

DJ Format

"The Place"

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[Chali 2na]

Here come the rhyme prime ministers, son of the time senator,

From the beginning we run with the time signature,

Replenish, vintage, of minds, refined literature,

If your only topic is crime your times upâ€!

Your dark skill, Hit the target, lethargic,

I grip the part, giving hard ship regardless,

Im arse kicking, your star kissed,

Remembering my brother akil * cuts parties for a livin'

*

[Akil]

I blast at will, smashing the skills,

Rap so I can build, relax and pay my bills,

I have to see a meal, not just to ice my grill,

Have spinners on the wheels, trying to floss and get killed,

And im for more than that, when I rap, money,

We're supposed to get that, take care o' ya self,

Your family and you'll get back,

To those who had your back when you was on your back,

And those who gave you doubt on your first rap

[Chali 2na]

This is for people, who don't know, about my crew,

We'll snore through who ever, supports you corporate

You kill hoards report to, yes!

I rep the reeling 'til I stand in my tomb,

I hope my glory never walks and unhandle my doom

[Akil]

Yeah, when we rock a show, this is how I get my dough,

Every where I go, party people wanna know,

Where the party at, where we can feel safe at,

Where akil, chali 2na and dj format,

Stay at the T-O-P most definitely, and sometimes I style for free

[Chali 2na]

But keep responsibility, I cant read my grammar free,

With my talent, I'm trying to feed my family,

That's what people don't want

[Chorus]

Ain't no place, we can't survive, we can't survive, we
can't survive

Got no place, we can't survive, we can't survive, we
can't survive

[Akil]

*Just another party

Just another party

Just another party for us to enhance€!*

Its clear, we here, self-made man career,

Bin here, for some years,

Through blood sweat and tears,

But god has bin near, and here my only fear,

Why ya'll stand and cheer, from the front to the rear

[Chali 2na]

These actors lay back, these rappers have made track

Lets pack a stage, with denim fades and clad vests

But still this natural tongue, done got you sprung,

My puns get under your skin like a tattoo gun

[Akil]

They don't know the real deal, is that I party and
bullshit,

When I'm on my music I use it, to lead and teach the
movement

And groove with the theory that we running the same

That's how we doin it

[Chali 2na]

Cos we've bin broke, and bin some middle wage hobos

Poking like weeder fingers on them yellow page locos

Keeping the skills shut, so the industry never ruin it

Got us clone, the fuck up son that's how they doin it

Yes sir, we making shitty songs, and persar

Cos the more product you have, the stronger you are,

[both] By far

[Akil]

Remain the same, prepare for change,

Out to get fame and collect my change

[Chorus]

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