

Extra Prolific

"One Motion"

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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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