

# Phonosapiens "Over"

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It's over your team just lost the game to the underdog  
Loose running off the chain  
It's over you got no back up to match us  
This rap attack just surpassed it's masters  
It's over suckers are not ready to start letting  
The newest of prodigies prove that we're hard hitting  
So which one of y'all's pitching?  
I'm calling my shots and knocking out the ball's  
stitching  
Check it

Only after the smoke clears it hits ya  
The battle's been fought and finished but we're the  
victor  
Here to pierce the stigma with a spear that's big  
enough to kill  
And instill more fear than Hitler  
But my word's tighter than laws of the Third Reich were  
I burst fire so hot that it burns icebergs  
The mic murderers inserting the knife  
Further inside then turning your hide  
To burgers and fries  
And that's how I'm serving ya medium rare  
Spitting scriptures for kids who are reading impaired  
No one even compares I'm leaving 'em bare and naked  
While they stare with hatred Sit there and take it  
Huh, like a crack whore in through the back door  
Shaq attack force RAP shatter the backboard  
Scattering glass shards across the playing court  
If you want a friendly game  
Then we ain't playing the same sport  
You can't remain on top we'd have to change score first  
But we can't so face it the game's over

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It's over these niggas are not ready to start letting  
The newest of prodigies  
Prove that we're hard hitting  
Your style is dog shit quit trying to force it

You might as well forfeit (while proceeding out the door) cause you lost it

Skills determine the thrills up until the hype is real  
Find a reveal got me blasting I'm asking the opposite  
cast  
And tearing the whole scene up  
They scheme and strut when scream when struck  
The scene is stuck  
But then it all comes back now but since it's over  
Faded a sober no more faded a rhyme passed out  
A vacuum of cosmic proportions sucking any weakness  
Plus the over distortion you're forced in  
You couldn't fathom the fashion of force I have  
Like an alien form of pathogen breaking forth from  
your abdomen  
That started infected at your larger intestine  
Till it caused an infection tearing apart your midsection  
Ripping your sternum up stomach acid burning ya  
Splitting your gut worse than a permanent hernia  
Where everything falls through turning your balls blue  
Now this is the part where all you turn up the volume...

One (One) Two (Two) ain't no fucking with our crew  
Three (Three) Four (Four) you win the battles win the  
war  
Five (Five) Six (Six) DJ Defect and DJ Quix are in the mix  
Flipping tricks ripping shit ridiculous  
Consider this kinda like a physicist  
Splitting up your chemical image like cytokinesis  
When each cell diminishes that is when it finishes  
Sacrifice your innocence like it's Abel in Genesis  
Dissonance is imminent when I enter the premises  
I guess I'm just a menace like Dennis is to his nemesis  
If I'm not an MC I'm an instrumentalist  
Never will there ever be a mother fucking end to this  
It's meant to get your head to shift and bend at the  
appendages  
Incredible tremendous hits forever send the messages  
intended  
So never threaten the best unless you're ready to test  
The skill setting the precedence representing the West  
Coast  
Sound so underground clown's don't fuck around  
Now no wonder old crowns goin' crumble down  
Cuz what goes up you know what so act like you know  
who told ya  
And make way for the new soldiers of Hip Hop move  
Over!

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~Lyrics sorted out by Greg G. (ZeroAccend)

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