

# Muzion

## "Get It Right"

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F/J. Brass, Manchilde

\* send corrections to the typist

[Impossible]

Get it right tonight we all host the show  
Just broke the door, we bust and blow fo'  
Hold the dough, we own some mo', let's stack green  
And smash fiends, attack teams, fuck up the rap scene  
Let's get the max salary now, those who wished to hold  
me down  
Them cats all backing me now  
Jealousy smiles, I know about that  
When I'm on top, I got it lock then on my cock, you  
wanna bounce back  
I never found that very pleasant  
So if you step in my face, y'all don't know with who you  
messing  
I take yo flesh and blood kiss the Lugz on my feet  
Watch yo back 'cause I got love in the streets  
Busting slugs on the beat, dropping the rap dialogue  
For all the wild dogs, fuck it, you know my style y'all  
Struggling we did it enough, now we hitting the cut  
My CD you picking and what!  
Off the shelves, we gotta start to sell some shit that's  
harder than hell  
'Cause the real rap market fell  
It ain't hard to tell, them rappers think they stars 'cause  
they park a L.E.X.U.S.  
Cash they stash while they talk on cells  
So I drop shit for all my dogs to bark and yell  
While D.R. once again he sparks the EI  
Scars you well, 24 bars, you get marked, oh well!

[Chorus 2x]

Shit's gonna be jumping until we gone  
Put the beat on so we can tell you what we on  
Beyond, niggaz who ain't got shit to say  
It was hard yesterday  
But now we getting paid

[J. Brass]

I get so pissed, my style'll explode bladders  
Flows shatters matter, killing enemies off, making my  
foes scatter faster  
Moving like runaway slave without a master, spit hot  
shit, driving a rocket  
Putting fiber to optics, guys in my clique get fly like  
pilots in cockpits  
Battle the fakes, gather the papes, go say your prayers  
like Latter Day Saints  
Rappers'll faint when having to...  
Damaging tapes and your ADAT  
I hate raps from fake cats that only stay fat in the waist,  
what!  
I show what a true artist is J-Brass!  
You know who started this I stay I'll like Groove Garden  
is  
Pardon this... from my esophagus I drop a ... with no  
hostages  
Shit's sick like Parkinson

[Dramatik]

Who shot ya, no kidding, the dough got the globe  
spinning  
Obstacle spilling, I watch the saga for a living  
Knocking off civilians, since I had a flock and started  
chilling n  
Now we all appealing masses like sex and beamers  
Or like sensemilia. I just score and fit in  
Not just for dismissin' knockin'pause i'v had spots  
before your buildin'  
Play safe yo, i'm shakin' labels knockin ya head like  
Cain and Abel  
But this ain't no fabel rockin ya bed  
This game's fatal  
I want paps on my table, cakes and the cable i'm raisin  
the cradle  
From the crave who got beef  
Got roasted for approachin' me in Oka they smoke for  
peace  
But i'm not an open chief  
Cause now a daze I got visions like a real estate broker  
Can't stay sober till my sad daze are over  
Rap pays ya know the motto of this millenium  
We be spillin' beer, killin ya peers willin' to interfere

[Manchilde]

Memories of the ice storm, of five heads  
Puffing on a blunt still keeping our mics warm  
In Ziplocks bassment was the only place with lights  
... Dramatik he freestyle half the night on the mic  
Impossible hum the baseline melody

Jennifer and me, chilling discussing industry strategy  
How to build it right, keep the crew tight  
Maneuver with foresight and insight  
In other words just how to get it right  
Can't place the name? What a pity!  
Then check a biblical dictionary under "ancient holy city"  
Look for iron, lion, Zion, then add an M.U.  
If you still can't find the line then go buy the debut  
Hey you! This Manchilde style is brand new  
Muzion and B-square must be the Fam-Crew  
And it's true, yo we stuck like crazy glue  
So go tell yo mama and yo papa and yo grand too

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