

Abomination

"Collaboration of Mics"

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And ya don't stop! (3X)

"This ain't a blast from the past, it's a boomer from the future" - E. Sermon

And ya don't stop!

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And ya don't stop!

[El Da Sensai]

Yo, pitchin the mission itchin for niggaz to mention

These rhymes don't catch attention incidental
composition

But alas I kick that, pro rap, boogie for the rookies

Who can't adapt fully, basically that shit be bull, see

[Lord Jamar]

Ya see this track be pullin me like gravitation

Collaboration with the Artifacts, bustin on this Lord

Finesse creation

Causin heart attacks and palpitations

Amalgamation like steel, we calibratin mics to keep it
real

[Tame One]

I feel blessed by Finesse and Lord Jamar, sess my
interest

is invested in, testin men like lab specimens

My daily regiment of elemental babble

keeps MC's rattled, I'm breakin my words up like
Scrabble

[Lord Finesse]

Not the type to try to ever diss, lyrically, clearly, the
cleverest

Don't front, we blow your spot like the terrorist

We do our thing and stand strong like Mt. Everest

The 'Facts, Lord Jamar, Finesse bringin terror kids

"This ain't a blast from the past, it's a boomer from the future" - E. Sermon

"Ya best to get your groove on, or get moved on" - Fat

Joe
And ya don't stop!
(repeat all 4X)

[Tame One]
The new procedure is to keep a straight face like Mona Lisa
when we beat you with the speech
We break down and decipher the rap codes in any zip code
Now watch us flip the mode like our shit went gold
Bar playin stars get scarred and left salty
by the terror with more L's than Laverne loose in Milwaukee
Good son like McCully, caulkin stalkin and walkin
I express best when smokin sess with a good Walkman

[Lord Jamar]
I'm breakin rappers into pieces, the Black Jesus
Attack your system like diseases lyrics for the ninety-six releases
Find me in the mix, where the trees is
Puffin L's in threes, tryin to make G's kid
Studyin degrees, livin lovely with my universal family
Rollin in the MPV, makin beats on the MPC
Understand and add, triple cipher
Niggaz be crippled without some weed and a lighter

"This ain't a blast from the past, it's a boomer from the future" - E. Sermon
"Ya best to get your groove on, or get moved on" - Fat Joe
Joe
And ya don't stop!
(repeat 2X)

[Lord Finesse]
Uhh, check it
It's the grand hitter, that's stands bigger in your transistor
That's historical like your late great ancestor
Ain't no hurtin me, certainly, personally
This verse'll be, the hottest shit out since Mercury
Check it, I deserve respect child because I project styles
More mysterious than the X Files
I can build and expand on it
Some got 'Five on It', fuck it, I got a hundred grand on it

[El Da Sensai]
Really y'all niggaz feel me when we step on the spot

Lyrics on cock, stroke and pop, open crews that's hopin
that the punishment ceases MC with masterpieces
Out to burn so learn, and check this fat thesis
X's and O's diagrams shit to flow
Cram expertise the bro, nigga from the East so
As we start to shine, brothers get the dick
Lyrical spit for crews who can't fuck with it

"This ain't a blast from the past, it's a boomer from the
future" - E. Sermon

"Ya best to get your groove on, or get moved on" - Fat
Joe
And ya don't stop!
(repeat 4X)

scratching of above to fade

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