

# Elzhi

## "Checkmate"

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[Verse 1]

Checkmate, crown me king  
This loaded .44'll  
Make you fold up like a yo-yo  
Wrapped around the string  
Buck to the spray  
This pen and my knuckle'll sway  
This trouble in your way  
Like N.W.A., Ren coupled with Dre  
The secret is out, the sneak peak leak  
And your speaker's about bust, it just skeets skeets  
Victory's mine, sick with the rhyme should be a crime  
Convicting me, sentence should be a centuries time  
You're not worthy to tangle with me  
You're not worthy to hang with a G  
Just dangling hanging from a tree  
The moment you fear is near  
You know it, this poet pierce a mere opponent and split  
his dome up from ear to ear  
For acting like you don't hear me clear  
I'm untouchable as a ho in a chastity belt from sheer  
Brazeer.

(Talking)

Yeah Dilla, these niggas is fronting on your boy,  
dawg(Yeah! )  
We gotta show what's real(Yeah! Yeah! Yeah! )

[Verse 2]

They all holla I'm I'll over the beat  
Don't get overly beat  
The way your forefather tore cotton from fields  
You forgot that the skill puts heads in a headlock  
Shot you dead from cockin' still lead shared with the  
red dot  
Now these niggas is eternally sleepin'  
I think they personally prefer to be breathin'  
Anyone versus me is certainly leavin'  
The earth's surface and the surface sea and this  
region  
You dealin' with a don!

A villain and a con artist find heartless killings still my  
feelings isn't gone  
Run in your place with wonderful brace  
Don't get stomped in your face  
I'll make your lungs jump from your stomach to waste

(Talking)

Libido niggas! (Oh boy! ) The mixtape quality  
(You already know what it is nigga.)  
(We got the website coming! )  
(Custom kicks) First magazine(First magazine! )  
(Nigga we borrowing houses in Alabama)  
Libido sound(Restaurants, the whole deal)  
Look for that... that next Speed project(... dot com)  
And that Elzhi and J Dilla joint, baby...

[Verse 3]

Toast glasses for your host with the most classic flows  
of the coast  
You gaspin' like a ghost just rose from a closed casket  
Elzion, the guy to keep your eyes on  
Until the day you die, Satan fries, and the skies gone  
One of 'em's over with  
Don't walk towards me with a chip on your shoulder,  
you walk away with your shoulder chipped  
I stole the whip, I'm already high and racing  
Deadly combination like an itchy trigger fing-

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