

Tunnel Rats "Herstory"

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[Jamie:]

I dream galaxies, speak prophecies in 3-D
My poetry be 20,000 leagues under the sea deep
So why you keep hopin for some mediocrity
To slip outta my lips, didn't you know I'm unfit
To spit anything less than profound cause I sit in
Spiritual submission to God sound
Allow Him to crown my words world-reknowned
You frown cause your assumptions got flipped upside-
down
You wanna pretty Hawaiian girl kick exotic to your world
Swirl her hips as her lips drip coconutty naughty
Tan lines on your brain. Now, I need to explain..
I ain't here to be adore cause I'm so much more than
your
Mary jane high or candy cane for your eye
My fly be mesmerizing cause it comes from the inside
out
Confident but never too proud, the underground
Diamond in the rough emcee has been found

[Hook:]

I ain't got no time for debating
All these so called rappers that's hatin
Radio lies and TV ain't for me
I speak my mind when I rhyme it's her story
I ain't got no time for y'all frontin
Everybody got to say something
Radio lies and TV ain't for me
I speak my mind when I rhyme it's her story

[Elsie:]

This artist won't ever make artless music see
Heart saddened by the state of heartless industry
Mourning the death of hip-hop, what it used to be
Still work the grind to be the hardest emcee, feel me
Listen, listen how I sound so pretty
But in under 2 seconds could get down and dirty gritty
It's a pity to pin me to 1 style
Music child versatile
City girl profile with hits that make 'em go..
Look at how we getting looked at

Music video hoes and hoe emcees on top of that
Well I got class on top of tact not to mention skill exact
Don't need to sell sex to sell still got 'em under my spell
Watch, watch now how a real woman do
How I could undo your voodoo in a minute or two
Sexy don't mean skanky and classy never trashy
Pass me the mic, any questions you could ask me

[Hook]

[Zane:]

"Mmmm, taste like word up and fresh
Product of the strong and complex generation X
To intense to digest to understand you must manifest
Intellect I battle for the sport of the kill
Lick my chops then enjoy my next meal
But I can't eat processed meat
And I can't stomach rappers with styles too weak
With no spice so I'm throwing salt on your game
I'd rather deal with hunger pains while my rap remains
My weapon of choice my voice, my skills
My heart the system I broke out of
Learned to breathe without em' it's time to get played
sucka
Realize your made in the process
You been T.A.G'ed and all they want is full access
To assets feeding you to the masses
But you won't make it that far
Thinking you need some classes and practice
With the music volume down
So you really hear the sound of whackness...

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