

Blood Sweat & Tears

"On the Ropes"

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You on the ropes son, got you stunned, the bell rung
And we the champions, pass the belt, we just won
Ain't no decisions, hands down, no eight count
Yo' position, prostrate and laid out

[Kev Roc]

Aww yeahh

Beans and biscuits, I eat it every dinner
Compact the stresses of daily deep in my inner
Breath a psalm of hatred your photo up on my vanity
Borderline I hold for total focus to insanity
Tempt I often let it come brush up then I deny ya
Hold my stamina to damage a flurry and as you tire
all I ever been is I weather you best, and peep my shot
Counter, lacing basic combination make your speaker
pop
A.M., the marketplace I put in double roadwork
Drivin as I'm livin correct and right as you sold dirt
ill scientific, I school and rule the newest
G.M. Web Dee, he mix it like he Panama Lewis
I got the Eye of the Tiger, combatin on the verbal tip
vent with hook and verse show no mercy kick back and
herbal it
Strike out the mic-er, all in the way you gerbils get
shoulderin my chip know me ripper from all the herbs I
split

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{repeat 2X}

[Vultcha]

This verse born in the nest, East New York, Falcon Crest
Mere mortal this galaxy's champion'll put you to the
test
Like studies on paranormal activity, I warn ya
like allergic reactions, you're pregnant, up in this game
And dialatin with your money caught in contract-ions
Promoters teachin math on how your check become a

fraction
You flappin at the lip and migrating
You talkin shhh on this mic
Spiritually constipatin, while I'm hungry for the belt
like Galactus, on your local constellations
When you see me play like you monk, no conversation
Don't even blink like a con out of the cave
You got to "pardon" my conviction
If looks could kill, I'm servin life bids for screwfacin
Is that blood? Don't worry about that, red stuff, you
started tastin
I'm like a chef, just cookin, and your teeth need some
basting
About to put your consciousness on vacation
You tracks to mine, pale in comparison like a
caucasian so embarassin

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bell rings, crowd is cheering

[Kev Roc]
Yeah.. uh-huh, told you, yeah
How did you get here? I know that's what you're thinkin
Salty leak, a trickle of blood you're steady drinkin
Uppercut to bolo L1-ing ya son, I clobber loud
Through the leather you feel me I slap your slobber out
Needles in the thumb of my globe, Dunn I ain't fuckin
witcha
Boxcutter blooded I flurry up in that ass I getcha
Synapse choked like inhalin blunt smoke
Verbal barrage vowed, let that fucker provoke

[Vultcha]
I send you snakes back to hades gates pointed tail
between your legs
Beggin for a garrison, bring ALL your mens
Steppin up like you a six you get eclipsed by the seven
You can take a third of my boys I'll STILL smack you out
my heaven
It's all scrimmage, I break your tackle
You stoned like Medusa sniffin 'caine in the mirror
Son you a statue, just like a 3-D porno comin at you
The Vultcha's like a pokemon with AIDS,
better pray that I don't catch you

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{repeat 4X}

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