

Liv Kristine

"Allstar Cypher"

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[Substantial]

Your majesty, makes casualties of wack emcees
Catch you off guard like niggas speaking japanese
Mics I have to seize, I'm Duracell, You're dollar-store
batteries
With that wackness, please, send your weak records
back to the factories
I shop in Delaware, ain't nobody taxing me
Not unlikely, well actually
We come hotter than big pun, you still don;t sound fat
to me

[PackFM]

We're bananas like a daiquiri, haven't you heard?
They say 3 is the magic number, Dominion's the magic
word
I'm stabbing your nerves with the pens that's in your
pocket protectors
Blocking you set, knock your head right off the top of
you neck
I'm blocking your tech. Mad malicious, crazy vicious
Your rhyme was weak as fuck, I thought that you were
blowing kisses
Whole crew got issues. I ain't got time to diss you
I'm the shit, Only foes are diapers and Scott tissue
Competition I rip through. You can't tear shit
And the only projects you've ever been through... is
Blair Witch

[Rise]

I can't hold a job, because I'm so sick I always call out
Make rappers shit enough bricks to build a small house
My records, if they're all out, buy the mixtape
I ripped it, unless the DJ screamed over my lyrics
Nasty, I've been called the MAN lately
Locked up, a ladies man, will turn to a man's lady
I heard your freestyles, and all the songs you come
with
You're not developed, you should climb back in your
mom's stomach

[Wordsworth]

Wordworth's about to make your whole style plummet
I got a hundred of different styles
Matter of fact, I got a hundred of women
that means I got about a hundred of different childs
Or children, I've been building
Raps are just, be fulfilling my obligations, this is my job
and my occupation
And I'm sorry if I'm rhyming at your own show, then I
got you waiting

[Wiseguy]

Hired MCs occupation is to rock the nation
I'm happy rocking the basement
Word Up, Cause I don't need to rock a whole population
of small nations
Three people is enough, cause my rhymes that rough
and tough
I'll call your bluff, call you up and hang up
Click! Leave you alone with the phone and the dialtone
A.L. show 'em

[A.L. Skills]

Now, you couldn't take me out if you had a chaperone
What! I kill MCs over the phone
So, call the fire guards, and red alert
Cause I kill MCs through your MHz, my baretta jerks
Kills MCs off the top of the brain
Your girls giving me brain, cause AL is insane
You know the name, el nombre
I do it in Spanish, MCs stepping to me, of course they
vanish
Spenglish or Spanglish, whatever, que loco tu qiuera
AL, fuera fuego

[Tonedeff]

Given any instance in time, I split the rhythm in a
million pieces
Pull tubes on scuba gear to disable the breathing
features
I'm fabled in regions, that I've hardly seen or dreamed
of even
Elvis believes I'm the king because I stole the crown
from Stephen
I'm overachieving. Y'all niggas snoring or sleeping
Need to WAKE THE FUCK UP, game point for PLAYAS
scoring a beating
The Foreman of freedom, when you let me on
Cause after you hear us...you'll never wanna go back
like Elian

[Wordsworth]

Yo, what the hell he on?

He be buggin out, when it's a hot track now you can tell
we on

You prolly got some radiation inside of your brain and
a tumor from hearing

this because your celly's on

But wordsworth'll come across any station

You prolly jotting this down for your documentation

This is something off the top of the dome, I didn't write
it

But I know I'll be killing all you rappers sooner or later,
cause I'm a psychic

You gotta like it

[PackFM]

He's a psychic, and I got my sidekicks, PackFM

You can't rush it, going biking, while you're pedaling

Yo, I fucking roll, pumping like adrenaline

My shit is ill, I'm under your skin just like the melanin

PackFM, last name is an acronym, I'm smackin men

Um, fucking getting your shit pumped just like an
abdomen

A Six Pack, Yo, you get your shit back

Call the dispatch, because your shit's wack

Yo, get off the dick black

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