

Chitãozinho & Xororó

"Now What"

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EXTRA PRO:

Yeah
I can feel this
been holdin' mics longer than Don Cornelius
will this, ever end
not 'till I seal this
challenging your style reveal this
to you wack niggaz
phuck the trigga (get on the ground)
and try to peel this
'cause I'ma heal this, meaning your wounds and scars
froze your flows, compose you down from G to R
then expose you to the star
that I caught you in
and plus this motherphucka' brought a friend
so you're not scary, very silly really
nothin' puffin' out ya chest
I doubt ya fresh
and Billy's bluffin'
and so it's cool for you to do
your clout was less soon as you did that
ya shit's wack
forget rap
there's extra robes in your choir stand while you
admirin'
the niggaz in higher places who are firin'

you weak shit so knock on
Opio they wanna be dropped on (come on give it to
'em)

OPIO:

Yeah
Hieroglyphics rock on
outlastin' the niggaz gaspin' on to the past
when they was everlastin'
let the times pass 'em
now they gaspin' for breath
with nothin' left

they used to be def
I guess they blacked out
they need to back out
wack wasn't our shit from jump
I never did give a damn about a punk MC
my sworn enemy
I live to see 'em all fall off
just memories
'cause we the uncontested
Hieroglyphics unimpressed wit' (what)
the shabby competition, they gets left quick
plus these R&B niggaz on they dick
they betta' stick to singin'
stop clingin'
to the real shit, listen
get a clear understandin', this is competition
demandin'
you can't get a hand in
I stay on top, I'm never landin'
leavin' MC's scramblin'
I keep 'em grounded
they can't compound slick lyrics together
never had it in 'em, better
leave that shit alone
simp to the women for a minute
that's how ya livin'
give it up man, ya lost it
ya look exhausted
ya betta' off wit' the
Heartbreaks, singin' backup
'cause ya slackin' tremendously, ya never win
ya mic gets smacked up
disagree (huh), ya disallusioned
'cause ya losin', jerk
take some time out
stutterin', can't even get ya phuckin' rhyme out
who da champ?, who da joke?, let's find out
straight out the O' and niggaz love me fo' it
the mack poet
down wit' Extra Pro, it don't stop y'all
and niggaz can't catch up
unmatched, diggin' niggaz on the mic
I'm such a pimp
and don't attempt, ya can't touch me
shut that shit up, ya weak (yeah)
I make the freaks get up

[CHROUS:]

"(It don't stop)don't stop(don't quit)don't quit X4
(We gotta' come wit' the funky shit)"

EXTRA PRO:

Now Hieroglyphics ain't no motherphuckin' joke
so soak, in the liquids and bottles of dopeness
I won't be so subtle to rope this
around ya neck
we got respect
hocus pocus
try ta focus
ya see into me and
ya read into the beats
sweet
is my style, I'm disturbed
I got a list and mile
of MC's that don't pile the right vowels
I'll, listen and laugh (ha, ha, ha...)
while you don't have what we have, I'm dismissin' yo'
staff
and if you ain't followin' then you missin' the wrath
have you forgotten, I'm fed up
shut up, when I'm speakin'
while you're seekin'
a style we rock on the weekend
now you're peekin'
at me and my man while we're freakin', reekin'
the smell of funks
punks, get the leakin' (ha)
from the dillz (but they still ain't fresh)
time ta chill. . .

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