

Everlast "Get Down"

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Get down, get down, get down
I see everybody rockin' the same old style
And everyone's sportin' the same profile
And all of y'all wearin' the same name brands

I hear everybody jackin' these played out jams
I won't reach for no gun, punk, I use my hands
I rock mikes and roll bikes, I cross foreign lands
I made my bones out in zones where the twilight be

And every time I touch a mic
It's Fright Night Part Three
For every MC that wanna test and try
In your custom made wears

Thinkin' you too fly
Makin' up in gold chains
What you're lackin' for brains
It's time to call your ma, Duke

Scoop up your remains
And finally lay to rest all the shit you stressed
Of boastin' and braggin' about the toes you taggin'
I'm knock knock knockin' on heaven's door

While every rapper that you simmed
Is pimped like a whore
You see your talk is eighteen
Three quarters past four

When your doctor slaps my ass
Hear the lion roar
The record sales soared
And the world got toured

You say, what happened to my band
I say, I just got bored
Now they call me Whitey Ford
And I say praise the Lord

Find me breakin' up your crews
Catch me singin' the blues

Strummin' and pickin' like I'm BB King
It's Abdul Rakim, now watch me do my thing

Down down, you go
Down down, so low
Down down till you hit the floor
Keep fallin' down, till you can't get down no more

You go point blank range
With the scope he's knockin'
The Psycho might change
But there ain't no stoppin'

The moon's on the rise
When the sun start droppin'
And y'all need to quit the bullshit you poppin'
'Cause I've been hip hoppin' since BDP

Rock the P it's free
It's Abdul Rakim
And when referring to me
You best respect the name

Make a quick double take
And double check your game
'Cause you about to get dissed
I'm checkin' my list

When I check it over twice
It's like rollin' the dice
I hit four-five-six, I'm all up in your mix
I rock good from Hollywood

To the City of Bricks
And all these fake cats scream they're keepin' it real
While you're makin' your deal
We'll be breakin' the seal

You be breakin' your vows
Like people worshippin' cows
And then I hit ya with the who's, what's, where's and
how's
Like Vinny Barbarino

Matt Gachino
I'm with my man Rino
With the Brooklyn Lordz
Crashin' the boards with my soul in a hole

I take it back to the future
From the days of old

I'm too cold to hold
Too hot not to burn ya

Don't stick your nose in business that don't concern ya
Might have to trip
And flip like Ike Turner
You too old for schoolin', boy, when I'm gonna learn ya

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