

M People

"The Music We Make"

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This is the music we make
so love it or leave it
I do it my way for the people who feel it
the industry is filled with none but hate and critique
and the development shows signs of ache and fatigue
breaking the leash and I rupture the underground
with sick flows and ill steez I sculpture the sound
floating around in a vast lyrical limbo
click with no styles I'm too f*** in grim so
jab and grab a little with the nabs who follow stencils
pencil me a verse and crash stereos in tenfolds
touching the mic and rappers act like they are
menstrual
"my gosh m2X you don't need to go all mental"
up for rental
bring me to your kids birthdayparty
and I promise I'll be f*** ing sensational
check this haze and all this motherf*** ing alcohol
we'll be having a brawl

This is the music we make
so love it or leave it
I'm all up for debate
but no hatred is needed
if you need to throw a fit
or just simply talk some sh**
just gimme a call 070-F*** You b***

This is the music we make
so love it or leave it
if you don't have the skill please shut up and stay
seated
so many f*** ing whores wants to settle the score
so I brought them the board but can't find 'em anymore
so much hippocracy it can't be bottled with the weed
I need to let it out or I will spark up a disease
a cross-breed pneumonia I'm coughing up cd's
hand 'em out to lovely ladies now I'm caught with STD's
got no enemies beef is underneath me
if you wanna have a sound better f*** ing feat me
damn f*** ing high!

gripping the mic releasing mad f*** ing styles
asking for trials
mastery rhymes compiled in the presence of a genius
mind
on a devious grind
be so kind to take a bow for the hound
'for you're losing your soul in this hijacking sound

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...aah f*** it
you wanna spit hate so I brought you a bucket
maybe yesterday you and I were on the level
but it's the future now b*** so read up or be levelled
talking sh** is all the business you do
and sh** is the stench of every verse that you pull
I'm keeping it cool, nice and true in the underground
spitting for the crew and let the rest stumble round
m2X is the name to remember
Henuman is backing up Dr. Kravens will dismember
like a flame thrower I leave all opponents toasted
look for scarring on the ground you'll find my
composed sh**
up to no sh**
I'm only joking
or maybe I don't? I can see you fellas croaking
or could it be the smoke from the wicked sh** I'm
smoking
anyway whatever, begone I'm busy toking

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