

Lost In Reality

"Off & On"

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Intro: GrapeVine

Hear ye, hear ye, the gang's all here
Trends of Culture, Indego and Lord Finesse
Hit em up with some ol' new stuff
This shit you damn sure better put on your tape, you
know what I'm saying?
So here we go, here we go now
Uh, here we go, here we go now
Uh, here we go, here we go now, uh
Here we go, check it out

Verse 1: GrapeVine

Sucka duck, what the fuck, here I come, mouths shut
My back gets large, and I'm on hut hut hut hut
Sever a group, whatever I do, this vocalist blows this
The Mad Speaker in the Knicks this
The ?cade? was made for me to get paid
Dreds bred in the head with just a shade of the fade
Begin the origin of musical material
Originality originates the original
Poet, you know it, and those who speak of poetries
Who know of me the crazy be they say that I get dizzy
With the style that you've been seeking
And the words are spoken into the speaker so you hear
just what I'm speaking
Next on the sex list
To put the muzzle on a puzzle cause your booty's not
Tetris
The mic's warm, so who's next to go on

Verse 2: Indego

What? Me slay ya, again witht the regemin
From Trends, in plain English, I'm here with my friends
From Top 10, so baby dog, get ready to bend
Sorry if I tend
To get sorta, outta, order
But I get open when I seek somebody's daughter
Not doing what people taught her

Right, me say me ready, hitting hard and heavy
Sit upon da riddim man you know me stay steady
Not enough time for all my lines
Just had to make you know, Shakim is doing records
And not doing crime

Verse 3: Lord Finesse

Check it out check it out
You know how we gonna do it like this, check it out,
bust it
I get greater when my DJ slaps the fader
I got shit that's slicker than Activator
Finesse is running this, you don't want none of this
I'm putting wack motherfuckers on punishment
Not the type to run a rhyme with the spring or
summertime
But niggas are gonna find they can't get none of mine
So just max and shut ya trap
You done said your rap, so break north and go ahead
with that
The man to thank, sharper than a shank
So don't try to rank, you get spanked point blank
MC's will get smashed in a flash
I'm far from a lazy ass, that's why I'm clocking crazy
cash
The vigilante, my style's uncanny
Fuck a Grammy, now girls hold on to your panties
And check it, when it comes to sex I break records
The game in a second, I send bitches home naked
Gossip their head, me get played, that shit is dead
Man listen, I cut bitches off like Con Ed
So just chill, don't be offended
If you're hype and act right, the shit'll be splendid
But if you can't compute, you wanna act all souped and
be cute
Then bitch you get the boot
It's the mack of the year, so clap and cheer
Cause it's clear that I'm here to end motherfuckers
careers, yeah
This is a world premier
Now who's the first volunteer so I can bust ya ass and
send ya outta here
Lay down the laws for sure, I got the shoes to look for
Kicking more info than a bookstore
Lethal, gotta say peace to my people
Suckers I'll beat you straight up, I won't cheat you
Rap and riff tracks, kick swift and slick raps
Get so funky make niggas go "Who is that?"
It's like that and you don't quit

Verse 4: Nastee

Mr. Nastee, I'm Mr. Nastee, check it out y'all
I'm Mr. Nastee, I check it out y'all
Nigga what, you chump-ass MC's can't fuck with
The Boogieman, brother Nastee, while M.O.L. is on the
cut
Styles are the way of the Trender
Skills keep the brothers open as a blender
Bone new rhyme FLAIR, stare if you a swinger
But beware cause I pack a nine millimeter
And I got an itchy rhyme finger
Brothers can't maintain
So I flip, spit on the ground, and occasionally grab my
dick
To emphasize that I get down, follow the flow
Of the rugged bro, hoes is what I'm into
Off & On styles with the flavor shall I continue?
Letting bird lays cause my fortes
The freak when I speak but don't sweat the technique
Nigga Nas is rather nice, don't you think?
If you blink you might miss this, so nigga don't wink
So don't move, let the crotch ripper hip ya to the trend
Style, cause I can flow a wild child peep the flavor
Nastee, wreck em, Nastee, check em
Nastee, did everything but deck em
But don't worry cause that's coming
Nestle Crunch, take the mic

fades out

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