

Gus Backus

"Bring it On"

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Bring it on motherfucker bring it on (4X)

Verse One: Pharoahe Monch

Mind chip

I even be gettin more graphic than an Neo Geo
Thirty-two bit computer chip be slipped between my lips
and then I'll spit

Spit it out spit it out go ahead spit out
that itty bitty style you upchuck

Betta believe I buttfuck MC's from the rear it appears
you're stuck up

It's my terminology that strike up mind and rips this
beat apart

You know the many styles I choose will bruise crews
from the start

I flow awkwardly cause awkwardly I flow that's to the
rhythm

Incisions are made into the brain and then I begin to
give em

a lobotomy, follow me I'm shapin your brain.. like..
pottery

all over the track

Gimme the P-H gimme the A-R gimme the O-A gimme
the H-E, Pharoahe

Crazy poison tip arrows are hittin you from all
directions

You cannot dodge or manage to dislodge them from
the point at
which they are connecting

I am se-se-selecting a ne-ne-ne-new style

Live for pa-pa-pa-pile-piles of MC's who try to get bu-
bu-bu-buck-buckwild

Fu-fu-fu-fuck dat, when I'm in a renovative state of
mind

I'm innovative, never been afraid of rockin the
microphone

I'm prone to be eliminating

Cling when I sing a song of sixpence if it makes sense
then sing along

Cling along to my nuts if you got guts then bring it on

Bring it on motherfucker bring it on (8X)

Verse Two: Prince Poetry

There is no equivalent one consider me the epitome of rhymes

Rhythm to techs execution is parallel to them with an exception of the organisms

My telepathy cannot be dismantled so stop sweatin me

Advanced data now watch your greater updates so raps get trampled

Fe-fi-foe steps up elevations show

That I'm ahead of your time specifically right behind a dope rhyme

Rippin shit up at prime time I'm Optimus Prime/time material

Imperial wizard of vocabularic havoc I eat MC's like cereal

That's soggy, milky skills like Mister Miyagi

When it's foggy I release globby spits

over names of rappers in the lobby as a hobby... I'll!

Rip your nitshit get stick quick get your crew before I do

Something gory to your quite futile styles

Miniature raps get waxed, simonized

Into the fifth dimension of your centrifugal never typical stand attention

I'm, mystical rip shit til the power blows

Those chose to compete we delete em -- observe defeat

That's sending down from above to get cha hit cha split cha ditch cha

Picture you, victorious

I'm gory plus your shit's mad boring, bring it on

Bring it on, bring it on, bring it on motherfucker bring it on (2X)

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