

## InI

# "Square One"

Visit "[Square One](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Verse 1 - Ras G]

Huh.

I got some time to explain the true grading of a  
rhymewriter

So take the stance of a gunfighter

Others inject intellect for selfrespect

Or simply kickin' verses for a tight paycheck

But they neglect is creative aspects in control

The sounds and words originate up in the soul

My thoughts cross wack emcees and wickedness

They seem to go hand in hand in the mess

That's formed the dawn of the fake emcee

It's really funny to me how brothers front like they  
deadly, see

Jah be's with me so Ras G is no fool

Respectin' the original school that wrote the rules

I'm layin' all these real ass facts upon the wax

Mass communication minus fakin' the jax

So relax all the gods will make you crumble and fall

Keepin' you on the run as we start from Square One

[Hook - InI][4X]

"The InI's in the house" "you don't stop"

"Rap motherfuckers on the rise" "you don't stop"

Square one

[Verse 2 - Marco Polo]

I have to get what I want, cause now it's no time to front

It's InI on the hunt just to smoke up the funk

With no fear in this industry we in here

So surprised I appear I play the back or the rear

I pushed and shoved to get in, and I've seen every sin

And it's been a long time considerin'

But no bitter man, african, rastafarian, non-american

Checkin' every man (yeah)

In my zone because the eye is all alone in this universe

I see the worst now I'm comin' in first

A brother's thirst got him eager to merc

In full effect cause I'm stayin' alert

Bless the hurt at each and every concert

Taught well to be the very next expert

Never the spare one, I'm steppin' up to shoot a fair one  
Settin' it off from Square One

[Hook]

[Verse 3 - Rob O]

In '95 nuff kids can catch the vapors  
Rob O spends his time puttin' words to paper  
Still so I maintains a fly flow  
But everytime I plant a seed they won't let it grow  
Guess it's the fact that I seen through ya team of major  
fake outs  
Your feeble attempts of gettin' caked out  
But in the face of temptation, sex, guns and  
paperchasin'  
Playin' yaself and say ya neithans  
Is it the recognition, quick cash or chart positions  
Or big figures that have you shittin' on niggaz  
It must be, thinkin' like the whole rap industry son  
Yeah no doubt you bugged out  
It's not as stable or firm as you thought  
In the scrimmage and the tables is turned, this shit is  
finished  
Yo Grap Luva (no question) cause this is how it should  
be done  
We takin' it back to Square One

[Hook]

Visit [InI](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.