

Three 6 Mafia "Lyrical Theory"

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As regarding rhythm to the pulse in the sequence of
the musical phrase
not in sequence of a metronome, kick your lyrical
theory

[VERSE 1: Laquan]

Mic-check, turn my microphone up
When I speak throat muscles tone up
Switch the pitch, find a style to stick with
And let my words flow like liquid
As I unfold and swing an episode
Notion in motion at a constant drift
I excel, rebel to fail, teach as well
Show and prove, show and tell
Many fade like a fad or phase
Yo, I'ma stand for days and decades
News ask: What's Laquan's task?
Fame and freedom and it's soon to come
The response is snaps and handclaps
Chuck perfect cuts, I project raps
I'm livin positive, those that are negative will fear me
As I present my theory

[VERSE 2: Laquan]

Step in a full step, packin a full load
Rhythm is progress, the style is swing mode
It's like I transform when words are perfected
And you are infected and g's are collected
The slammin bass upholds the style I carry
Rhymes were written in ink and stationary
Face to face you're lookin in the mirror
I have a project, you can't consider it
Dance material pumpin through your stereo
The mic is loud so words will come clear to you
Place it on your tables, cut it, eat it
Yo, I'ma feed this cause many need this
Black lyrical episode
Let knowledge unfold, guide the lost souls
Down a new road to a better life
It seems you haven't been livin right
Well, let's put in effect a resurrection

Lead the lost ones in a new direction
Victory isn't given, it's taken
Trapped in my lyrical lake, no escapin
Non-stop words identified as a poem
You start to fear me
As I present my theory

So deep I'm livin inside the track
Yo Epic, bring the break back

[VERSE 3: Laquan]

Samples coast in a circular motion
Metaphors as smooth as lotion
Silence, you're on a journey, I'm the pilot
I have a train of lyrics, ride em
Follow my path as the concepts leads ya
Slavin with a cravin and I'ma feed ya
Knowledge I bring in a full swing rhythm
Manifest your best, the aim is towards success and
bypass the criticism
Often I sit alone and wonder
Why would one keep another under?
It's the wicked one's process
To not let one progress his best
I project my vocals clearly
To express my theory
Yo, this lyrical theory

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