

Natural Elements

"Mayday"

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Verse 1: (A-Butta)

Whoever is on the front line is gettin' struck first
we mercenaries, fuck turf
every verse is varied, I bust first
Mayday, Natural Elements controllin' the ship
rollin' a spliff that'll probably put my soul in a twist
but I remain bonin' a bitch
got her buck-naked posin' for flicks
actin' like she was never known for the shit
but I look over the shoulder and see the enemy lookin'
physically strong but mentally shaken
and for penitentiary bookin's this shit happens
get orders from my nigga Charlemagne the ship
Captain
you sound like a bitch yappin'
this shit is all Natural to us
like blowin' endo out the window in the back of the bus
I move back and I bust
rapid fire
you actin' flyer
now your family's in black attire

with mad desire
when we caught you in the line of duty
you had it in your mind to shoot me
but every soldier of my kind sollutes me
now I'm reclinin' with a Lucy
all of my niggas
smoke it down to the filter
holdin' a frown with a picture
you smell the smoke when I walk past
you saw blasts
you should've known about the drama in my warpath.
Chorus - Mayday Mayday, raise the white flags, time
for the payday,
payday, and it's like that, out shit is World Wide, North,
South, East,
and West, put on your shield, lets see who's the best.
Repeat 1x
Verse 2: (Mr. Voo-Doo)
You feel the burnin' emission
you squirm in submission
no terms and conditions
ya'll confirm my suspicions
that ya'll are bitches that resemble Men
like female Tennis players at Wimbledon
why you tremblin'?
shook like the ricter
my voice raise waves

and make ya'll change ways like crooks turnin Muslim
blast shots burnin' your Bosom
like bitch cramps
you got lucky your people told you switch camps
or get damp with plenty led
I'm like a beast with many heads
sort of like the Predators dreads
I got more arms than Dr. Octavious
rock your whole block radius
I be the bomb
and I bleed nitrogliceren if you slice my palm
The Don been gone for how long from the rap biz?
wet more domes than John the baptist
when the gat spits
it ain't over 'till the last man's limbs
are twisted like he was doin Yoga
in fact my Pistol's longer than the Jokers
I ignite Mag's
leave your toe wearin' a white tag
so, ya'll niggas better raise the white flag.

Chorus 2x

Verse 3: (L-Swift)

I swear theres a war in the air in the New York streets
you talk beef?
you had a swollen Melon, now you humble
with loaded weapons, nowhere to run to

we mega high, jet in the sky, droppin' bombs,
prepare to crumble as we rock on,
beware of the jungle with Anaconda's
don't puff too much 'cause the enemy smells the
Marijuana
we blastin' every object in Combat with honor
so yo, remember the agenda with the plan of action
no retreat, no surrender, keep the cannons blastin'
we blastin' heat 'till each member turns into has-beens
soldiers bangin', who's click'll get done?
my crew can taste victory at the tip of the tongue
always prepared physically, take the clip for the gun
and put it in, 'cause when it's on how many niggas'll
run?
you said we couldn't win, bullets in ya flesh, cave in
your chest
you pullin' for breath, I'm claimin' your death
you shouldn't've stepped, war paint on my chest
fatigue green and black
and the heat reacts
to make you bleed like hemophiliacs
see me strapped, heavily armed, repetitively
releasin' caps 'till the enemy's gone, definitely
my people pack metal for me, let a legend be born
I declare war, (What mothafucka!) and it's on.

Chorus - 2x

