

## Barbara Dickson

### "The Showdown"

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[Verse 1:]

Hip hop is in the blood of the soldier, I told ya  
Rip hot tracks till my spit boils over  
Next best thing since platinum I wreck  
I'm back like the monkey on Michael Jackson's back  
In fact lethal dose in your tracks  
You can't see me like a cataract, you don't attract a crowd  
All my young bucks came to get down  
Lose your mind and start a pit right now  
Motherfucker get loud, ain't nobody gonna stop us now  
They wanna take it but they don't know how  
Let me tell you this is my world, my life  
My stage, my mic, the southpaw's always ready to fight, a'ight?  
Big Left, let's put the bullshit to rest  
I'm one of the best loyal to my family crest  
Man I swear to God I'll never let em take it  
This rap shit is mine and you fuckers can't take it

[Chorus:]

Yo we only come out when the sun goes down  
2004 time for the showdown  
Pick your mics up and put your flows down  
Rack your Krylon and bomb the whole town

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[Verse 2:]

How can I spit? It's so much emotional pain  
I'm broken, insane, vomit and I choke in the drain  
A tale of a blood trail, [? ] insane  
Finally you learn to love Hell, I roast in the flame  
I'm closer to fame, I'm better than most in the game  
Alive and breathing even though I'm supposed to be slain  
One day I might snap and put the toast to my brain  
I'm ghost, adios, I'm not supposed to be staying

Some more lightly, it's unlikely

There's a million MC's and you ain't never met one like  
me

Put me on another realm, tell em how I'm flipping it  
Bring me to the mainstream, I wanna piss in it  
So here's to peeing in pools and being a fool  
Here's to every bartender keeping me in a stool  
Here's to all the pretty women now who's leaving the?  
And fuck you little faggots saying we isn't cool

[Chorus]

[Verse 3:]

They never showed me no love so I ain't showing them  
shit  
Fuck you and the horse you rode in  
Posing as if you're hard as?  
You're folding under pressure, me and mine stay  
winning  
We crack fools like cashews  
Slap you so hard we rip off your tattoos  
Bad news, [? ] assassin and good news  
We hood dudes keeping the toasters and two-two's  
[? ] handle that, can't talk shit and run from me  
I snatch your Adam's Apple to watch you plummet on  
some dumb shit  
Made a mistake now learn from it  
Ain't no way shit don't stay gravy when the beef coming  
I see [? ] sporadically, your whole style's faggoty  
You're in the shower privately sucking cock in the  
county  
It hurts, doesn't it? The truth's a mother, isn't it?  
You ain't even gotta answer that, I'm convinced you're  
a bitch  
My existence is this, that of a street soldier  
These speculations and miscommunications to catch a  
boulder  
The power still, now how does it feel?  
[? ] shower the real, now you a snail, deal  
With the cruel and unusual leaving contusions in you  
Got the coroner confused like what the fuck did he do

[Chorus]

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