

Leskinen Juice

"The Message"

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[Thirstin Howl III]

The rhymes you about to hear, nevertheless of my own
This is for all you young MC's, oh my how you've grown
You got bigger, better, stronger and much faster
I remember you were small or slow
with a speech impediment and had asthma
You a comedian - when you started doin stand-up?
And where you come up with all these fuckin stupid
answers?

Your rhymes would be cute
if you wrote em on a pad that was pink
When MC's think, they're above the rim
I make them realize they really below the sink
Before we battle, check it out, I got these rules
You can't say: nine, spine, time -- all that shit is pre-
school!
You could talk of shootings, but tell me so I would be
clear
but don't brag about coke deliveries that will never be
here!
Don't mention your chickenhead and all her clothes by
Versace
when she needs some orthopedic shoes - she's
pigeontoed and knock-kneed!
Save me the part about, Timb's and bandanas
Frontin in front of cameras, braggin about what your
man does
I heard enough: glocks, cocks last year
That took niggaz to the cashier
but that ain't happenin for your ass here!
I'm amazed in your sudden interest for espanol
But see, I won't, rhyme, out the house, unless I'm told
Don't speak of ice unless it's from the freezer
Your Rolex and Lexus in Texas, I don't wanna hear that
either
How much cash you got is really none of my concern
as long as all of this is established, let me hear you, it's
your turn

