

Firefall

"Lex Lugor"

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[Kool Keith]

Ladies and gentlemen, live from Detroit, Michigan, with
a
jam-packed crowd of 55,245 people, it's Kool Keith, the
Rhythm X, with Godfather Don, at the St. Nicholas
Arena
with Lex Lugor and the man with many faces

I'm like Billy Messenger, rhyme like a passenger
Carrying packages, moving like a messenger
On the street, you talk and you ask in the
I'm coming out, where the hell is your manager?
MC's in New York, everyone wack in the
He's dance falling, take and pay all the cash in the
Another check, spin the record too much and the
Whole lotta junk turning hard on the radio
Flop to flop, pop to pop
MC's stop making tapes, cupcake the trues from
Lose dumb, MC's try to battle and
At the Lyracist Lounge, many scrounge and scrounge
Take 'em back to the real shit, real legit
Any rapper on a label should resign and quit
MCA, Arista, Interscope, Jive, Columbia
How could you let a scum be a
Styling threat, style and bet, you'll regret
I kick lyrics with Janet and tour with Jackson
Wasting time with another wack act
Making whoop and shoot should be doo doo on a
pooper scoop
I see the industry buggin', but they don't know no
better
I take one two three
Looking at me, sounding like me
Walking like me, clapping like me
Stealing my style and even hardcore and keeping
rapping like me
I kick it, but they wait, handicapped standing on the
side
Looking like Shaggy and Scooby Doo trying to get
through
Styles they go one two three four five six seven eight-

oh nine ten
Eleven twelve thirteen, fourteen MC's try the mix with
the kid
That flaunts your style, come like Barney Rubble
But a kid will have to open a box of tricks
Lickity licky lick styles

Next up the Godfather Don making his way against the
Undertaker and
the Ultimate Warrior. MC's take your seat for the next
match, because
there's the moment to miss. Wait til you see the
twisting styles of
the Godfather Don.

[Godfather Don]

I stick the styles, uplift my piles like masking tape
You masturbate while your ass all blasted baked
>From this endless onslaught like ??? court
I'm on court with spawns that's born tortured
Dismember, limbless winner
Tims will stomp and send hymns to remember
When you first got a peak at the exquisite lyric
Ever visit a complete rapture
Or see perhaps a need for rap disease
The need to trak a often exonerated bombing I'm first
to use
I'm rated X, Rhythm, sprayed by techs given
Your shit is wack, got execs quitting
I'm shitting, it's getting morbid
Poor kids with sore clits getting dicks with raw dick
It's time to sever the heads of less than clever I bled
To never ever tread the mess to sever
Attacking to when I'm rapping disintegrating verbatim
I chippy chop and I ate 'em but rate 'em I slayed 'em
and baked 'em
With an unleaded more higher to burner more
In other words elevated weighted gets more
Raw, for your example, I gets mad and middle
Ran to venues when you couldn't add
Dial, styles, styles

[Kool Keith]

Once again world champion leaders of the WBCS! Kool
Keith, Rhythm X, and
Godfather Don! Raking #1 overall champion over Lex
Lugor.
The family Beatnuts, Organized Konfusion

