

## Ingrid Kup "Off Balance"

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\* transcribed from the DJ Premier scratched version  
and containing many errors

[Ed O.G.]

Hey yo, give me stocks like brokers  
I'm killin all you chumps with the choker, the big joker  
Holdin trumps while you gettin broker, so callate la  
voca  
I like my coffee black, give me cream to make it \*Primo  
scratch\*  
Any challenger, can get hung like a calendar  
and changed by the month, I remain in the front  
I don't fuck with fakes, never ran from Jakes  
Style be High like the Stakes, gettin cream like Drake's  
Cupcakes  
No mistakes, I wouldn't play myself  
like all you MC's and get thrown in Ricki Lake's  
Cause I ain't Jones-in like Jenny  
Plus I keep it real like when Janet was Penny  
I be a master, Ed O.G. with that nigga Laster  
Holdin MC steel, and we're movin right past ya  
with forty-four thousand ways to blast  
Cause a nigga gotta do what he hasta

"Knock you off balance... good!" \*cut and scratched\*

[Laster]

What up and down, crews fall and count the losses  
In Hell you forced the spell with metaphorcial forces  
Now microphones, fiends for my vocal tones  
Twenty-four grown, run it down one day know right  
from wrong  
I master my opponents, lift the scene success  
Succeed in so much verse, you in this biz so bless  
Money I roll like ?fresh dern traces to North?  
for surgery, \*Primo doubles words and makes this  
incomprehensible\*  
.. this to get down \*Primo doubles words again\*  
.. then none, or present to run youths while you done  
done  
Now steel notes down your bodystructure, the

masterpieces

\*Primo doubles words again\* .. just like fishes

And ?vicious?, no ran-on like sentences

when my mind spray \*Primo yet again\* game crime  
style can't relate

so bring the ruckus, darkness, sheistiest niggaz to  
spark this

I turn em harmless when I'm rhymin niggaz gutless  
The unstoppable, Laster, money bring heat, I laugh  
the Omega, they kills my path to Mr. Backdraft  
Cause MC's get drags like fags, holdin a six-six flag  
When the mind get open kid I swept em off the ave  
Lift your face with one flow and on that blow  
swallow your fonts now you shittin steel out your  
asshole

"Knock you off balance... good!" \*cut and scratched\*

[Laster]

Only the strong survive, but the slickest be the richest  
I throw my shadow with an echo, full moon status  
Naturally hit trees of buddha, we got props like a new  
do

?On lingaling portables? make crews not know where to  
run to

So when you enter, learn to get burnt

And overstand the realness son, and some few good  
tunes

cause faces of death, will form a target on your jacket  
The wanted mack ?spread beans?, approach you like a  
fuckin Deadpool

Like I'm Magnus cops roll, tried to bag us deep  
in the corner of Blue Hill, wide open steel scared of us  
What? We see no fuss, knahmean?

And chicks get bagged like grocery, try to get that  
meal on real

Crews run sort of like blacks on blocks

Gun don't stay silent, at these rhymin grooves off  
balance

6-1-7 mass massacre scar you for life

Ghetto survivor son, leave two in your secret box

\*more cutting and scratching\*

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