

Bethlehem

"Chi-Ali vs. Vanilli Shake"

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(Vanilli Shake)

I glide into this, clench fist don't miss
Sucks get dissed and scratched from my list
I break mic stands, raise hands for the next up
I pump ki's, glock g's, so don't flex up
Just lend me your ear drum, so it can hear some
Shit rocked hard, unscarred, I don't fear none
Unperplexed, who's next in the spot light
Ya swing with this and prepare for a dog fight
Cause I raise knots, blood clots, like dreadlocks
Him and approve this, nah cause a fed not, top secret
sucka
I think cause I planned this
Fierce attack, fast break like a mantis
Can this be madness
Has my mind snapped
No matter whoever moves gets popped a kap
Cause I make money and...
Take honeys and...
Let off more eggs than the Easter Bunny and...
As I drop a hit, you should just think and sit
Cause when it comes to flippin, I'm on some ol ill shit
Don't like to share, no next, just stare
No one can get a piece of this ill ass lion hare
The king of all cats
I swing mics, not bats
And never stick it in without the perfeclactict
Not to tax it, it means ill wax it
Slam it in my pocket, buy weed, don't try to knock it
So give me a break, not check 1 2 3
Vanilli Shake is thru
And here comes the Chi-Ali
(oh sucka, stay in ya place)

(Chi-Ali)

Chi-Ali is the name, just in case you don't know
You think ya heard it before
But can't remember shit from the prmoo
A short brown brother, I dress real swell
Ya didn't hear me for awhile, so you thought I fell
Nah, I took a vacation, but know I'm back

To get my props, and dismiss those who lack
The skills it takes to be a microphone ripper
You may be dip, but I'm a tad bit dipper
You may be flip, but yo, I am the flipper
And if you think I'm lying
Ask your girl, I stripped her
Anyway, don't want to get too deep
Peace to the native tongue from the J.B.'s to the Black
Sheep
And a special thanks to the founder of this
My manager and my partner Baby Chris
My crew in section 1, mu cousin Nonyay
I don't care how I look, I am not from Bombay
Nor Puerto Rico, Chi ain't short for chico
When fill a mill to throw on a hood ?????
Or a Malcolm X tape, when I'm out here I wear my cape
And all those who use to diss me, is catching the vaps

(Vanilli Shake)

Sifting thru the rubble, I discovered your bumps
Remains of your body, from the war with the tone
I trapped you like prey
and ate you alive
I am the champ and you take the dive
Cause it's you I defeated, our battle you lost
You wanted quick fame, and now you paying the cost
Because ah... ya got me started
I lost control, now Chi-Ali is my ?, and I own his soul
You coming here was a blunder, so now you wonder
Why'd you fuck with me, I bring noise like thunder
Rip like a page, you too young in age
The Shake is thru, so just take the stage
(ah ha yeah, I know won boy, yeah its phat, I know I
won, know what I'm
sayin, get on the mic Chi-Ali)

(Chi-Ali)

Listen up, I know you tired of the same ol flow
A crazy booty MC, wit a wack ass show
Who thinks hes all that, but his record make no sells
But I'll make you dancetill ya break ya fuckin toenails
I getcha hype, cause my words is tough
And I even make a booty nigga wanna get rough
Not a slot when I'm lyrically about to drop
I grip the mic some ol other fuckin type shit might pop
Then go for mine, you ain't gettin a chance
One glance at my stance, will make you shit yo pants
So get new underwear, cause yours is muddy
Get free tampons, cause things gion get bloody
You wanna slam, I got some new shit that'll scoop ya
Even my old rhymes will knock you back to the future

Ya fast to claud ass, but ya too yella cut deep
Rhymin so booty, you start to look like a butt cheek
So I pull my mic out a gun holster
And make ya stomach wiggle like ya on a rollercoaster
Action packed like a total recall
I dropped that ass quick, you think ya ridin a freefall
So vacate, put away yo tape, call it quits
You couldn't out rap me if ya had nine lips
Cause my mic will excite, stimulate cause I'm greater
And even your girl can use it as a vibrator
Rap so rugged, I make a nigga act up
Gettin so hype, on a mic that it cracks up
The more I warm up, thoughts get drawn up
Then I communicate, and rappers get torn up
So yo when they ask, tell em Chi-Ali sent ya
Ya maybe good, but I'm a great adventure
(Know what I'm saying, kill it white trash)

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