

Black Milk f/ Sean Price, Pharoahe Monch & DJ Premier

"The Matrix"

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For every pair of lines I spit
I leave you paralyzed and bit so clear a path
If you not parallel to my paragraph
Apparently if they say I'm better than you
There's no reason for me to put myself on the petestule
Movin' forward ahead of you
Like you ridin' a bike and you can't move till' the pedals
do
Nobody teams compare bone niggas ballin' so fast that
he can pull a string on a parachute
So stop in comparisons and compared up under
American soil
We can start with the letter U, S
Food for thought, thought for food
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 y'all dont know when
to talk audiences applause for the working cars
All the best now is spittin' the trouth ah
You the let down like convertible roofs ah
See the mic get murdered the booth nah
Killin' shit precise like a snipe thats on top of the roof
ah

Chorus:

"you, you, you love my style cuz I'm not what ya used
to"

"caught in the matrix, is out of hand high demand
gotcha"

"ye, ye, your in my danger field like rodney"

REPEAT

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 you came when the
doughs good

I'm Billy Joel, I really sold might
dust off some red vinal thats really old
Or chop drums on a roll when I'm shotgun
with a wire so you can see four thousand I got one
I bomb cruise I'm hot
I'm cool with Top Gun but not
The far to Tom Cruise I got
A pool to lyricall warn shots that you shouldn't respond
to
Like pant legs around her ankles or hipsters I'm tight
Paint 'em a visual picture liek Pixar
Get more, Skull of Skelator or rip fuel
While y'all bite like parasites or pitbulls

Chorus
Repeat

Sean Price
It goes punch, shoot, stab, kill
Smoke that, sniff that nigga pass the pills
Niggaz rap about dafadills, tree hugga
Thats when the gat clap ya grill, P mug ya
My defence is offence
Offence is nonsense
Drunk with a goofy on bring her to a ?
Clark Kent with the glasses off
Power fuckin' Loise Lane cuz her ass is soft
Crip tonight, but I'm a blood today
Latin King tomorrow keep it Cali' get paid
I send, spanish niggas to visit your label
Reff on me ? digital cable
The god hard body I aint physically able
Ya test me I'm Jet Li just whipping this fable
Blast get ya niggas is past sex
Acting like a boss get lost, waht up hex

Chorus

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