

Ryan Biracree

"New Hip Hop"

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[Scratched KRS One sample]
New types of verbal Hip-Hop I bring

[Senim Silla]
Here's that other shit that y'all ain't discovered yet
Yes, I'm running it, like the government
Hint, hint, Erik B nominated me for President
And my pockets is holding treasury
Every cent
These styles is unknown truth
Like where Clark Kent goes
When Superman steps out the phone booth
Up, up and away goes the tape and show state
My mind and mouth should have came with a cape
And now Lois Lane wants a date
My fame rates higher than my pulse that's false
I'm so damn excited I made the Pointer Sisters silent
Make a pacifist get violent
The rhythm tyrant
Ansilla the Hun
Hold mics hostage with a terrorist tongue
In exchange for a handsome sum
Going down like Young Guns
In a blaze of glory before we're done

[Scratched KRS One sample]
New types of verbal Hip-Hop I bring

[Senim Silla]
Rappers antagonists come to aggravate
Hip-hop, herald of life, I actuate
My haikus increasingly broaden your IQs
I assess
So now I'm going (Senim?) to test
Through the elimination process
Who can contest
Working poetry in progress
Be it world tour or conquest
So I embark on this expedition
In Napoleon tradition I'm a small man with complex
expositions

Marvel of exhibitions
Can you stand the rain of this edition?

[The Anonymous]

If you want to stay in the kitchen
Quit bitching
Me and my henchmen
Trigger fingers itching
Shoot the gift like Mitch Richmond
New inventions
My intention's
To take Hip-hop to new dimensions
Did I fail to mention
We wig-splitting?
So all you Hip-hop heads probably need stitching
Tricky like Samantha Bewitching
MCs be wishing
They could stop my flow
There's no prevention

[Scratched KRS One sample]

New types of verbal Hip-Hop I bring

[Sample]

Tilt your head back and look at the Stars

[Senim Silla]

We back on the scene like herpes
Stronger than Hercules
Able to rock crowds from nurseries to Universities
My beats and rhymes perfectly
Configure like figure-eights
You would think the mic was figure skates
My soul on ice
Tonya Harding couldn't touch it
Pop it in your Benz or your bucket
Walkman's or boombox
From the suburbs to boondocks
From skyscrapers to Green Acres
Hear my tunes knock
You name it
We done it
Strike the mic and keep it rolling
Like we bowling three hundred
Three fifteen
Sold to the highest bidder
I flow like the Tigris river
I just give ya
More reasons to call us your favorite Emcees
Like Binary Star riffing rhymes over these
Compositions

You would do the same if you was in our position
But you ain't, so stop and listen
Platinum sales is not the mission
I seek and destroy my opposition
Including anything that make me not want to listen
Wack Emcees
With they weak-ass discussions
So-called producers with they cheap-ass productions
Labels need to chill with they Clark Gable deals
I get down like people in tornado drills
So while you blowed away with the bull-istic soldier
I lay low, waiting for the winds to blow over

[Scratched KRS One sample]
New types of verbal Hip-Hop I bring
...
I'm in a different category

(scratch to outro)

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