

Breeders

"Reservation for One"

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[Evidence]

Yo, accept defeat as I drop after the heat
Don't provoke, come fully equipped
Daggered and Cloak
So what you wanna do?
I came in bumpin Jack of Spades
You came in wit Two of Hearts by Stacey Q?
Femine is your drumtracks, one hat no rise
My DJ's in the shadows, I perform, show my soul side
To the audience, programmed intelligent
Active ingredient, balance, find the medium
It rains, let it hail, don't front my shit is ill
Tomorrow's on your voice mail, digest it like a pill
Lost my jones for cigarettes, my lungs ain't charred
Yo my sentences are full, I average eight words per bar
Babs, forgive em, they know not what they doin
They built for themselves, that's why they places lay in ruins
Yo, isn't it funny how these cats lack the basics?
Like rhymin on time, four four ?the serve's by Asics?

Cuts by Babu

"Braincells are lit, ideas start to hit
And when my pen hits the paper" [Big Daddy Kane]
"Who's the man in the hot seat?" [Grand Puba]
"Braincells are lit, ideas start to hit"
"I'm the authentic poet to get lyrical" [Kane]
"Ideas start to hit, and when my pen hits the paper"
"Who's the man in the hot seat?"
"Braincells are lit, ideas start to hit
And when my hit hits the paper"
"Who's the man in the hot seat"

[Evidence]

Yo this seat's reserved for one
Of course matches my ticket stub
Escorted properly, your game bored/board like
Monopoly
My satiety limit is twenty minutes
I blow more trees than Louie Freese, this flow's infinite
Cadence, pocket, lesson, structure

Been rhyming nine years, my dedication pass peers
Skill level break the beat up, no time for my feet up
No relaxing, I keep it movin like DeNiro in Taxi
Driver, my name's Mike, Ev when I get hyper
Emergency, man down, who shot the sniper?
Yo I seen you in the crowd, arms crossed,
I know you heard of me (Stop frontin)
The show is hot, I get props from the security
Raisin levels of expectancy
Yeah your shit is tight, you think it's ABB quality?
I don't think so, aiyyo Ben grab the fish net
Take em to the pier and throw em off at sunset
After the heat

"Aww shit" [Kane] *Cut up by Babu*

"Braincells are lit, ideas start to hit
And when the pen hits the paper"
"Who's the man in the hot seat"
"Braincells are lit, ideas start to hit"
"I'm the authentic poet to get lyrical"
"Ideas start to hit, and when the pen hits the paper"
"Who's the man in the hot seat"
"Braincells are lit, ideas start to hit
And when the pen hits the paper, aww shit"

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