

## Shades Apart

### "First Things First"

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Featuring Takktics

[Intro: Takktic]

Yo yo. What's up this is Takktics universal soldier  
Keeping it jiggy for the S O Cs  
Year two G bioknights regin supreme  
What's up y'all we's about to get hardcore  
Re re re reactive armor you know what I'm saying

[Takktics]

It's like a M 1 tank  
I rip through your sound banks  
I to pranks get ruthless like a long shank  
Punks want coins it they don't give thanks to  
Dragon dog, with high ranks  
I am a pirate, no a pilot, the battleship  
With I'll cybernetics shit, on a sci-fi tip  
Strictly hype when I bite a mic  
I bring the sixs, the oh, the eight to the battle hype  
It's Takktics, tactical, ill-dramitical, radical  
Coming with a fist full of spittin' bull  
It's I'll flow for the elements  
608 soldiers bring it on, report to the redgiment  
Da shit is evident, we never hesitant  
We drill you like a surgen  
Take you for your garments and your gumption  
What the fucks your function?  
(We got no flows, no hip hop style, no conjunction)

[Chorus: Dark Shade]

First things first y'all, bring it over here (over here)  
When we appear, we putting rhymes in your ear  
What if we put on top of bass and a snare  
This years it's got to be loud and clear

[Dark Shade]

Prepare for combat like the F-14 tomcat  
Put the bombs in the tracks when I react and that's that  
Peep the stats, I'm runnin' through your system like a  
fax  
The toungue is the axe so sharpen up all of them weak

raps

I'm storming buildings like Purvian commandos  
Mad flows permit me to hit targets quicker than arrows  
The specialist in these rhyme sciences aka the iron fist  
that strikes

swift

I execute the task of rhyme designing with perfect  
timing

Electrifying like bolts of lightning when I'm rhyming  
See, weak deliveries need to be put on freeze like  
salaries or athletes

with injuries

I maintain my, position in the game (game)

I'm leaving stains on people's brains, so they  
remember the name (name)

The Dark Shade is running with the Shades of Culture  
unit

(And ayo, we constant with the movements like fluid)

[Chorus]

[Revolution]

Liek tactics in Desert Storm

I be the undead soldier

I thought I fucking told ya got a space between your  
shoulder

Get crushed by rolling boulders

On the mics, and the beats, and the streets set the  
scene for me to cut

out you spleen

This rap court is hardcore, twisting backs

An ex-con of poultry(?), eating those chickenheads like  
snacks

Spit out the bones and begin to twist cones

To relax with the dread in the 608 zone

You're getting kicked in the balls like Pele's crew

It's time to get rude, I'm leaving all of them unglued

Falling apart at the seams, and it seems you got  
pipedreams

Put down the mic and start turning cream

Into butter, don't stutter or end in the rap gutter

Or go find yourself another managerial staff

DON't laugh, find a new crew

Write some fresh lyrics or you're through

[Chorus X3 with background scratching]

["First serve basis" scratched to fad

