

Bates

"Main Aim"

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[Phantasm]

I stay takin flicks with chicks, spendin G's on wares and
kicks
while these hip-hop ticks stay on my dick
MC's is all (?) like bags from (?)ton
And stay souped up, just like wonton
All I got is hard times, the illest rhymes, a couple of
dimes
and a rusty nine, that ain't even mines
Thousand dollar links on, gotta get my drink on
but ain't never put a mink on
I still get nice and shoot dice
Still eat pork fried rice, still shoot 3's like Mark Price
Second time around, still gettin down for my crown
I'm givin you that hip-hop sound

[Ug]

Yo, my rugged raps, dip on, tracks like Japs in straw
hats
in Saigon through trees, of the icon
Squeeze like py-thon, you don't know who you facin
The gat I bust'll split yo' ass up like segregation
A federation, comes together like United Nations
to bring obliteration, 151 is what I'm tastin
No hesitation when I come through
My voice shakes cassette tapes, when I scream like
CLUE!!!
U-G, keep niggaz guessin
Break bones like Tekken while niggaz fake moves like
wrestlin
No question, I bring it everytime baby
Don't try to play me, I Roc-a-Fella like Jay-Z, what..

"Maintain, few remain in the game
So I remain focused and pop's the main aim" -> K-Solo
(repeat 4X)

[Phantasm]

Never did a soundtrack, but my sounds is fat
You think that's gon' hold me back from gettin mines in
rap?

Y'all niggaz step to the rear cause the Dwellas is here
Disappeared for a year now the smoke is clear
Debut 23 on the charts of Billboard
Even headliners got floored when we toured
because, all my releases are lyrical masterpieces
Do the knowledge baby, science that, check my thesis
I can't stand the reign nor the pain
to see these wack niggaz gain, aiyyo I'm tryin to
maintain
I don't even rhyme no more, I explain
the rules of the game, simple and plain
This rap industry, ain't shit to me
The million dollar man just need currency
so I can get this estate and live great, what
Finally a home of my own as the king of my throne

[Ug]

Ug will, roast ya, focused like Minolta
Hold gats like a holster, that'll rip through shirts like the
Hulkster
Dance on track like John Travolta, Saturday Night, Fe-
ver
Put niggaz to sleep like, eth-er
Usin the sleeper, hold, my flow be ill
Rick Rude rides beats like (??) check it
I wanna sell like Hootie and the Blowfish
My goatee got shorties sayin that I look like Will Smith
with cuter lips huh, my clip slips slugs through the
toaster
Hit your leg and have you limpin like, Kaiser Soze
Chips honeydips whip's whip, plus she post (??)
re, pose, me you get crushed
I cut flows like tight handcuffs, nigga what?

"Maintain, few remain in the game
So I remain focused and pop's the main aim" -> K-Solo
(repeat 4X)

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