

**Kevin Little****"K.I.M"**

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[Redman]

Nah nah, check this out, yo  
I grab my dick, spit, hit the blinkers, split  
the Dutch Coronas, tokin irons without permits  
Repetoire long-faced murderer's the shit  
Black Bruce Willis mix tape arsonist  
Esquire, for hire, with total rapid fire  
Supplier to any Tom Dick Jerry Maguire  
You chose the right man to get the plan executed  
I get the situation happening before you shoot it  
Flow direct-or, suprise you like guess what?  
The hotter I spit I'm trippin off smoke detectors  
Who next up to get dressed up, I don't pop  
corks I pop New York with a dot til import  
The art then the craft, will split you in half  
I'm a Hurricane you a Miller Genuine Draft  
While you push a S-Class I'm riding on a giraffe  
Uptown, naked, smoking a bag with hash, check it  
Shut your windows and lock your doors  
Whores scream louder than Berrymore when I pour  
And when me and my crew walk we walk on all fours  
Atomic Dogs, packed in a black Yukon

Chorus

[Erick Sermon]

John Blaze, I keep y'all niggaz rockin for days  
Boriquas, to eses, around the ways  
my own Mix Tape DJ, I Flex  
You don't have a clue when I'm doin ya who is he I gets  
busy, word up  
Come now player look in my eyes you think I'm bluffin  
A five year span turned nuttin into somethin  
And don't get familiar, your whole entourage don't be  
feelin ya, behind your back they straight killin ya  
(Who am I?) The Ex-Headbanger bad motherfucker  
High on Friday with Chris Tucker  
I be a Headbanger to my very last breath  
Even Jermaine Dupri think I'm SoSoDef  
K.A., Shawn Mims, I come from a long line of Geechies  
Who didn't care, blow Camp Lo Luchinis

I transform like Spawn, takes no time  
for me to get on, to the break of dawn, word

Chorus

[Parrish Smith]

PMD, the Purple Heart admiral  
Blow your spot and left shrapnel  
then escaped in the Benz capsule  
Harder than a NFL tackle, back to bite the Big Apple  
Southpaw, raw since I was a Sophomore  
Before I met Jane in the corridor  
The mentals, rapper slash entrepreneur  
with more action than Roger Moore  
Turn your cabbage into coleslaw, with the four four  
Spray Windex on your glass jaw  
Shatter it, fuckin with P, is hazardous  
Iced out Lazarus started and manufactured this  
My Squad's wild like the Manimals on Geographic  
Smash you bastards on some crab shit  
EPMD's the group the Squadron is the click  
Transmit, lyrical grit, time to shift cause I'm

Chorus

[Keith Murray]

Keith Murray, the holder of the boulder  
Lyrical analyst mental roller coaster flower  
Money folder, track blower, MC overthrower  
I flow witcha two at a time, like Noah  
I goes off to the beat, on the edge of reality  
and kick rhymes in my sleep, and battle Mortality  
Finally, every dimension know Keith  
Y'all egotistical simple-minded niggaz is pitiful and  
weak  
I'll give you a G a week for life, if you can defeat me  
I kick poetry at a high rate of mortality  
At static, lyrical Kraftmatic, smokin  
barkin like a dog, breathin like an asthmatic  
Lyrical sculpture create fly rap sculpture  
Ninety-eight Headbanger boy, yeah I told ya  
Total chaos, helter skelter, run for shelter  
Here comes the lyrical brain melter  
I be maxin and relaxin, attractin action  
Flippin more big ol words than Jesse Jackson  
My shit knock don't it, drive you crazy if you loan it  
Man I feel for my opponents

Chorus (to end)

