JAMES-PAUL VEGA - LYRIX ROCKWELL "Everything's Real"

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Yeah, lyrics rock well, yeah,

I am a lyrical monsoon, a battle with me is like a showdown at high noon

Take ten paces turn and spit, I keep coming up with more prose to burn you with

It' s lyrics rock well, don' t you forget the name l' m going out of this rap game the same way I came

Underground, and the reason why Is cause the day I start rapping will be the same day I die

Your style is old son you need to grow I got deaf cats coming to shows to feel my flow $\hat{a} \in \mathbb{T}^{m}$ m a monster, nothing to play with And so underground $\hat{a} \in \mathbb{T}^{m}$ m lounging under tigers basement

Knowing l' m better than you all are makes me fearless

So all you rappers say your prayers when you hear this $Ain \hat{a} \in \mathbb{T}$ t a cat in the world that can contend with me $|\hat{a} \in \mathbb{T}$ m the lyricist that all of you rappers pretend to be (Chorus)

With my crew, everything's real, we don't front, in our ciphers

The mike gets passed like a blunt In the sessions the blunt gets passed like a mike See me stomping on any emcee you think is nice $\hat{a} \in \mathbb{T}^{m}$ m a warrior on the mike $\hat{t} \in \mathbb{T}^{m}$ s best not to test me Youâ $\in \mathbb{T}^{m}$ re losing your grip, you couldnâ $\in \mathbb{T}^{m}$ t hold a grudge against me

l' m a pioneer of tomorrow

Cause l' m the cat that future emcees are gonna follow

When this is just the beginning to get your ears wet My rhymes are so ahead of my time, $l\hat{a} \in \mathbb{T}^m$ m not even here yet

You lack skill and imagination

You couldn' t get the crowd open, like a safe with no combination

Keep your raps about guns and crack

l' m here to bring the true essence of Hip-Hop back

The emcee, the DJ, Graffiti, the Breaker It' s time for all you fakers out there to meet your maker

And while $l\hat{a} \in \mathbb{T}^{m}$ m here lets get one thing clear I never feel any pressure cause I have no peers, so $Don\hat{a} \in \mathbb{T}^{m}$ t ever step to rock well in a mike bout I play like an unpaid bill and put your lights out (To Chorus)

l' ve been nice all my life rocking mikes since I was one

Bout to make my name bigger than the city l' m from, Chi-town,

Whack cats put your mikes down

All I wanna hear is real Hip-Hop right now

Humiliating every rapper I see, even at your headline tours you open for me

The greatest lyricist, lyrics rock well, here he is An emcee guaranteed to put it down period, you must admit my flow is flawless

l' Il throw you out the game like your name was rashed wallets

I put whack cats to rest

Biggie came to me in a dream and told me l' m the best

l' m the illest emcee on the mike

Music is my fuel, put me on a stage, watch me ignite

l' m the last of a dying breed

About to spawn a new generation of real emcees.

(To Chorus) Everything' s Real

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