

Pomeroy "Elevate"

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Elevate your mental level
step aside the music so you can rebel
see pomeroy is here to take it to you the funky devil
its me the d, you number one m.c.
so give me dat microphone so i can play the past lyrics,
yo
i can put my thoughts over a 5 piece screw
and with my words i'll make a person with a passive
body move
and groove into an ill sensational kid
lockin the bid for who we rockin your lid, my id
in the drivers seat so i can run it down
with poetic flaming arrows let me introduce the sound
situate your mind for a logical download
too many mc's lookin for their way on the clown road
pass the racks of overweighted tracks
you might find a clash with what they say is a smash
hit me with the one and two, the he-hi-into
hits you with a brand new issue, shoot

chorus:

ooooohhhh, the celemental evelvation
the source of soulful exploration
yaaaaah
today they crown me, the straight p.i.m.p.
the p i'll be back and o the mp3, yo
and this is the grave and do everything you like
i turn your backs off twice when i rock the mic
cast away 101 dalmations, feel my vibration
walkin down the uncreated playin out the sound
to the 8 to the rollin of you record hasnt sold enough
yet
says the size of your debt true
cuz fans like you been switchin, since '82
itchin' for somethin new, being told what to do
because the platinum hits dont mean it wack read shits
no need to throw fits
just look back in the blitz-and-which-we-could-lock-
horns-which
cant-reach-me-like-scotland-o-play-them-just-tell-them-
the-reason
we-wont-quit

we pump up the stereo like mine is abuse
cuz this the type of shit you need to listen to
times spin, begin, flip the calendar days
while those animated minutes blur to form hazy shades
of gray
foughts my sign dismay
its motivation is the cheese of being smoking the gray
raise the bar, elevate, mode that matters relate
to the end, transcend, the prior theories reshape, make
the wonder of life times 10 without stripe
thats mother drippin hot right off the end of the knife
fat and tasty, dont waste thee
just grill of the mc, our lyrics talkin mad about the
things that i dont see
release, rejoice, be cruel, the true voice, moist
make eye, then take eye, the honey of choice
flip the script, i nips, within the bud, your lips
shift with words my tip kiss the point, unzip
get to this people, anticipated sequel
music is the church, my rhyme the steple

(chorus)

ooooohhhh, the elemental elevation
the source of soulful exploration
yaaaaah
the reason for the celebration
yayayaaa, oohhhhhh
you know that music can fulfill your heart, so open up
your arms

i believe in the p-crew destiny
the wrote, the women, the pressure of b-testimy
lyrics are so tight, mc's think of undressin me
thats why they gettin cut and drop like a vasectamy
they back up pathetically, readily, im droppin steadily
time to elevate off that played out ground
that goes to rid of the bands, for primitive lands
interpretation be off, so im'a make em understand, i
revampered the system, so yall can listen
and judge if you like, but dont jump in my height
because a critic is a critic is a critic for a reason
couldn't hack the biz so their career is out of season
im sick with this, they got you gettin your cattle on
but when the new album comes drops like a smog
bomb
like when lorenne cast in, snoop, and octagon
we elevate yall, good good god
We elevate yall, good good god
We elevate yall, good good god
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We elevate yall, good good god

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