

## Dj Honda "Straight Talk From Ny"

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Yeah, from New York to Japan, my plan will slam  
Holding my own up in this piece  
DJ Premier and of course, DJ Honda  
Jazzy Jay in the house, check it out  
It's goin' on right here inter-nation type, vibe, check the  
moves kid

I came to get the doe, what you expected  
I came to mack the hoes, what you expected  
I came to strictly flow, what you expected  
Look out, I'm about to blow, hit the exit

Next in command it's the five-foot-eight  
And three-quarter, warrior  
Take a stroll down my corridor  
I can effortlessly instantly burn  
MC's into effergy it's treachery

'Cause my skills have developed  
I envelope situations that I'm facin'  
Each lacin' and I'm chasin' those, the suppose  
That their game wasn't so phat  
Yeah, right, punk, you know that

Forget the media labels  
'Cause most of the ducks are fucked up and unstable  
Scared of the black stuff but I like to act up  
And get real ill 'cause I'm too hot to chill, stupid

Scratching, what you expected

Pussy, step back, fake Jake, I don't get down like that  
I kick the facts, then I sit and I mack  
With a sound like that you a one thousand, whack  
Get a think link, try to hang  
And bang, now your head swings

'Cause my intellect is universal  
For me to do or die with no rehearsal  
One verse will take you outta  
The weak format and bitch, MC's can take a powder

Still, you scower and skin your grill up  
But you'll be a casualty that got filled up  
With my ammo, 'cause I slam your ass  
To the concrete, you got defeated punk

Scratching, what you expected

Came to collect my loot, what you expected  
I like the girl that's cute, what you expected  
Givin' MC's the boot, what you expected  
I do my duty what you expected

Scratching, what you expected

Five albums, deep into this rap game  
I slap lame 'cause straight is my aim  
As I state my claim as the Bald Head Pimpsta  
Here to administer, sinister attacks upon those who  
lack

The ability to finesse the beat vocal techniques  
I slam like Dominique and you know  
My rhymes are punishin' like torture to your structure  
Brain cells rupture, what you expected

Scratching, what you expected

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