

The Nextmen

"Break The Mould"

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"I'm international"
"Got to uphold the raw shit"

Yo' check it
My writin' tight words
I incite these herbs to bite
Complex like walkin' through
Project streets at night
Made a pact with God
To uphold the raw shit
Don't flip
We gettin' rotations
Like buzz clips
While you wait to react
I launch my attack
From the ground up
Right and exact
Like these tracks
Hittin' on facts
Weavin' gold on wax
Up late nights
Scribing these rhymes
By candlelight
Sodomites take delight
In the words I recite
Proceed to educate
At the jam I stimulate
Where I'm from got potential
Plus grabs in the barrel
Holdin' people down longer
Than the grey pharaoh
Makin' rows narrow
So we achieve all goals
See sights
Watch dreams
Unfold quench the soul
With the words
I possess the story is told
When I'm done creatin' this
I got to break the mould

L-O-N-D-O-N

"Grap Luva
Comin' straight from New York"

Yo, Avoidin' stress
Never take a life for chess
Concidered blessed
Movin' amongst the madness
While protected plus
I've been selected
To bring wannabees
To their knees
Who be claimin' these
It's a general thing
My status, seven stars
My M-16 is these sixteen bars
Third eye open
Refuse to scribe foolishness
Usin' this to project word sound
(Connect the power)
Get respect
Lead these seeds by example
Like a tree in growth
I keep my roots ample
Your mind's
A corridor darker than
Full of confusion
I come with remedies
That crush all illusions
Yo
I write my rhymes
One day at a time
Average cats bite styles
(Better off bein' mines)
With these lines
I possess my story is told
Biters
They getting bold
So I breaks the mold
(Here we go)

L-O-N-D-O-N
"Rap murder
Comin' straight from New York"

Highly unlike
Any other cats on mics
I mesmirize as these beats
And rhymes
(They take flight)
When in rhyme fights
Inspired by my tight flow

Astute attribute
Bound to win, place in show
But I'm no race horse
Forget whippin' up on me
Get your wolves and your meager
Army there's no harm in me
Listen made your stash
From no giggas and pimp hats
We don't pop shit
To leather gems while they bitch
Pull their car quick
They ungrateful an' slick
If they weaker then their flows
Then your flow ends quick
Slack jaw cats
With no facts always complain
Subliminal beats won't work
(Call my name)
Still the Y.S.B.
Crushin' flies so swiftly
Brothas won't know
You as a true emcee
(Rather intense b)
That's how my story is told
My soul was never sold
Because I broke the mould

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