

## Abby 6

### "Language Arts"

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[Verse One: Q-Unique]

Enter the bragin, Q-Leechan from the providence of  
hip-hop

Do bodily damage like a combination kick-chop  
Teacher Sifu Herc and Sensei Bambaatasan  
Since I've studied techniques just to drop the kata  
bomb

With Jeet Kune flow, way of the intercepting rhyme  
Battle to the last breath or till my adversary declines  
I've trained in weapons, mic chucks and deadly  
spinning vinyl

The drunk munk breathing aerosol till I'm a krylon wino  
Unorthodox over traditional I may condone it  
Respectfully bow but never take your eyes off your  
opponent

Square off as I mentally prepare in my rap stance  
Defeat is a Buddah opportunity 'cause that's a fat  
chance

You write the white belt and flow slow like Tai Chi  
I'm like Freddie Fox(xx) possessed by the dragon, y'all  
won't fight me

Your side kicks don't move me, and seem to have no  
flavor left

So I drop the flow Kashugi and have them all pray for  
death

Train till the sample's done. flip with weight like Samo  
Hung

No need to handle guns, watch and see me make this  
mammal run

At the end of it all, I'll retire undefeated

Live by the mountain side and write a book of Five  
Rings for you to read it

[Chorus 2x: Q-Unique]

Training, balance

Focus, challenge

Meditate, silence

Skill, talent

Broken patterns

Have a seat and play your part

You must learn to accept defeat

"Check my language arts"

[Verse Two: Q-Unique]

(Ha ha ha ha ha..)

We meet again young Choy

I will now take you down with the six steps of b-boy

There is no way you'll overcome my 1200 turning  
techniques

or take out my pen-fist punchlines, your beginner styles  
are too weak

My fat cap burner kicks'll go over your toy throw-ups

You have a lot of guts, I'm even suprised you showed  
up

but still.. we'll write fight to the first strike or rhyme  
battle to the very end

And if I am to die, my loyal students will take the  
revenge

Direct confrontation with Grandmaster number seven

Push past and catch a blast from my right fist of legend

In a kombat with mortals I play the part of Lui Kang

Confuse you like Manderan slang and balance out the  
hip-hop like Yin Yang

Chasing fallen rap monks till they run far

Have me resort to animal instincts like Hung Gar and  
Flung a ninja star

Aimed at the head of an A&R white belt whose fight felt  
unskilled

Surrounded by a class of records execs and got them  
killed

Taste my own blood a lash out in a rage

My 'bo staff' is the microphone stand, my 'dojo' is the  
stage

It's the year of the Q, mark that on your calendar

A double clap at the end of the battle means bring on  
the next challenger

(Chorus 4x)

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