm from got potential plus grabs in the barrel
Holdin' people down longer than the grey pharaoh
Makin' rows narrow so we achieve all goals
See sights, watch dreams unfold quench the soul
With the words I possess the story is told
When I'm done creatin' this I got to break the mould

Hook: "L-O-N-D-O-N"

"Grap Luva, comin' straight from New York"
{*scratches*}

[Round 2]

Yo, Avoidin' stress never take a life for chess
Concidered blessed, movin' amongst the madness
While protected plus I've been selected to bring
wannabees to their knees
Who be claimin' these
It's a general thing
My status, seven stars
My M-16 is these sixteen bars
Third eye open, refuse to scribe foolishness
Usin' this to project word sound (connect the power)
Get respect lead these seeds by example
Like a tree in growth I keep my roots ample
Your mind's a corridor darker than, full of confusion
I come with remedies that crush all illusions

Yo, I write my rhymes one day at a time
Average cats bite styles (better off bein' mines)
With these lines I possess my story is told
Biters, they getting bold so I breaks the mold
(Here we go)

Hook: "L-O-N-D-O-N"
"Rap murder, comin' straight from New York"
{*scratches*}

[Round 3]
Highly unlike any other cats on mics
I mesmirize as these beats and rhymes (they take
flight)
When in rhyme fights inspired by my tight flow
Astute attribute, bound to win, place in show
But I'm no race horse, forget whippin' up on me
Get your wolves and your meager army theres no harm
in me
Listen made your stash from no giggas and pimp hats
We don't pop shit to leather gems while they bitch
Pull their car quick They ungrateful an' slick
If they weaker then their flows then your flow ends
quick
Slack jaw cats with no facts always complain
subliminal beats won't work (call my name)
Still the Y.S.B. crushin' flies so swiftly
Brothas won't know you as a true emcee
(Rather intense b)
That's how my story is told
My soul was never sold because I broke the mould

Hook:
{*scratches*}

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