

El Da Sensei "Frontline"

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f/ F.T., Mike Zoot, Organized Konfusion

[El Da Sensei]

Yo yo yo, huh hah

Smooth diff' in this, y'all know what's goin on with this
right here

Yo it's Shawn J., bust it

It's goin down like that

El Da Sensei hah, for the '9-8

F.T., Mike Zoot, Prince Po' huh, Pharoahe Monch

The Frontline, huh

You don't know what's up with this, uhh uhh

You don't know what's up with this

Doin drama like dis do', yo check it out check it out

My vendetta in this form of musical song

is to enlighten and brighten the mind through
instrument and rhyme

And fix those inadequate flows that don't adapt

Makin snacks on wax plates for DJs to scratch

[Pharoahe Monch]

Fast slash, cross hatch slash, cross patch

Every word of mine will be verbally so tight to match

That or that I hit you harder than Caterpillar trucks

In the lab where we collaborate or matter will erupt

[Mike Zoot]

From a, music martyr, bust mortar, break the order

Torch your sound texture, fire water's in my aura

Your future forefather, your new wave slave wrapped in
chains and amulets

and hard to earn assets

[F.T.]

Yo, niggas game playin but not name sayin

My aim's sprayin, I get mine that's why you stay waitin

and vacatin, whether you know it or not, I'ma blow up
the spot

If you owe me a lot, I'ma show up with Glocks

[Prince Poetry]

And you're still wet, pull up your socks, suspend the art

Sizzle like woks, underground spots, from the city to
the boondocks

Bounce, double wishbone suspension like shocks

Multiple plans and plots, word

[Chorus - all]

You know we shine with rhymes all the time

Keep in mind don't test these MCs who bless (Word)

Test these MCs

You know we shine with rhymes all the time

Keep in mind don't test these MCs who bless (Word)

Test these MCs (Word what ugh)

Test these MCs

[El Da Sensei]

I spit fire satire, indeed bleed, phenomenal
demographics

Broadcast my rhyme forecast to eager addicts

Pave a path many can't outlast

Who these cats who blast gats rehearsin lines for a
movie cast?

But as a central, blaze the track engage

Instamatic sporadic insight pays for days

with their sickening floss, flip on tracks like Dominique
Dawes

Pause, date back, flows is gettin flashback

[Pharoahe Monch]

My existence, spirits in animated film,

three-dimensionally roller scoped

With cloakin devices, skates, stoges and a motor boat

I hold the Pope for ransom, it's

the handsomest, assassinatin Satan,

leavin the world Marilyn Manson-less

I'm in the streets like Sesame

The recipe - to kill, attain da mil/DeMille like Cecille B.

The rest'll be the aftermath, the most got statistics

Pharoahe Monch, Steve Post about to lift it

[Mike Zoot]

I gotta get mine, give it back so you can get yours

[Prince Poetry]

I gotta get mine, give it back so you can get yours

[Mike Zoot]

I gotta get mine, give it back so you can get yours

Yo yo UHH WHAT

I'm leavin your staff mated, makin these crabs hate it

I lotta fags rate it and thought I got stagnated

I'm not some rap nigga that you're dyin to meet

Just another hungry brother real hungry and tryin to eat

And in the streets you better rely on your feet

Babies is feelin iron, cryin to sleep

Plus the government is supplying the heat

They goin psychotic in prison cos of the economic
additions

plus sex and drugs in the bleachers

[F.T.]

3-4 come up, run up in beefcake gun butt-ups

Crush truck chains, the wirey gold frames

chains sums up, the dollars, white collar, blue Range

Eat my dust up, ten in the bucket in the left lane gainin
momentum

Cum sendin comers, fair game, a lot of sumtin sumtin

All in or nothin, silence the sufferin

Can't stand the strugglin, some resume games to stain
jugglin

I muscled in and scribbled my name

[Prince Poetry]

Belittle your brain, the true grain riddle your frame

Got you forfeitin the bitch by the middle of the game

Hostile, impossible to stop below the free

Buck em down, shook em nothin at the top of the key

Prince, I'm nippatant, magnificent moves, strategic

Smash joints, leavin the track paraplegic

Repeat it for those who need it, niggas catch the vibe

Fish 'n grits, hot sauce, forever embedded inside

Chorus

[Mike Zoot - Outro]

What, ugh, yo, yeah come on, yeah yeah

By my nigga El Da Sensei, Mike Zoot, ynahI'msayin?

Okay, F.T., Guesswhyld

I gotta fresh style

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