

Kaukonen Jorma

"Truly Gifted Ones"

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"Check it out yo..."
(scratches and repeats)
"There's no doubt you're gonna bump this in ya
system..."

[Yeshua DapoED]
Yeah...one time...check it out
Unnhh...yo, check it out, check it out...yo..

Now let's take it from the top
Yeshua Dapo I'm here to rock
Here to bop domes, I'm known on ya block
From here to Stockholm I've shown I could rock
So I'm knowin' what I dropped is prone to get copped
(And ya don't stop!) On microphones I'm blowin' up the
spot
With written rhymes rather than goin' off the top
Son I'm gettin' mine, by all means ness'
I'm not lettin' time fly or dreams rest
Cuz control over words like this only occurs
I guess once every...(hmmm) well I dunno
But with a flow to uplift
Worryin' about time really doesn't make much sense
All I know I'm obligated, to drop a style you might-a
waited
A little too long for the lift and pour
Rip roarin' rhymes the mind can store
Brought forth to you every time I record
I be bored in my crib thinkin' of ways to amaze
On a page, on a stage, wanna raise awareness
Clear this epidemic goin' on, emcees are way too
careless

CHORUS
(scratching)
"This is a battle rhyme in case you haven't noticed..."
[Guru]
"Yo, nobody runs the point like that..."
"This is a battle rhyme in case you haven't noticed..."
"Nobody can touch me..." [J-Treds]
"This is a battle rhyme in case you haven't noticed..."

"My rhymes are designed to be perfect..."

[Pumpkinhead]

"Kick a rhyme..." [Lord Finesse] "I rhyme for sure, why not?"

(scratching)

[J-Treds]

Yo...uh-huh...yo, yo, yo, yo...

Ay-yo we rip mics, spit nice, blew many spots

Who tried to bring it? You wanna stop like thick spikes

They didn't want it, who at one gettin' this stunnin'

My competition didn't like it, but been there and done it

Caught a nice tan on the mic, quarter short a life span

Went from headliner to head callin' 'im hype man

Sick of my notch down, hot to average

Stoppin' the madness (know I'm sayin?)

Cuz there ain't to toppin' our status

We off limits now that we award winnin'

And our past tense got rappers happily forfeitin'

Fallin' rapidly, leavin' 'em lyin' in the streets

And when we're gone? They're all breathin' a sigh of relief, with

Some sign of weakness, but I flows almighty and

Those tryin' to beat this? (Well, almighty then...)

Better think twice, cuz I ain't the person or whom

You should be settin' your sights, hate to burst your balloon

But that's a no win...(the champ), no balls in hell

Cuz I've known the thrill of victory all too well

And when we spit, it's all jew-els

Anyone that tries to dis, send 'em all to hell!

CHORUS

(scratches)

"I'm over niggaz, I'm a battle type mobster..."

"Y the PoED..."

"...Niggaz, I'm a battle type mobster..."

"J..Treds...J-Treds!"

"I'm over niggaz, I'm a battle type mobster..."

"Pum...Pumpkinhead...Pumpkinhead!"

"By far we've been...tr-true-truly gifted...truly gifted ones son..."

[Pumpkinhead]

It's inconceivable how the simple minded copy my design

It's an original, not your typical rhyme

It'll cripple your spine, quick to shatter your sternum

When I get deep like surgeons, it's magic like Earvin

You wanna test hard? You better step God

Your music make me cover my ears like the logo for

the Def Squad
Wait, hold on, you haven't heard the best part
The rhymes I use'll have you baggin' groceries at a
Check Mart
With a tense heart, talkin' on your shoe like Get Smart
Benched like Starks, shootin' a three-pointer at the
playoffs (Damn!)
I'm ready to spray off, like a sawed a gauge off
I been workin' this for years while you be like "Sorry I'm
late boss!"
Save the acting for Kate Moss and take off
Before I break off, raps, like a Kit Kat
My tongue's a shotgun (BLAAOW!) wit' an unbelievable
kick back
I spit licensed art, you're just a souvenir knick-knack
I got together on this track, wit' Eli
Treds, yes you are the PoED, and I'm Jack...
...Daniels, light a candle on your mantle
We're the big boys in this underground, ya'll niggaz is
cockerspaniels
It's like...

CHORUS

"Glance at the emcee that is standing right in front of
you..."
(scratches and repeats)
"On my rise, I'm fly sucka, now whatcha gonna do?"

"1,2...1,2..."
(echoes to fade out)

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