

Atlantic Starr

"Earth, Wind & Fire"

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I'm from Brooklyn, New York City

I be the Earth motherin', smotherin' MC's
Sha Queen covering 360 degrees

See I blow like the wind when I flow to this song
Cause a riot like Kaiser like that then I'm gone

I bring the fire burn it down to the ground
Think of dissin' me, Kane will leave that ass rotisserie
(What)

Earth, wind, fire we be those elements
It's evident, as we come to represent

[Sha-Queen]

I feel the need to get iller than
All these fuckin' wack MC's, realest Bitch that ever been
Dropped the hit single that was flying through the roof
I'm lyrical living proof, you can't handle the truth
After you heard me spit, still convinced that you ill
Who you tryin' to fool me or yourself, bitch for real
Everybody know the deal, you ever get a hunch
To fuck around with Sha-Queen, then I know you out to
lunch
Break that meaning down, that means disturbed in
your mental
And that's absurd, I kick the illest shit you ever heard
Every rhyme to the last line and pronouns and verbs
Too hard to see with your two eyes, then check with
your third
My frequency's not tainted with thoughts of whores
That can only get raw on all fours, with sore back doors
Precisely, far from your average girl
So, sit back and shut the fuck up, cause Sha rules the
world, word

[A.B. Money]

Listen there was a man in Brooklyn, New York City
Where the guys are fly and the ladies looking pretty
I'm a let you know, that stuff you pop is junk

Cause when I flow, it's the flava of the month

Hold up don't worry about nothin', tot shit in a smash
like crash dummies

This fast money, make me wanna fuck around and
blast money

I heard your spot makes a lot and give you props
This deal is hot, runnin' from the cops'll get you shot
But don't sweat it, dry them niggas up like prunes

The war's on like Platoon

Shot through a crowd like a cartoon

Rappin' is fundamental, that's right, re-arranger

Hit you like Mortal Kombat, you in danger

I got the chronic, six million bionic

This rap shit make me wanna scream like Onyx

I'm comin' through, that's right I'm gonna split ya

Soul survivors on this track, we comin' to get ya

Woop, woop, five-o's comin' in the exit

Keys jinglin', nine danglin' to wreck shit

Step into my cypher, haven't you ever heard a

Throwin four five six, ceelo, to one twenty third a

Chorus:

Earth, wind & fire you bout to learn

We can make the world turn, or make the world burn

The three deadly elements for your concern

Cause anything you want up out of life you got to earn

Repeat

See now bring it brother well, well

[Big Daddy Kane]

Since hip-hop genesis, I been at this in the mix

In Bed Stuy tenements, rippin' rappers endless

But I won't sit and dwell upon the things I been had

Instead I appear, and take your fuckin' spot like Sinbad

Now, tell me who shall be first to suffer crucial

If you don't know defeat then allow me to introduce you

So how you want it, coming through beatin' ya down

Watching disaster strike when Busta Rhymes ain't even
around

The Prince of Darkness be that one man

That made them Al B Sure lookin' niggas get a sun tan

What I drop should not be followed by anyone else

At times I'm scared to kick a second verse after myself

As I proceed, followers take heed

I made many men bleed, I made hairlines recede

This rap skill here, I destined for a mill-aire

And this is one ass whippin' you will wear, you still
here?

Chorus: repeat 2X

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