

Big Tymers, Juvenile, Lil' Wayne, B.G.

"Main Objective"

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[Revolution]

From New York to tayron, the mic terrorist
With the heads so hard, I'm leaving Tyson with a
bloody fist
Riddle me this
You're confused as to how I got you're bomb defused
I use words to dismantle crews

[D-Shade]

Keeping them blinded by my crown jewels, a daily
operation
The ??? foundation will be in need of repairation
When I start aiming at the ones contaminated
A yo, I break them off and send them back to basic
training

[Revolution]

I got skills like the saw
Or skills without the first ???
You best to protect ya soul
We got the voodoo like curses
You're taken out with verses
Or down with one verse
Like Gregory Issacs, you'll be nedding a night nurse

[D-Shade]

And D-Shade will flip the text
To keep them phony raps scared to death
I bless the mic with heated speech like dragon breath
Ain't taking half steps
Solidify my fortress
Put the cops to rest because they can't see beyond the
flesh

CHORUS: [D-Shade]

We got to reach our goal
Without selling our soul
Without nobody else pushing our buttons and controls
Ain't wasting time taking steps that's ineffective
Move as a collective to reach the main objective
REPEAT

[Revolution]

So why you got to step up, fronting like you bad

Ass at the club, as to opposed to the way you acting
mad
Can't you see we be the mic murder maker
Ain't the faker, the one who made your girl the ass
shaker
>From ultra-terrestrial, higher plains of brain power
Unleash mindstates to witness the rebirth of the sacred
flower
Meltdown like freemont(?) Islands, stay silent
Or crews get the blues like shine by ? ?
[D-Shade]
Some will get paralyzed when they staring into these
cold eyes
I'm making them realize that they getting analyzed
Before I vaporize they whole set, we don't connect
And all that's left to do is to wet 'em with these verbal
tech-
-Niques that leave them weak, unable to speak
I make them retreat and send them back to shit's creak
'Cause these guys are like fruit flies trying to get some
juice
Here comes the fly swatter, a yo put up your dukes

CHORUS

[Revolution]
They always acting wacky, I got Shades to back me
Up while I rap or sitting back eating acky (?)
And Salt Fish, my microphone is like a canon (say what,
say what)
On the mic I be the manic
[D-Shade]
I'm off to the crib, keeping my grip so that I don't slip
Staying out of slumps like the batters who got a lot of
hits
And a .450 average, I'm doing damage to your
cabbage
Shoot the gifts like Mavericks, while these fools can
barely manage
[Revolution]
We be the phattest, dangerous like a gat is
Farther underground than a Barvarian illuminatist
It's what the facts is, it ain't a riddle
Pockets full of pyramids with the eye in the middle
[D-Shade]
That's why we cripple the oppostion
Leaving them playing second fiddle with broken strings
Yo, that shit is typical
They mediocre, I eat 'em up like mediocra(?)
I keep y'all clocking my weight like the media does to
Oprah

CHORUS

"My rap..." (scratched several times)

"My rap is therapy"

REPEAT

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