

## Chill Rob G "Dope Rhymes"

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I'm the Chill Rob G, not many are equal  
To my rhymes I write my own damn sequel  
I keep your mind jumping with the things I say  
My talent is comeasurement with my pay  
Stay the hell away if you know you're gay  
Cause the game all about, I do not play  
You're confused, your mind is abused, so is your body  
Enough about sissies, back to the party  
I'm one black man strong, will most chill  
Into your head these things I want to drill  
I am the Future shock, I'm here to rock your knot  
The Future's here now, this ain't no pow wow  
So drop the pipe, punk, you're puffing poison  
Yo it's annoying, destroying my homeboys and  
Girls I grew up with, I had enough of this  
You try to pass me the pipe, you'll make my posse  
pissed  
And you don't want to, I'm only warning you  
Making these boys mad is something you don't wanna  
do  
Cause they be smiling, when they be wildin'  
Beating you down is like a ten man pile in  
I'm cold serious, don't mess with this  
Cause I'm the G and these rhymes you don't wanna  
miss  
Dope rhymes, dope rhymes

Fresh rhymes crowd my mind, sometimes I get  
insomnia  
I can't wait to break so I can bomb me a  
Soft, silly, simple, stupid, slow dumb chump  
Been sitting on his life like and old tree stump  
Compositions I design I use as a blueprint  
The envious try to oppose but those who sprint with  
Speed, can always tell  
If a rapper is fresh or weak as hell  
What I say seems to separate sucker MC's  
>From the ones with the skill to build rhymes like these

It isn't easy, but I supply enough power  
To write rhymes that wake you up like a shower  
Sure you're right like dynamite I ignite on the mic

Inspiring your mind to float like a kite  
To places unseen until I brought the thought  
Inserted it inside your skull, then you were caught  
In a mental conflict, your will versus mine  
Then I release you, cause I win every time  
So chill back for a minute as your hear me say  
I am a BG-ologist born in May  
My sign is Taurus, yeah I use Lavioris  
We don't listen to suckers cause you know they bore us  
Dope rhymes, dope rhymes

My timing and rhyming starts you unwinding  
Have you on the floor bumping and grinding  
Bass from the bottom bouncing off the wall  
Suckers try to run, things can't even crawl  
I'm fly, flying, flew the coup  
I'm going going gone and got me another  
Group of admirers, female desirers  
Ego boosters, rhyme inspirers  
I can do anything I want to  
All I have to do is put my mind to  
Work jerk and go bezerk  
This is a high-powered party so pump til it hurts  
Cause I flirt with every skirt, forever, forever  
I'm souped up to surpass in every endeavor  
I challenge obstacles and oppose opposition  
A mic in my hand is like the key in the ignition  
Of a Murderous Mercedes, this ain't play time  
This is the Chill One, with the Dope Rhymes  
Dope rhymes, dope rhymes

Yeah, going out to my man The 45 King

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