

## **Bofill Angela**

### **"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  
caucausian so embarassin

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{repeat 2X}

\*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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