

Genius

"Who's Your Rhymin' Hero"

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Who's your rhymin' hero

I use lyrics versatile, beat up, on any style
Treat em like stepchilds and smile
I grab the mic then I check one two
Brother's look, yo what he's gonna do
Hmm, you know I don't get too hyped
I just fully load up the brain and cock the mic
And blast off rhymes, within a matter of time
I'm like a mirror of organized crime
For slaying an mc who think that he might be
The first brother who could come up and fight me
Start running like you're looking for p.c.
Protective... custody
'cause I'm blowing off, just for going off
You may think I'm showing off, 'cause every rhyme is
flowing off
A dope beat that is so sweet to the eardrum
Gets the crowd prepared to hear some
Super, high-powered lyrics, specially chosen
The battle's a snowstorm and brothers are frozen
Thirty-two degrees below zero
Now who's your rhymin' hero (3x)

The genius, is a rap professor
Casual dresser, you may dress fresher
But the way I speak is so poetic
Describe me on the mic, I'm energetic
Even if you roll up strapped with an uzi
Still your wack lyrics couldn't [do me!!]
Yo, I'm not the type of guy
'cause my lyrics are high powered, meaning fly
I'm not barn, I'm building hard
You thought that I was weak, well let me speak
With me being frozen this mc weather come to
All linked together
See I got wreck, wrapping things in check
You got germs, worms, plus a lack of respect
I'll be teachin, you couldn't handle

A style like mine, I dismantle
Just by pickin up the mic, and start showin

I cold turn it out, and yo then
I get super serious strong and then furious
Give an mc something to make them curious
On, professors, in college
I stomp em out just with supreme knowledge
Bustin up witches, yo I give stitches
Super-suckin-fuckin-lickin-some-sexy-scali bitches
I go off, and off men often
See the december's primatteen mist coughin
'cause I'm the God building hard never barred
Bringin crazy static to your attic
Now I'm known to flip a show
Now who's your rhyming hero (4x)

You have some mc's who get too hyped
From a ten word rhyme it took em hours to type
That's not mc'ing, just an mc being
Weak on his words and never thinkin bout freeing
Poitive thoughts that I let come out
I'm the genius of this, I know what it's about
'cause on the mic I'm a leader, school I am a reader
When it comes to sex, a strong good breeder
Mc's max but every one I wax
And collect the cash money without being taxed
Now that I have your attention, I'd like to mention
Don't battle me at any rap convention
If so I'll show all who wants to know
To detemine who's an amateur and who is a pro
Don't mean to get ill, 'cause I know how you feel
You lack words like mines, talent and skill
Now I'm known to flip a show
Now who's your rhyming hero (4x)

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