

Adrian Furby Trio

"Language Arts"

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[Verse One: Q-Unique]

Enter the bragin, Q-Leechan from the providence of
hip-hop

Do bodily damage like a combination kick-chop
Teacher Sifu Herc and Sensei Bambaatasan
Since I've studied techniques just to drop the kata
bomb

With Jeet Kune flow, way of the intercepting rhyme
Battle to the last breath or till my adversary declines
I've trained in weapons, mic chucks and deadly
spinning vinyl

The drunk munk breathing aerosol till I'm a krylon wino
Unorthodox over traditional I may condone it
Respectfully bow but never take your eyes off your
opponent

Square off as I mentally prepare in my rap stance
Defeat is a Buddah opportunity 'cause that's a fat
chance

You write the white belt and flow slow like Tai Chi
I'm like Freddie Fox(xx) possessed by the dragon, y'all
won't fight me

Your side kicks don't move me, and seem to have no
flavor left

So I drop the flow Kashugi and have them all pray for
death

Train till the sample's done. flip with weight like Samo
Hung

No need to handle guns, watch and see me make this
mammal run

At the end of it all, I'll retire undefeated

Live by the mountain side and write a book of Five
Rings for you to read it

[Chorus 2x: Q-Unique]

Training, balance

Focus, challenge

Meditate, silence

Skill, talent

Broken patterns

Have a seat and play your part

You must learn to accept defeat

"Check my language arts"

[Verse Two: Q-Unique]

(Ha ha ha ha ha..)

We meet again young Choy

I will now take you down with the six steps of b-boy

There is no way you'll overcome my 1200 turning
techniques

or take out my pen-fist punchlines, your beginner styles
are too weak

My fat cap burner kicks'll go over your toy throw-ups

You have a lot of guts, I'm even suprised you showed
up

but still.. we'll write fight to the first strike or rhyme
battle to the very end

And if I am to die, my loyal students will take the
revenge

Direct confrontation with Grandmaster number seven

Push past and catch a blast from my right fist of legend

In a kombat with mortals I play the part of Lui Kang

Confuse you like Manderan slang and balance out the
hip-hop like Yin Yang

Chasing fallen rap monks till they run far

Have me resort to animal instincts like Hung Gar and
Flung a ninja star

Aimed at the head of an A&R white belt whose fight felt
unskilled

Surrounded by a class of records execs and got them
killed

Taste my own blood a lash out in a rage

My 'bo staff' is the microphone stand, my 'dojo' is the
stage

It's the year of the Q, mark that on your calendar

A double clap at the end of the battle means bring on
the next challenger

(Chorus 4x)

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