

## No ID

### "Mega Live"

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f/ Dug Infinite, Syndicate

[Dug Infinite]

My sound echoes, when mix tapes escape from the  
metro-

-politan I rock suburban, plus Somalian

No dallyin around I keep it planted to the ground

Rewrite the songs, that makes the whole world go  
'round

Some niggaz ain't stable, remind me of Kain and Abel

Tried to stab me in the back for the mic or the tables

Think they whole life, depends on the snake record  
label

You could die tryin, that's why I'm workin up my cables

Get this jump start; I'm like Noah, and his ark

I be that spark, that leads my people, out the dark

Only do art, keep it urban contemporary

Be that necessary, type of weight that's hard to carry

I'm Dug Infinitely known and I've potentianately shown  
potential

When I invade your rest or residential

Rooftop or terrace, make sure my twelve inches scarest

Economics, how we get paid, from ebonics

[Chorus]

"Live.. live.. live..""Mega live!""Yeah that's the joint"

[No I.D.] It's all live

"Live.. live.. live..""Mega-mega live!""Yeah that's the joint"

[No I.D.] We keep it live

"Live.. live.. live..""Mega live!""Yeah that's the joint"

[No I.D.] It's all live

"Live.. live.. live..""Mega-mega-mega-mega live!"

[No I.D.] Check it - "Yeah that's the joint"

[No I.D.]

Yo, it's elementary that every century (what)

MC's manifest potential and ability

to let loose syllables, move individuals

Make 'em see vacancies or voids in the culture

It's ironic - I was born with the sonics

to rock plate tectonics built like a masonic

bricklayer, with a compass and a square

In the middle of my cypher I be right on center

So parasites don't enter, because it's winter

You need heat - plus you got the cold feet

Yes know, I'm mysterious, yo, take it serious

No need to be curious, No I.D., purely it's

the lifelike often as real as it could be thus

come and follow us on a exodus.. dus.. dus.. dus..

{\*repeats\*

We gotta keep it live

[Chorus]

[Syndicate]

My peoples gather 'round the campfire

Create a circle for desire of divine cypher, the rhyme  
citors

commence to paint a picture like muslims in solemn  
scriptures

And appear seven years in Zaire, as holy figures

Your triggers, don't amuse me

Step into my circle and your body gettin bruised see

They choose me

Now go and warn your enterprise, I'm energized

to put my guise on yo' inner spies, cause we despise

networks that get work on the amateur

I damage ya and any nigga wanna stand witcha

Mystique freak Technics like I'm Primo

Wherever we go, keep it tight like Gambinos

I Chino, and XL/exhale in casinos

This Fox Brown like Nino, with slang like pediquo

What.. ("come on.. come on")

[Chorus] - 0.75X

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