

## Prime

### "Unbreakable"

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[Prime]

Yo, this is Prime  
But to tell you cats who the hell I am  
So listen up  
I know you cats been asking, 'bout to answer that

[Verse 1]

Who's that kid that's rocking head phones on the back  
of the bus?  
Reciting verses loud as fuck, while still tagging shit up  
Who's laughing it up, sand paper scratching shit up  
Whose making passengers blush when he babbles and  
busts  
It's Prime  
These cats that rhyme don't even know what it's like  
They got me vexed wanting to test them when they  
holding the mic  
That's why I'm yelling, talking shit and acting so  
impolite  
Battling me you're either throwing the towel, or  
throwing the fight  
I jump of the top of the rope, so stop your approach  
Rappers keep trying to be different instead of trying to  
be dope  
Harder then most, choking artists who croak, serving  
mimics  
Setting fire to your notebook while you still writing your  
verses in it  
My words indented, plus they're properly placed  
All in your face, gems prices keeps them locked in a  
safe  
Plotting to take the world over with rhyme, controlling  
your mind  
So sit back and behold its P-Prime!

[Hook x 2]

I'm unbreakable, you can't make me or break me  
And I don't give a fuck, none of you bitch niggas can  
take me  
So when I hear you cats rap I have to resort  
To telling kids how it is with a status report

[Verse 2]

Now a days commercial cats are all taking the game  
All wearing similar outfits and all walking the same  
You just acting for your boys you should all be  
ashamed  
When on a low and all alone your looking awkward and  
plane  
Ya'll 'aint superstars fuck with me and you'll get  
bruised and scared  
Even your beats don't match your just as whack as your  
producers are  
Fronting' yourself like you got a gun on the shelf  
Running with wealth, praying you wake up with  
somebody else  
Little fish in a big pond I'm serving all of you toys  
You couldn't get five mics on stage with four of your  
boys  
Your whack is a rule, I rap and dismantle your crew  
And leaving you guessing what's getting dropped first,  
your album or you  
You've had it you're threw, get crushed by my weakest  
touch  
I spit shit that speaks in volumes, my whispers will  
make the speakers bust  
Trust that prime is chosen with the mic I'm holding  
Here's a toast for you going platinum and silence is  
golden

[Hook x2]

[Verse 3]

Now a days it's just as bad if you're an underground  
cat  
The ??? are mad at this cause all that's coming outs  
whack  
An analyst I have to diss cause half these kids just can't  
rap  
They put on backpacks and label there whack shit as  
abstract  
The other half they carry on about the revolution  
I guess doing tours and being vegetarian is desolation  
It's retribution when I get in the zone  
Shit I spit gets in your dome like rays from cellular  
phones,  
Radiation I lay waiting to strike, so stay hating  
As I leave these rappers shook like getting coughed up  
by an aids patient  
I make statements that will fuck with your head  
Till your flustered and shaking while your tucked in  
your bed

Pumping the lead, pencil is the way I diss MC's  
Sticks and stones can't break my bones so your words  
don't mean shit to me  
I'm vicious with the live flow, I spit wherever I go  
So keep your eyes open from the nigga from Chicago

[Hook x2]

Ya, know what I'm saying  
Memo on the beat  
Molemen  
Scam Artists  
Keep an eye out  
What!

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