

## Letters To Cleo

### "Get Off It"

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Intro:

Hah, ay youknowwhat!msayin  
Hieroglyphics in here... forever  
Hah hah!

Verse One:

Aiyyo peep it, the back breakin mack takin titles  
Vital to the right I'll make men ache when  
they try to step, but charlatans are within  
the range of danger, which keeps me callin  
friends I meets more fake fools than real ones  
But it takes clues and hits to make moves with sense  
And since I'm-a rhy-mer, I need to take time to  
give niggaz reminders  
Who's the best, confuse the rest  
Abuse crews with the news they paid dues to my death  
The defter, slept on, long enough  
So now I pissed the stronger stuff  
and break out a bomb to puff  
Wrong! You can't hit, I lit it  
Get it, nope, because you, counter-feited, dope  
I hate fake guys and you make eyes follow with you  
hollow tips through, your hand, you're left dead

Chorus: repeat 2X

Get off it, I know you know I know you're on it (3X)  
Get off it, I know you know, I know you know

Verse Two:

Hip-hip hooray! Dip skip away from the forte  
of freshness nuff skills impresses the West is  
all up to my ingenuity, you will be  
comparing, to the rare men, we're aware when  
daring situations get your face in  
your crew's areas, so you move gregarious  
Whatever you rhyme you do shit that's putrid  
and noisome, so why voice em, crew's get

beaten until inanity  
Hieroglyphics can it be  
We're the best in the planet G  
Wiz niggaz are jealous  
But I fight what you bend with teeth  
so you can see if you can dig the G-R-O-O-V-E-S  
cause we be fresh  
For cypher a few the sneak-iest  
When kids wanna fade me, great  
But behold I got Seoul like the Olympics in eighty-eight  
So ladies wait for the coming of the He-Men  
You're on my nuts or that's how it's se-men  
The mastermind is never apprehended  
I screw the ruler, to fool the joker, and going up  
like the smoke of a phattie, add me  
to the shitlist, cause I be that  
I know you see that, we phat  
Livin larger than life  
I be the Zenith, clean with, mean stuff  
Taking charge of the stifiling  
Oppressing the dop-est in the sector  
Respect the, dope rhyme wrecker  
Hope I'm cleanin, when you think you're seein  
a massy Josh B got the beat like Rodney  
So King me, cuz I jumped ya  
This is how I checkah, foe  
Hit even the pecker, yo  
Getting to respect the, bro  
L-I-F-N-I-C you now know

Chorus

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