

Blof

"The Real Deal"

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[SPIDAHMAN]

Here it is! Bam!
And y'all say "oh fuck!", this be a cold cut
Show love whenever the flow bust
Mash up the whole club, people in the line try door rush
People in they rides doing donuts
Pushin' poems in the domes of groupies givin' up that
'chocha'
To the independent mommas who got they own stuff
Even white girls with no butts
I unload one in the domes of nine to fiver survivors
To the heads huggin' the corners, this is for the
Big blingin' ballers or the backpackin' purists
Who say "The Source" sucks
Whether you smoke up or hold cups
It started as a slow buzz, now we roll up
Treat the industry like they owe us
Don't front, you know who this isâ€¦!
Mo-no-lith!

[CHORUS]

This is hip-hop! Yep, yep the real deal
Talkin' 'bout microphones and the wheels of steel
This is hip-hop! B-boys and graf bombin'
If you ain't up to rep then you best pass on it
This is hip-hop! Fly ladies and gents
Comin' out to the clubs and the major events
This is hip-hop! Underground and commercial
The same shit that builds us kills usâ€¦!

[NISH RAAWKS]

You'll never catch Nish posin' in some flashy-ass get up
Cuz I'm fed up with people who listen to what they see
and not hear
So I sneer and appear looking pissed
As I breathe in the mist and as you bangin' on your
chest with your fist
I insist on rollin' my own, can't wait a turn
So tell me to go to hell cuz all I wanna do is burn
I live to learn and earn the things that I need
To succeed at a successful speed, best believe in Nish

I explode like a cist on a boxer's fist
The death wish leaving whole cities dissed in this
I'm the rap yellow plague, spreading sickness
So if you sound like bitches, you gonna leave the cyph
dickless
The difference is you listen while I study
I'm in the studio while you're freestyling drunk with one
of your buddies
It's more than just a fashion and flashin', it's passion
with tongue lashin'
You know my crew so stop askin'!

[CHORUS]

[DAN-E-O]

This is Mo-no-lith!
Definition: an unbreakable rock, no knots and no rifts
You mocked and you quipped that my flock is the pits
We watched and we hawked while you talked all your
shit
Now we clockin' you with lyrics that's hotter than wires
is
In stolen kinds of whips and faulty kitchen appliances
Got it down to a science it's your three royal heinesses
How petrifying this Dan, Spi and Nish alliance is
You find it crisp that you got this new identity
But since elementary school, my status was celebrity
Cuz I had this tendency: always rap offensively
And dent MC's using talent shows as my weaponry
True lyricist necessities
I got 'em covered like conspiracies and priest's sexual
histories
CDs: 20 bucks, 30 for the live hypeness
Experiencing mics ripped like this: Priceless!

[CHORUS]

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