

Black Milk f/ Pharoahe Monch, Sean Price

"The Matrix"

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[Black Milk] For every pair of lines I spit I leave you
paralyzed and bend so clear a path If you not parallel
to my paragraphs Apparently if they say I'm better than
you There's no reason for me to put myself on the
petistule Movin' forward ahead of you Like you ridin' a
bike And you can't move till' the pedals do Nobody
teams compare Bold niggas fallin' so fast They need to
pull the strings on a parachute So stop the comparisons
and get buried up under American soil We can start
with the letter U, S Food for thought, thought for fools
Where niggas will take a life for the jewels and a pair of
shoes The hood is out for dollar signs We trade the
heaven skies for a slice of the devils pie Try to make it
my downfall but see all I know is to tour Audiences
applause for the working cause All the best now is
spittin' the truth, Why? You the let down like convertible
roofs, I See the mic and murder the booth, nah Killin'
shit precise like a snipe that's on top of the roof ha
[Chorus: scratched] "You, you, you love my style cause
I'm not what ya used to" "Caught in the matrix" - Jay-Z
"It's out of hand, how the man gotcha" - Special Ed
"You're in my Dangerfield like Rodney" - Das EFX
[Pharoahe Monch] Four finger ring rap, sling slang,
Pharoahe the flows good You couldn't hang if you was
Ving Rhames in Rosewood Couldn't string together
some shows If hoes would sing together a song for you
And then you came when the doughs good I'm Billy
Joel, I really sold Might dust off some red vinyl that's
really old Or chop drums On a roll while I'm shotgun
With a wireless MPC 4000 I got one I bomb crew, I'm hot
I'm cool with Top Gun, but not That fond to Tom Cruise,
I got A pool to lyrical warn shots that you shouldn't
respond to Like pant legs around the ankles of hipsters
I'm tight Paintin' a more visual picture than Pixar Get
more, skull than Skelator or rip fuel While y'all bite like
parasites and pitbulls [Chorus] [Sean Price] It goes
punch, shoot, stab, kill Smoke this, sniff that, nigga
pass the pills Niggas rap about daffodils Tree hugger
That's when the gat clap ya grill P mug ya My defense
is offense Offense is nonsense Drunk with a cufi on
Bring it to Allah bent Clark Kent with the glasses off

Power fuckin' Loise Lane cause her ass is soft Crip
tonight/kryptonite, but I'm a blood today Latin King
tomorrow keep it caliente I send Spanish niggas to visit
your label ?Ref en biente? and take your digital cable
The God hard body Y'all ain't physically able To test me
I'm Jet Li This whipping is fatal Blast sketch Y'all niggas
is past sex Acting like a boss get lost, what up Hex?
[Chorus]

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