

Big Star

"Theme Music"

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[Intro - Copywrite]

Yo, The year 2000 and 1
The shit talkers, Jakki Da Mota Mouth
Copywrite78
Ya know, fuck everything else
It doesnt matter

[Verse 1 - Copywrite]

Yo, I'm raw spitting, speak heat to leave your corpse
sizzlin'
Y'all wanna brawl mission, that's more for the mortician
Y'all made a poor decision trying to war with em
With 45, outta 44 or 4 bitten, wanna spark still
Left you with a 20 scar grill
That ain't a verse, You written a 20 bar will
And I know ya'll can't excel
Though ya'll prance and yell
Plant in a cell
But you ain't got a snowball chance in hell
Finish your verse
Before I diminish your turf
Broke the 10 commandments my first 5 minutes on
earth
Futuristic, since my parents formed me from an egg,
met
I got physic's quoting shit that I ain't even said yet
Hell is not far, the firespitter
Inspire quitters
When I drop bars like a retired stripper
Don't like fit quoting shit that I said
This ain't shit, you won't hear my dopest shit when I'm
dead
Got 7 albums locked with a key and they will no be
released
Until I start rotting in peace
Till that day I'll keep droppin' MC's
You don't like it, you can suck my cock and the 2 rocks
underneath
When I guest appear labels pay me to hold you back

So I won't outshine their artists on their own tracks
Dug in my hip and the day y'all ain't feelin nothin I spit
I'mma drop the mic, like "Fuck it I quit"

[Chorus - Copywrite]

You wanna bite, repeat it with a pen, I'm Copywrite
Not conceded, I'm convinced
I got listeners checkin'
So, rewind the 1st verse 3 times be-fore you get to the
2nd
The Mota Mouth on the track with me
God might as well set fire to earth and rain gasoline
This ain't no rap on, peace on
It's Theme Music to sock the 1st MC stupid to breathe
wrong

[Verse 2 - Jakki Da Mota Mouth]

Suppose you gain courage enough to step to me by
bustin'
You'll be the lowest 2 MC's, me and multiple concussion
As I rock here with muthafuckaz and their crazy style
Put that glock to their head, are you crazy now?
You want mathematic thinkers come to Chicago
My circum (circumference) 3.14 (3.1 to 4) MC's I eat like
pie (pi)
Go head take the mic so I could take your health
Don't give this man a hand for makin' a fool out himself
He grabbed the steel, spit a few verses about his few
crowd
Lasted for about 2 minutes then his ass got booted out
I'm sick of rhymers rappin' like they raw breeders
I can whore them but when I'm in a scene they beat is
so beaters
You have no freakin' skill, I'll take your soul and dip
You dont think I'm real, touch me if you fake, you don't
exist
I'm Mota Mouth, I smash flows
Come to one of my drunkin' shows
Tell me, "Have you ever met a bigger asshole!"
Approach the stage wit heart
Bring your punk fan(s)
Fuck around, grab the mic, and get tripled team by one
man
Who wanna battle, please come and get your ass
kicked
You all sound like a tad bit of bad shit
You retarded and you frontin like you pimp shit
You ain't hard and you ain't nuttin' like a limp dick
You choose to test this nigga, my word's merciless
You move puttin' your best shit up against my worst

verses

[Chorus - Copywrite]

You wanna bite, repeat it with a pen, I'm Copywrite

Not conceded, I'm convinced

I got listeners checkin'

So, rewind the 1st verse 3 times be-fore you get to the
2nd

The Mota Mouth on the track with me

God might as well set fire to earth and rain gasoline

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wrong

[Outro - Copywrite]

Muthafuckaz, Copywrite MC's, Seven-Eight

Try to run your mouth

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