

Dropkick Murphys "Tennant Enemy #1"

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Skills, skills, skills
My microphone, it's skills
The funky beat, it's skills

Skills, top rank point blank we vital
Spit flows rip shows peep the recital
Skills, now, you feel it when we drop those
Hot beats stop phoes killin' shit we got those
Skills, it's, the music that the street loves
Each thug, is now reppin' this with deep love
Skills, Gang Starr duelin' again rulin' again
Watch as we do it again

It's the, true enliven' with a youthful vengeance
And I'm a judge rap is your ass give you a crucial
sentence
You need at least twelve jewels to practice
You're too enthusiastic male groupie bastard
Still tryin' to convince us some more
Pretendin' your raw that's what you need a minister for
Again it's the law got you up against the wall
We the gulliest fuck it then it's us against y'all

Mic skills type grills like I'm Michael Jill
Like when he write for the pill is how I stay for the ill
Slide off kid, and let a grown man finesse it
We bold and impressive that old manifest shit
Some new product from a known team
Niggas know me, and you can bet they know Preme
So here we go for your stereo
And you could tell that it's real when you hear me go,
hear me go

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You little suckers know better, I go head up
If your man left the joint in the whip then tell him go get
it
We hold it down like a holy crown
Fools actin' like they know me throw me phoney pounds
Fuck that I'm sittin' back like an aristocrat
Shell shocked chief assassin' with a whole fuckin' list of
cats
Thought you was on the case but you missed the fact
The bitch talkin' this and that I'm a make it simple Jack

I doubled up and tripled that, soldiers where your
pistols at?
Life wrong move lose the gift of that
Why they callin' us the most consistent?
Most significant some old slick shit
Fulfill your need and catch joyful rush
Enjoy your dutch haters annoyed with us
Oh boy it's us you know the face in the club
Blazin' it up, with my niggas raisin' it up for these

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Btohers are amused by other brother's reps
Some niggas pull tecks catch others for checks
All for respect, all for the bread
For the chance of success they might hand him his
head
Remain humble 'cause I know enough
Plus the road is tough especially when you roll with us
But I'm a stay with my peeps, stay in these streets
Rhyme sprayin' and I'm playin' for keeps 'cause I got
those

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