# M.o.d <br> "Rhymestein" 

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Smooth slick.
Wise to all the tricks.
Ahead of the game.
That's just kibbles and bits.
Pieces of the puzzle.
Double the trouble.
In on the beat yeah!
The soldier the rebel.
Establish a new thing.
Swing while we sting.
Enemies fearin'.
Hearin' what we're bring.
Rap and hardcore comin' together.
Simple, ain't it clever.
Unique, similar, some say it's sinister.
Different cultures, but in the same perimeter.
Rhymestein, the poetic genius.
Just like crime, my percentage is fiendish.
I spill skill not to kill but to thrill.
If you want value I'm worth megabills.
In on a tight beat it's got street.
Our drummers hittin'.
No fingers.
We don't cheat.
Guitars chunkin'.
Like super jif.
Bass thumpin'.
We bust shit.
I rhyme notorious like Einstein.
I make sure it fits.
I got caliber.
I got multitude.
Yo!
My attitude.
Groove.
Receive what we dish 'cause what we got you can't miss...
It's a plateful of style.
Pick up the phone and redial to make reservations at our show on location.
If you need invitations you're just a weak limitation.

Exasperation... is a suckers infliction.
It's from being overated.
Like an addiction.
Do you hear what we speak.
You know not what we seek.
It's for things to get better.
So keep diggin' while we go deep.
Rhymin', unwindin', takin' our time and knockin' out
science.
It's just a household appliance.
Hittin' you hard.
Throwin' you off guard.
It's like a model next to a tub of lard.
Rhymestein, the poetic genius.
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