

Virtuoso "Provoke Me (Feat. Reks)"

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F/ REKS

* send corrections to the typist

[REKS]

How can I start ill, live from where my people, VIRT you
caught hell

Nasty as the poet Nas on the track with Akinyele
The blue blocka rocka twin of R. Kell, nigga blab and
talk well

Think it's a shame to see hip hop sell
Absolute, like shots of vodka, watch my thoughts spill
all across the art

Till ya heart's still

Lifted like I spark L's

But I'm sober to the weed aroma, catch a dark spell

Black out, when I write into a coma

Hold the profile, sorta like Jesus when I zone out

R-E-K-S, the greatest rapper no one knows bout

Most authentic lieutenant, pushin you to limit

If I pissed you off, good that's exactly what I intended

The pterodactyl thrash you in half like cashews

REKA reign be in the book of Matthews

Body slam collapse you, shift the third rock off of it's
axle

Naturally, I'm a natural when I attack you

Blessed like ah-coos, perhaps you

Might find another deadly brother ?? the Reks on the
mic

But that's like, not realistic, my fault I'm egotistic

If you heard somebody spittin this shit

Sorry I missed it

[Virtuoso]

You wanna know Virtuoso, boy listen and learn

My vocal motor go to overdrive, the pistons'll burn

My mission is firm, so sick, fuck a chick, I'm tongue-
kissin a germ

I cut ya clique as y'all was slippery worms

You'll drown in my rain, no blood

I was born with sound in my veins and a pound on my
brains

So I can't help but be dope
My talent is my twin as ?we wrote?
My free flow is now a kilo
I breathed in oxygen like the top of a ski slope
To match my breath control, you'll need a scuba tank
and 3 throats
I speak real life, you steal heist in your thoughts
While I'm busy workin towards a fly wife and a yacht
And when I'm rich, then bitch I buy my ice in the spot
And I'll have skills and integrity, that's twice what you
got
Son I'm naturally stylish, and when these lies, who
talking violence
They look into my iris, they walk away in silence
Because they fear the realness
I kick words that make you feel shit
We should heal rifts in our family structure
That has the man in me sufferin
Spit imagery so vivid that son, ya camera be shutterin

[Scratched chorus]

[Virt]

Forever we, keep the flow goin like the seven seas
Heavenly, you need divine assistance to better me
Everyone talking bout they hard, how they have a
better squeeze
And all they cheddar, please, that's negative, y'all
need a better steeze

[REKS]

Reka's teaks be on it at auctions, arsonist thoughts
To scorchin your play list, virtin my portion
If I embossed in priceless
Nicer then the Jordans, Waynes, and Jerry Rices
Steady precise with the mic devices

[Virt]

Life is peace and violence, balance
The yin and the yang, the king and the crane
Put the needle to the record, feel the sting in ya brain
We bringin the pain to every inch of ya frame
Ringin ya chain, we gonna injure ya name

[REKS]

Simple and plain, drop the livin science
Deadly alliance, handin out assignments
Skills went and won an audio appliance
Closest of pen play, lyrical ken tai
Who care what them say
R to the Eh, epitome of em-say!

[Virt]

When we, step in the spot, reppin our blocks
With lyrical weapons that's hot, blazin

Lettin off shots, wet em like drops of 2 hydrogen, 1
oxygen
We chase to the mouth of a lion's den and we lock em
in
[REKS]
Knock the chin, break the glass jaw
Surpass y'all, we past raw
Cats getting familiar with asphalt
[Virt]
I didn't ask y'all for your opinion, you out ya dominion
My spittin control and steer the game like ?racket
mittens? haha
[REKS]
Half of y'all been in the game getting boxed out
Synonym for R's house is Earth, Yo VIRT, knock that ass
out
[Virt]
I rock em in they mouth with my granite hand, it gets no
harder
We can either trade and barter or you can get made a
martyr
[REKS]
Author with my mind of Aristotle, getting drunken, actin
drunk's my motto
See ya tomorrow through the forty bottle
[Virt]
Throttle and choke ya whole squad like a engine
[REKS]
Spittin like Pippen that blaze written, inflictin torture
[Virt]
I scorch ya frame like a butane flame
[REKS]
Off the real train, posse insane, clownin you lames
[Virt]
You're surrounded in shame, clouds of despair
For testing the most powerful pair
Competition and cowards in fear
[REKS]
Too proud to be mere locals, vocals across the third
stone
Spit my first verse around the time the sun first shone
[Both]
We birth stones, Virtuoso, and Reks Diminisher
Seal it with signature, on ya gravestone
The Finisher

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