## Boogiemonsters "Recognized Thresholds Of Negative Stress"

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Verse One: Mondo, Vex

I can see your only eyes, locked into your skull My backbone the zone and when I roam my mind is full Guess who? I'm swoopin through the air like pestilence I know your nerves are shot and skin is tight from my

presence

Got the aura of a gazelle and roll like an ox I linger in the air and make my vocals bust shots to your dome, I'm thicker than a junkie's nostrils or veins

the membrane, of a party, nucleus of the brain The cytoplasma, is gettin phatter as it grows and expansions of the soul so throw the trash below dig within

Your mental will extend upon arrival of the truth the spiritual

ya hear it nigga you'll get loose So light the wick and let's get busy

Like a stick into your teeth

I override the threshold, and take it back to the sea Who can it be? Dance up in the party

Come and grab the microphone, come and move my body

Well I came through the door, I said it before I never let the stress get me down anymore

So as we walk through the thresholds of snake in the grass

I thought of super vicious shapes, lyrics begin to mass Feel the blast as the format of the rap smakes the skit

No profanity but the tongue is rough spit Verbal vomit, strings the atomic

Some electrospectroscopic storm, rising from the

It's like what? All up in your grill as we be strokin to the doom

Eliminating gloom as we walk in

With the WalkMan's on, turned up to ten

Apocalypse is comin, Boogiemonsters', transcend With the

Dan-ne-na, dan-ne-na

Dan-ne-nanny-yah on your block

Rock the ill one for energy, blesses as the mess

Penetrates the thresholds of negative stress

Chorus: Repeat 2X

[Dan-ne-na, dan-ne-na] The recognized thresholds of negative stress

[Dan-nah-nah-neyaa] The recognized thresholds of negative stress

Verse Two: Yodared, Myntric

I like the bare back when I rip my rap on the track MC's be beggin for mercy, but we don't be cuttin no slack, see

Yoda's on attack and Myntrick got my back Peep the ver-nacular, cause I don't know how to act Spectacular, back you up like Dracula Feedin off the energies, flip em like french toast I be the spatula

My man my blackness, we're, comin through the fatness

The drifter, floatin to the mist of the wackness
Attack us like a virus, look into my iris
Save that Achey Breaky Heart stuff for Billy Ray Cyrus
Just one of four Jugganauts, breakin down the walls
I fall into my zone and I realize all
So bring the noise b-boys, cause we're back
Peep the naked flow, bust the dreaded afro check the
track

and plus the microphone, when I take you back Represent the Boogie Down, moster when the sound hold me black

Chorus:

Verse Three: Vex, Mondo

Well it's the taker of the took-en, the shaker of the shook-en

My head will bop and rock like the niggaz bop in Brooklyn

on the block, so you don't stop

And ya don't stop when I rock and the nine goes pop Remember me, I be the kid with the Catholic uniform But nowadays, ahh, the girlies just swarm I don't know why, I'm walkin through the negative stress

Ghinga levi, is use-ful and still may get the thresh Well I'm that little peasy-headed kid from back in the day

The one that could run fast, cut and go the other way and run a three-eight forty, leave ya in the chills Leave ya at the twenty standin still holdin ya dillz I used to get frustrated with my Nike's It never matched my wears, I used to be in tears I used to be chillin, I used to roll dice Nowadays I'm thrillin, my wears are twice as nice And nice on the rhyme flip, watch how my rhyme tip

Just gets more complex, as we come, let me say my name is Vex

Fe fi fo fum, ho hum, yes I said it, before

But bring it in, Mondo, my man cause he got more

One day I be the rich and famous sittin in my Nova

Scoopin chicks, gettin chicks, to flip like bend over

Got my powerful, ice-ring, and everybody's witness

and the swing techniques, so flow you fly freak

So in ninety-four, yo, it's all about the music

Here it comes, spiritually, now you can, use it

So ah, eliminate the worst and the best

And eliminate the threshold, of negative stress

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