

## **Extra Prolific**

### **"Now What"**

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Featuring Opio]

EXTRA PRO:

Yeah

I can feel this

been holdin' mics longer than Don Cornelius

will this ever end

not 'till I seal this

challenging your style reveal this

to you wack niggaz

phuck the trigga (get on the ground)

and try to peel this

'cause I'ma heal this meaning your wounds and scars

froze your flows compose you down from G to R

then expose you to the star

that I caught you in

and plus this motherphucka' brought a friend

so you're not scary, very silly really

nothin' puffin' out ya chest

I doubt ya fresh

and Billy's bluffin'

and so it's cool for you to do

your clout was less soon as you did that

ya shit's wack

forget rap

there's extra robes in your choir stand while you  
admirin'

the niggaz in higher places who are firin'

you weak shit so knock on

Opio they wanna be dropped on (come on give it to  
'em)

OPIO:

Yeah

Hieroglyphics rock on

outlastin' the niggaz graspin' on to the past

when they was everlastin'

let the times pass 'em

now they gaspin' for breath

with nothin' left

they used to be def

I guess they blacked out

they need to back out

wack wasn't our shit from jump

I never did give a damn about a punk MC

my sworn enemy

I live to see 'em all fall off

just memories

'cause we the uncontested

Hieroglyphics unimpressed wit' (what)  
the shabby competition, they gets left quick  
plus these R&B niggaz on they dick  
they betta' stick to singin'  
stop clingin'  
to the real shit, listen  
get a clear understandin', this is competition  
demandin'  
you can't get a hand in  
I stay on top, I'm never landin'  
leavin' MC's scramblin'  
I keep 'em grounded  
they can't compound slick lyrics together  
never had it in 'em, better  
leave that shit alone  
simp to the women for a minute  
that's how ya livin'  
give it up man, ya lost it  
ya look exhausted  
ya betta' off wit' the  
Heartbreaks, singin' backup  
'cause ya slackin' tremendously, ya never win  
ya mic gets smacked up  
disagree (huh), ya disallusioned  
'cause ya losin', jerk  
take some time out

stutterin', can't even get ya phuckin' rhyme out  
who da champ?, who da joke?, let's find out  
straight out the O' and niggaz love me fo' it  
the mack poet

down wit' Extra Pro, it don't stop y'all  
and niggaz can't catch up  
unmatched, diggin' niggaz on the mic  
I'm such a pimp  
and don't attempt, ya can't touch me  
shut that shit up, ya weak (yeah)

I make the freaks get up

[CHROUS:]

"(It don't stop)don't stop(don't quit)don't quit X4  
(We gotta' come wit' the funky shit)"

EXTRA PRO:

Now Hieroglyphics ain't no motherphuckin' joke  
so soak, in the liquids and bottles of dopeness  
I won't be so subtle to rope this  
around ya neck  
we got respect  
hocus pocus  
try ta focus  
ya see into me and  
ya read into the beats  
sweet

is my style, I'm disturbed  
I got a list and mile  
of MC's that don't pile the right vowels  
I'll, listen and laugh (ha, ha, ha...)  
while you don't have what we have, I'm dismissin' yo'  
staff  
and if you ain't followin' then you missin' the wrath  
have you forgotten, I'm fed up  
shut up, when I'm speakin'  
while you're seekin'  
a style we rock on the weekend  
now you're peekin'  
at me and my man while we're freakin', reekin'  
the smell of funks  
punks, get the leakin' (ha)  
from the dillz (but they still ain't fresh)  
time ta chill.

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