

Adina Howard F/ Cam'Ron, Charli Baltimore

"Mind Over Matter"

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It's the immaculate conception
Accurate connection
Dangerous selection
Hazardous to your profession
With no trajectory, your whole game lacks direction
Prime time
My will outshine your reflection
McGyver-like
Creating bombs with mics
Inviting my pen to write
Is like igniting dynamite
'Cause when the Mic recites
Enemy crews unite for defenses
Leaving MCs as past-tenses
It's senseless for you to even hope for
You think you're dooper?
I'll have you on the sofa
Crying out to Oprah
My words stimulate the nerves in your brain tissue
With lyrics that'll leave you spinning like Yoshimitsu
Clear like crystal
Banging like nuclear missiles
You know the issue
When your homie is singing "I miss you"
It's official
With deadly flows leaving rappers John Doe
To make them say
"Yo, I don't rhyme no more"
K-O got you falling down like a roots video
In slo-mo, running things fo' sho'

CHORUS

It's all about mind over matter
It's all a matter of time
Before I go for mine
Drop the dotted line
I'd rather be the unsigned hype
Than the type to be the unhype signed

Like a lot of lyricists in our time

I can't relate with
The way we formulated rhymes
Is algebraic
Most of ya'll are still stuck in it
Need to quit
Or become celibate
And not f*** with it
Trying to duplicate the format
Amazed at how we manipulate a four-track
Show you right
K-O keeps the flow tight
For every Clark Kent
I present the kryptonite
Ain't no stopping me
Exercise mic control
Like it's stolen property
Philosophizing thought
Plato and Socrates
A demonstration into how to rock properly
K-O making you nauseous
Better remain cautious
Utilize discretion
Tight flow for K-O is an obsession
My life is all about progress and progression
It's all a matter of time
No question

CHORUS x 2

K-O rap flow
Like making a gat blow
Verbal .44
Waiting to straighten your afro
Hot lyrics got you thinking
We're drinking tobasco
You wanna be an MC?
Get what you ask for

Yo, these homo Mcs speed is slo-mo
Yank and lick shots
And still be bobo
On the d-low pack the verbal .44
Got the po-po
Running like Flo-Jo

K-O's some naturally talented mo-fos
But since '92 we've been in the shadows
Most of all these hi-pro rappers are so-so
But they ain't never met with the threat of K-O

You need to lay low

I hit MCs like a free throw
We lay down the classic vocals like Peabo
Bumrush the show like troops in Kosovo
K to the O
Your rap virtuosos

CHORUS

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