

## **Phi-Life Cypher**

### **"Drop Bombs"**

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Artist: Phi-Life Cypher  
Album: Millenium Metaphors  
Title: Drop Bombs

Yo, Philly, here to bring trouble  
Yo, Life, here to bring trouble  
Here to bring trouble, who do you see?

(Si Philly)  
I be the interactual, factual verbal supernatural  
Thinking be lateral because my mind be immatchable  
Never been catchable I'm causing ---  
Lyrical flow spitting purer then Perrier water when I  
slaughter  
Leave you decapitated from the shit that I created  
Leaving your battle scene obliterated  
Niggas be devastated by my verbal masochism  
Attacking them like a laser-guided missile bringing  
their dismissal  
The rhyme cluster like a funkier buster blasting up  
Israel  
A twenty point climb up on the richter scale  
Smoke joints while I manipulate pressure points  
Fracture a rapper and here the crack of bone disjoints  
Force more thought techniques when Philly speaks  
Fully tweaks when I'm spitting my verbal figure of  
speech  
And I reach, the parts that other rappers couldn't  
manage  
My lyrical lethal weapon be giving your body damage

Yo philly, Verbal fight and drop bombs  
Yo, Life, Verbal fight and drop bombs  
Yo philly, Verbal fight and drop bombs  
Yo, Life, Verbal fight and drop bombs

(Life)  
Yo I bounce over beats like jeeps do over gravel stones  
Use wack Mcs as stepping stones to get to  
microphones  
Smoke herb in Rizla cones and when I get stoned

My rhymes start spinning like a typhoon, hurricane,  
cyclone  
My style is Fort Knox and got more 'locks than a Rasta

And Hiyahiyahoo I be the rap kung-fu master  
I'm British like airways, so step like stairways  
Cos I'm busting more skill than Tiger Woods on the  
fairways  
With a queue of rap fools who need to go back to rap  
school  
With their two many rhymes cos I got lyrics by the  
sackfull  
Lyrically smash you and grab you and stab you  
Try to take your liberty with me on the mic like a statue  
I flex like the funkmaster rock like the raider  
My lyrics swears like tounnge strong and cut like the  
creator  
Smooth like CL I aint no gangster I'm a guru  
Kool like Keith when I drop the pronouns the verbs and  
the plurals  
Make more grams than Puba ---  
Smoke more herb than Canibus trust that's when I'm a  
Redman  
Mos Def and the li Flow in any Company  
Heavy like D fat like Joe make you Run like DMC  
I be the master like P, of any ceremony  
Have a Wu-Tang brother saying Life, U-God not me  
Bruck up your Ras like Clarts with more effects than  
Darts  
My style is bigger than Ainsley, Foxy Nature and Nas  
Life will astonish ya  
Bigger than Daddy Kane and the punisher  
More Method than any Man and out to make many  
grams

Yo philly, Verbal fight and drop bombs  
Yo, Life, Verbal fight and drop bombs  
Yo philly, Verbal fight and drop bombs  
Yo, Life, Verbal fight and drop bombs

Your..... Technique..... Is ..... Magnificent...

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