

One.Be.Lo "You Can Tell"

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Yo, You can tell be the "Tone" of my voice, I keep "Loc-in"

My Sub Z's coldest, finish rhymes, the beat's chosen

You must be joking, try to battle me? hopeless

Strike back and fall like the Greek/Romans, call me

Green Lotus

I kick emcees at any "sleep on me" moment

With speech you could only "dream" of, like King wrote it

Code red, see the mic be open, me hold it, me Moses

You should of left the beef frozen

'Cause I got recipes, from west to east

I jack lines from KGB and still couldn't be a whack

emcee

For some reason cats still wanna wage war

I'm the one promoters pay more, you who they pray for

You're far from a heavyweight, I step in the ring

Weave and bob your "punch" lines, I don't "like" your

Similes

Mentally, physically, lyrically, you couldn't harm me

Don't even think of steppin' to the One Man Army

The lone saddle ranger, ammo aimer, battle natives

Like Banner David, incredible flows channel anger

My "Resident" was "Evil", you graphic like Castlevania

Your hooks/line sinkin', I'm down, holding like anchors

It's no comparison, you pale with one, embarrassin'

Even on my off day, "Ferris" tongue to ever come

From the underground, best verse to run your town

My double edge s-words castrate your fucking style

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