

## Mr. Lif "Brothaz"

Visit "[Brothaz](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Now count how many levels that I smacked you back to  
oblivion  
My heights olympian  
I'm from the Caribbean, Barbados  
All fatal  
Styles that I construct and conduct in a manner like  
Banner  
Sky scanner, eye jammer  
40 miles above Highlander with my grammar  
I shitted on Bush and tried to cap Santa  
Rap vandalizer  
Verbal brutalizer  
Who's the wiser, me or he  
Who moves to grow flesh in test tubes  
I have mastered such degrees in less moves  
My discipline  
Envisioning  
Ritalin  
FDA approved, we lose  
Medication taking brute forces  
They battling and tallying losses  
See how costless holocaust is?  
Helicopters now replaced by flying saucers  
Over the ghettos where some brothers are taught to  
bust shots  
To get a lot of what is had by the haves not the have  
nots  
Raps drop pun your brainstem  
This is Lif aka codename Mayhem  
What made you think that I wouldn't come back with a  
bloody axe  
And some muddy facts over tracks?!

[Chorus]

Up in the ghetto we're taught to bust shots  
That's a bird in the bush and a fine line to walk  
Get down, stay down  
Hold up, back the fuck up  
Get up, stay up  
Hold up, back the fuck down  
Brothers is taught to bust shots (repeated)

Fact one:

America don't give a fuck about you so get off it  
I'm not a prophet they just want the profit  
They make you want it so you cop it, soon you can't  
stop it  
You're addicted  
But low on doe so you get evicted

Fact two:

Darfur's in a state of emergency  
It's genocide  
Code red classified  
If this was Kosovo it'd be over, bro  
But it's brothers so it equals no coverage, mo'  
sufferage  
People drawn and quartered  
Castrated, slaughtered, burned, disgraced  
Gang raped, displaced  
While the rest of the world just turn face to chase  
Some economic goals  
Balance the lost souls  
But live it up  
We 'bout to burn in hell 'cause god knows

[Chorus]

Fact three:

The Bush Administration's worth nothing  
Just fuck 'em!  
Throw 'em in the barrel, buck 'em!  
Oh, you ain't know them flood waters was coming?  
You can't smell that african blood running?  
Oh, to y'all niggers is worthless or something?  
Fuck Clinton too!  
You ain't really down because you live uptown, bitch  
Rwanda!  
Check out what we're looking at here across water  
In the ghettos, brothers and sisters, it's self slaughter  
How could colonized minds lead to such uncivilized  
times?  
Maybe the tribes were harmonious and you were  
erroneous  
It's no fun  
In fact, it's sin under the sun  
And son, in the event you meet some cops just run  
Or maybe walk real slow and lick shots at Po  
Not with the gun this times, through intelligents lines  
You see, they look strong externally, internally they're  
dying  
Just elevate  
When drama escalate, you just shine!

[Chorus]

Visit [Mr. Lif](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.