

## Mr. Hudson

### "The Nothing"

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(\*horn scratching beat intro\*)

(Verse 1)

A lot of these MCs tend to freeze  
When someone mentions kicking frees  
Talking 'bout he's kicking a freestyle  
He must be senile  
Forgot that he wrote that track last night  
That's right  
If me and that nigga battle it'll be his very last fight  
Ate him up down to the last bite, with maple syrup  
You're up next  
After you I'll drink a Beck's  
Contact another L, listen to raising hell  
Run these MCs back to the lab  
When I stab tracks I slash backs  
Max like simay  
Bring your ass to the battle, see what happens  
Give me a beat to rip on, and Mr.Lif will catch frames  
like a dip-on  
Snapshot when my rap drops from my track  
Rocks and jams your lap-top  
Cause your disk drive can't get this lad  
This guy willing to diss guys in the right of disguise  
This is what wack niggas despise

(soft voice)

I hear what you're saying,  
But what is it exactly that you're doing

(Verse 2)

I go back to the future like jiggawatts  
Come back to present time, they say this nigga rocks  
This jam probably shocks blocks  
And throws djs in the beat craze  
Yes ladies and gentlemen real hip-hop is back  
The gotta rip tracks, smack the wack until the stage  
crack  
Get off the stage black, you're of lesser caliber  
I battles stars like galactica  
So if you're fucked, get up I'm coming after you

After you see me you'll probably flee  
That's no use, cause I rock rhymes and stop signs  
Jam up your block lines  
In text with mic checks  
Chop MCs necks then say next  
Every concept is a bomb threat  
Feared by the pentagon, wear a center-bomb in a black  
box  
So the black shots  
Now they want the guard with the black rocks  
Cause the fight against crack-rocks, and give back  
glocks  
To suffering ghetto tenants who got out of detox  
And bleedox that report for slave ships and beat the  
shit out of those that  
Wave whips  
Have you heard of Mr. Lif, word is flav flips

(\*horn scratching beat heard at beginning\*)

(Verse 3)

Any MC on my shitlist gets ripped with the quickness  
All those in favor say 'I like witness'  
I'm about to get physical like fitness  
You paper like litmus, you'll get busts  
Now increase my implant, I've been amped  
I've been champ cause I'm quite tight  
Mr. Lif is old school like Light Bright  
Scaring nigga like fright night  
We might fight cause you might bite  
Try to walk my tight rope and I might scope  
MCs that think they're quite dope but can't quite cope  
With a style that's sinsicular to sickle your throat  
Quote for quote, note for note there's no hope  
Now carry that back to your crew and ask them what  
they wanna do  
Probably nothing  
If they said they wanna see me, they're probably  
bluffing  
Probably only tough in the bathroom mirror  
Rhyming over r and b tracks  
But I still bump, ease back like it was brand new  
That's while all my shit stick like bamboo  
Ain't no situation I can't handle  
When it comes to you and your mic getting mangled  
I take some time out to take your rhyme out  
And if I can't be there myself  
I'll create a genetic replica to step you

(\*horn scratching beat heard at beginning\*)

(\*scratching of the word "Hey" during beat outro\*)

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