

Jim Cuddy

"The Nothing"

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(*horn scratching beat intro*)

(Verse 1)

A lot of these MCs tend to freeze
When someone mentions kicking frees
Talking 'bout he's kicking a freestyle
He must be senile
Forgot that he wrote that track last night
That's right
If me and that nigga battle it'll be his very last fight
Ate him up down to the last bite, with maple syrup
You're up next
After you I'll drink a Beck's
Contact another L, listen to raising hell
Run these MCs back to the lab
When I stab tracks I slash backs
Max like simay
Bring your ass to the battle, see what happens
Give me a beat to rip on, and Mr.Lif will catch frames
like a dip-on
Snapshot when my rap drops from my track
Rocks and jams your lap-top
Cause your disk drive can't get this lad
This guy willing to diss guys in the right of disguise
This is what wack niggas despise

(soft voice)

I hear what you're saying,
But what is it exactly that you're doing

(Verse 2)

I go back to the future like jiggawatts
Come back to present time, they say this nigga rocks
This jam probably shocks blocks
And throws djs in the beat craze
Yes ladies and gentlemen real hip-hop is back
The gotta rip tracks, smack the wack until the stage
crack
Get off the stage black, you're of lesser caliber
I battles stars like galactica
So if you're fucked, get up I'm coming after you

After you see me you'll probably flee
That's no use, cause I rock rhymes and stop signs
Jam up your block lines
In text with mic checks
Chop MCs necks then say next
Every concept is a bomb threat
Feared by the pentagon, wear a center-bomb in a black
box
So the black shots
Now they want the guard with the black rocks
Cause the fight against crack-rocks, and give back
glocks
To suffering ghetto tenants who got out of detox
And bleedox that report for slave ships and beat the
shit out of those that
wave whips
Have you heard of Mr. Lif, word is flav flips

(*horn scratching beat heard at beginning*)

(Verse 3)

Any MC on my shitlist gets ripped with the quickness
All those in favor say 'I like witness'
I'm about to get physical like fitness
You paper like litmus, you'll get busts
Now increase my implant, I've been amped
I've been champ cause I'm quite tight
Mr. Lif is old school like Light Bright
Scaring nigga like fright night
We might fight cause you might bite
Try to walk my tight rope and I might scope
MCs that think they're quite dope but can't quite cope
With a style that's sinsicular to sickle your throat
Quote for quote, note for note there's no hope
Now carry that back to your crew and ask them what
they wanna do
Probably nothing
If they said they wanna see me, they're probably
bluffing
Probably only tough in the bathroom mirror
Rhyming over r and b tracks
But I still bump, ease back like it was brand new
That's while all my shit stick like bamboo
Ain't no situation I can't handle
When it comes to you and your mic getting mangled
I take some time out to take your rhyme out
And if I can't be there myself
I'll create a genetic replica to step you

(*horn scratching beat heard at beginning*)

(*scratching of the word "Hey" during beat outro*)

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