

# One.Be.Lo

## "Anybody"

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[Intro - One.Be.Lo]

{\*Beatboxing\*} Aight, I'm ready  
How y'all doin out there?  
What's goin on?  
Yo, check this out

[Verse 1]

November 7th, 1976, now that's life  
Believe I was born to rock a mic (believe it)  
If seein is believin, my rhymes is outta sight  
I headbutt the mic, one bite could stop the fight  
But not tonight, logo the whole twelve, strike!  
Then everything changed like a Cinderell' night  
I used to freestyle, now I'm jail cell tight  
You cats livin lies, seven slide into hell twice  
The real mic, rhyme Christ, what is you deaf?  
I already told your blind ass thrice like blind mice  
But the +Price was Right+, and you was in the limelight  
Now every other word you say is wine or ice  
What the hell you gon' do when the truth comes to  
surface  
and all your fans recognize fools' gold is worthless?  
..

[Chorus]

Anybody, can think of a dope punchline  
Anybody, can make three syllables rhyme  
Anybody, can flow for a long ass time  
But how many cats you know can feed the mind?

[Verse 2]

Now who got skills is the real question?  
I teach these wack MC's a real lesson  
I draw the crowd like concealed weapons  
That's why they feel threatened, I kill seven  
MC's that thought I need the weed to spark an ill  
session  
Been writin rhymes since the age of ill-leven  
Now I'm super-varsity, pardon me, your skill's  
freshman  
Your style's no match like Jada and Will "Fresh Prince"

Before One.Be.Lo, hip hop was ill-destined  
This industry fulla Uncle Toms, dickheads, Dirty Harrys  
Technical revolutionaries with big vocabularies  
Legendary, makin majors millions in monetary  
But check it, that money that's only momentary..

Who's the master? My mentality is plantation  
Lyrically +Proclaim+ to be wack-free, +Emancipation+  
The "honest" president, how I represent, how  
benevolent  
Now or never kid, we promise Harriet (promise)  
The land of the chosen few  
Poetry in motion in the ocean, split it open  
you know how Moses do  
See, my plan's goin through long and overdue  
Sleepin on my crew (wake up) wake up and smell the  
Folgers brew  
My rap photo shoot, snap Polaroids  
Represent hip hop like Matlock, you just a court appoint  
Stayin true, I hold mics, that the Lord anoint  
Hungry for mil's/meals but won't fork it if I know it  
oinks..

And the name of this jam is..

[Chorus]

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