

**Fritz Brause****"Drama"**

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[INTRO: Odario]

Too much drama. These MCs trying to take what's not  
their's. They don't  
know the deal. A yo, Spitz come here and tell them the  
deal.

[Spitz]

Yo, check it out  
Sometimes we shine so bright it's devine  
MCs staring at my mic have been known to go blind  
You got two great minds intertwined to combine  
An ultimate rhyme that's unmatched  
We attack beats that make your neck snap back  
And possibly the clash, no hope for a rematch  
It's Maxmo the dispatcher in pursuit of sucker MCs  
Calling for backup in case thses fools feeling lucky

[Odario]

Roger that dispatch  
Received your call got your back  
Head 'em off on the corner, peep straight and relax (?)

[Spitz]

He's heading right in your direction, I'm in hot pursuit  
Oh shit! He seen me call, got shook changed his route  
Pseudo effects(?), ran through Bar B-Q  
Car two, you double back, I'm in fullout pursuit  
If he thinks he's getting away, this cat's sniffing glue  
So I flew over this fence dodging kids eatting hot dogs  
Sucker you're out of shape, you sucking wind like you  
Boss Hog

Your lines got cocked back, my lines fully loaded  
Should have stopped writing when your brain  
overloaded  
Your head started to swell and your neck couldn't hold  
it

Toppled head over heels to the ground, body folded  
Free advice, take notes but don't quote it  
Look me dead in the eyes and tell me that you wrote it  
You couldn't take the pressure and your f\*\*\*\*\* brain  
exploded

[Odario] Ahhh, damn!

"Mad drama" -- Jeru, scratched by DJ Hunnicut several times

[Odario]

Definition of a rhyming practitioner  
On timing the rendition  
Hold your rah, take a listen  
Don't stop, fix your lonely condition  
Watch what you're wishin'  
Mark you proposition (proposition)  
Mood Ruff don't die, we multiply  
Well I, like to chillin'  
Keep one eye... open  
Top billin', scoping out the villian  
No longer holding no we hoping and willing  
To make some sense, can't be rapping again  
Over my expense, now he running again  
Done in, mad ones and dreams to making the coming  
up  
Lost ones, you know they think they strong enough  
I come out hardlife, po-po I make you wonder  
I bring the drama, show ya lyrical thunder  
Pull ya, pull pull we going under  
Beneath the level with me the rhyme devil (devil)  
I'm well defined within my theory  
We cross the line the more the merry  
Come on with me, let's be what we gotta  
The MC, MC we keep it hotter  
[Spitz]  
Yeah we now infiltrate your entire being  
This is how we bring it live to all them pepole still  
believing in  
Ripping mics 'til the crowd goes deaf {deaf}  
Dropping wax, mix it up like a chef {chef}  
Body rocking 'til there's no moves left  
Innovate new styles, expect nothing less  
Never rest, perfectionists, none the less  
You got extra chips  
Well invest off the rest, we the next  
It ain't a job, it's a reflex  
Hit me with the mic and I spit text

"Mad Drama" -- Jeru, scratched DJ Hunnicut

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