

Beyonce

"Action"

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[Saukrates]

Record mode

"Action!!"

We taping?

Are we roling?

Yes sir

God damn

Who's the hip hop...

Who's the hip hop

That's action

Give it to me

I'm the hip hop drug, you want a hit give me a minute

I'm leaving your brain tinted, with scores of metaphor

Lyrical glim-fitted, bringing you sweet misery

Like sugarcane mixed with history

Kissing the sun could never blister me

Jesus, I said Jesus, will you relieve us?

A critic commentators who never believe us

Achieve trust, never gamble on expectation

Unless you in the future, got some kind of blood

relation, ya dig

Potent rhyme moonshine, yo take a swig

Got a vegetarian dreaming of microwaving pig

Secular soul, the regular man's in a hurry

While I'm chilling in the studio eating iguan and curry

You're a pussy ass motherfucker (hell ya!)

I said you're puss ass motherfucker (hell ya!)

I get your flask, flipping my words backwards

Attach judge, either leaving the jury with the lackluster,

impression

When I'm on trial for obsession

With the death of them MC's progression, learn your

lesson

And search for the antibiotic, I hook on cigarettes and

coffee

Like you should get hooked on phonics

Before the thought of approach crosses your mind

I find your method of wackness, sending constant

reminder

Your style's bullshit, your style's bullshit!

Want a key to be an MC, here's the full kit

CHORUS [Saukrates]

Now that's action (action! what) X4

[Saukrates]

Now that's act... this gonna take a minute, relax son

Play the government up in your ass to tax one

Unlawful MC, reach unlawful degree

Saukrates tear up, enemy by enemy gees

Something like a phenomenom, ghetto serial trauma
don

Pain of acid rain, target the skin

I drop the bomb, fuck it

I'mma keep my jones irregular

So don't act surprised of Saukrates is checking ya

And even with your dogs protecting ya

Disgrace printed on your face

You had 'em saying 'dogs forgetting ya'

(Blah, blah, blah)

Representation's bizarre, my mind to my mouth

Shiny G watch(?) to a guitar

Never ghetto superstar, rather ghetto entrepreneurly
czar

I'm twelve under, you're checking in at twelve over par

Toke a cigar and start travelling

I know it's potent son, I see your dreads unravelling

I have battled men who sculptured knowledge and
culture

But poisonous dialects exposing cadavers to vultures

Excuse me for being blunt while you get blunted

But in the words of Biggie 'hunt me or be hunted'

CHORUS

Can't fuck with this

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