

**M****"Let Your Backbone Slide"**

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Intro:

This is a throw-down, a show-down  
hell no, I can't slow down  
It's gonna go

Verse One:

This jam is amplified, so just glide, and let your  
backbone slide  
you listen to every word I say  
I every verb you heard I play snaps your vertabre  
you try to cover, a hover me, a roast, a fake, a flag,  
then I run a post  
toast, I'm the most  
d-e-f's how it goes  
no x's or o's or tic-tac-toes  
LTD knows, this ain't a game, I'm on a mission  
call me a hip-hop, tip-tac-tition  
I rap just like a slab of clay that's shapeless  
I know glass is tasteless  
I unviverse without light is lightless  
that's why I always take time to right this  
I mold it in my hands before I start chiselin  
could be a rain, a brainstorm, or drizzlin  
sun could be shining, sun could be showerin  
prabtismic's verb, and I'm powerin, flowerin  
my lyrics are awesome  
tunin' from human, bloomin' a blossom  
blowing away blockades and barracades  
make ya black and blue from the blast and the blaze  
it's a bloodsport, bloods builds up back  
I make your vision go blue while your brain goes black  
into oblivion  
beats from box to box to bates  
rocks from blocks and blocks  
let your backbone slide

Verse Two:

just let it slide, y'all I don't give a damn

if ya backbone quiver  
man oh man, why'd ya swiver  
wind some twine your spine while your slither  
it's contagious, an epidemic  
you try to lift, you're cool, but it feel again  
or a scholar, sold like a  
but like I said before, I'm not American  
it's who you are, not the way you went  
we all originate from the same descent  
I make alot of cents/sense, and pence  
gold (gold), murr and frankencense  
when I'm in France they blow me francs  
frank, with your swiss account is the way I bank-pank  
at home, I make bills a brown from my sound  
in the states green like the grass in the ground  
when I'm in England, they pass me pounds now  
I collect cash in every town, so I slide (slide)  
but nowadays, I'm trapped  
(why's that?)  
so many suckers on my sac-ro-illeac  
it's like a rap-sack, backpack  
(wic-wic-whack)  
give me some slack jack  
rap is like a jungle  
where rhyme for rhyme is like a vine to vine  
swung line to line of mine  
I'm colossal, you'se a mosquito  
I'ma play Tarzan, you play Cheetah  
cheeta, biter, love to forge  
better yet, I'll call you Kurious George  
cause curiosty cold killed the cat  
can't hide so blind to the side  
let your backbone slide

Verse Three:

the keyword is synchronism  
yo, check out my homeboy dance to the rythm  
and hey, this hey, oh, this hey  
I'm coming double-f  
fortissamo, f-f for funkey fresh  
my DJ is LTD, mellow-flex  
you listen to the poetry  
vocabularyly golden, beats from my rollin  
stone cold lyrics from the microphone I'm holdin  
words I rip, egos I strip  
I make sucker cruise kick, kick band I flick  
I get busy, they're dizzy, they start to collide  
they should've stepped of, I let it slide  
but now they got brasen, dry like a raisin  
I glaze like a vase, I smash you like daze

until they realize, they shouldn't have ripped  
cause they deny y'all, not be told  
this is a throwdown, I'm conducting it  
it's like a highrise, I'm constructing it  
was once thoughts, pen, and paper  
now it's a tower, a soul, a skyscraper  
it's getting out of hand after I aided a monster  
my musical mono-lounge makes you wanna  
move with the maestro  
you feel high so a set, the blend, a presendo is nice yo  
I'm the guy, the rhythm is a ride  
to the fresh side, let your backbone slide

this is a throwdown

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