

Boa

"Rap Scharlor"

Visit "[Rap Scharlor](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Chorus: N-Tyce (DV's) {La the Darkman}]
We all Rap Scholars, we dimes amount to dollar
Anything less than a mill', don't even bother
What we out for? (Makin' paper)
Eh-yo, tell 'em about the long run (An hour later)
{Yo, check my hit women, the Power-U make niggas
keep sinnin'
You think you blowin' back but you just swimmin'
Official Queen Bees, Wu Deadly Venom
Yo sting 'em!}

[Champ MC]
Been in this rap game for mad long, mad long, mad
long
Long enough to rock like this
From the projects, since sunsets
Society like a Bomb Threat, still livin' as a convict
Cause a conflict, out to get yours, tryin' to get wreck
Breakin' ya neck to earn respect
On the mission, bet you fall like the composition
And the competition better off playin' ya distance
My Venom position, my miracles
Like a magician, it be that pull ya be pissin'
The main rendition, hittin' you right on the spot
Your feet'll drop, we hot, fuck the rest
We the ones that can't be stopped

[Jamie Sommers]
Uh!
Been in this rap game mad long, mad long, mad long
Long enough to kill it like this
Bust the blessin', fertile crescent, verbal weapon
Lyrically lace up the track with crews, I start the
essence
My confession, ill thoughts, roof tops
Seed on the my back pack, tied boots, the napsack
Fatigue'll bring CREAM, stashed up in the seams
Runnin' the illest caper, not for paper
But for good behavior, Christ that bear, originator
Livin' out a dream, they scheme, in army green
With disgustin' lust, approachin' me, and slay lyrical

scene

A light, snatch up mic's, unify my wisdom team
Supreme, high oxen team, come Killa Beez
I'm born to dwell in the West, chill in the East
Deadly Venoms on the come up with the sting
Like dope to a fiend, we all seen

[Chorus]

[Finesse (La the Darkman)]

Been in this rap game mad long, mad long, mad long
Long enough to freak it like this
Mysterious like Finesse & Synquis
Thought I was Uptown kickin' it, just makin' the hits
Puttin' on the Ritz, havin' occasional fits
Cuz this thorough chick rippin' niggas thinkin' they slick
So I play 'em like a pimp play a trick
Don't show yo without my dough ho, see that's a no-no
We rock it too long, this ain't a promo
Take a photo, too many years, drop a vocal
Throwin' choke holds, I'm loco
Word on the streets is that I rip mad beats, pack heats
But y'all been gettin' too deep, my life's steak
Word on the same day is Mary J
Let me know, every day it rains but the CREAM'll come
away
So I maintain, don't stress the brain
Even though, once before I thought my ass was framed
Thought niggas wasn't tryin to see Fi-Fi rock
(They still come up sayin' Soul Sistas was hot)

[N-Tyce]

Been in this rap game mad long, mad long, mad long
Long enough to freak like this
Lyricist, never sleep, I be that chick who creap
High-pitched country accent up on the beat
Up on the freak, nah, I'm doin' other things
Undercover things, we the 4th Lethal Weapon, Danny
Glover name
Aim for the best, never no less
Never no stress, like I'm mad thick on this flesh
Thick on his chest, slick with his stress, you know the
rest
Guaranteein' y'all to God bless
Progress with positivity, steady takin' out the enemy
Yo I've got to have the whole world feelin' me

[Chorus - La the Darkman only]

[J-Boo]

Yo, yo, yo, yo

I been in this rap game for mad long, mad long, mad long
Long enough to rip like this
Well let me spark this, rebel bitch that be heartless
Cuttin' niggas down with the sharpness
QB rebel, known to do dirt, take you to the next level
Venomous style just like a devil
Wreckin' hard with all wicked flows that go
Keepin' chickenheads on they toes, fuck my foes
I got mad moves to make, stack this cake
You can catch me at my show in the next state
Spittin' venom at you crumbs, collectin' my funds
We come to rock it 'til it's all done

[Lin Que]

Been in this rap game mad long, mad long, mad long
Long enough to rock it like this
Malik links chokin' up when I spit
Still too slickly, we leavin' fluids leakin'
Even the meetin' they puzzled cuz of the muzzle
Smellin' trouble, seein' double, right before the struggle
Throwin' fist up, lockin' clicks up
Left a dick up for attempt to stick up
Ask RZA he know Venom and Lin Que flow
Little somethin' lethal, custom mad for the people
Unequal..

Visit [Boa](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.