

## **Black Men United**

### **"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]

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Not conceded, I'm convinced

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

The Mota Mouth on the track with me

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[Outro - Copywrite]

Muthafuckaz, Copywrite MC's, Seven-Eight

Try to run your mouth

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