

Rasco

"Sophisticated Mic Pros"

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Welcome to the surplus
My rhymes underneath the surface
Time to bring it to the light right
Despite what you thought you heard
I be hearing other words going around
Fuck these clowns
Ran from my 9 to 5
Still plan to keep it live all day
Can't see it any other way
It's time for me to execute
Maybe be the next to shoot
Blow out your dome get gone
Looking at me sideways
They might find you in your driveway
Or some remote highway
I do it my way
Never convert to yours
Hate you motherfuckers time to settle the score
Full court press we stress
Then open up your chest, shatter the cage
No 12 gauge
We super deluxe and worth 6-digit bucks
We rockin them jams about 2000 plus, what

[CHORUS] x2

We flip these while you niggas flip those
The dopest MC's that got the sickest type flows
We blowin their domes whenever we rock the shows
We up in they face sophisticated mic pros

Now who can you trust to keep hip-hop alive
With classical shit since 1995
While niggas insist they #1 on the list
I hit em with this and put they minds in a twist
We gettin the gist we got the hand with the plan
The illest MC to ever come from San Fran
Money and grands you better watch the quick hand
Your money can drop like it was fertile quicksand
You seein a man who had a choice with a voice
Be speakin it loud now everybody wanna crowd
But nevertheless the best man on the mic

You try to recite but can't get the lines right
We comin tonight droppin grenades on parades
When I don't get paid I leave the whole block sprayed
No further delays about a thou for the show
Be up in their face sophisticated mic pros, what

[CHORUS] x2

Yo we three steps ahead of y'all
You niggas thought that I was scared a y'all
You niggas need the Geritol
The Rookie of the Year is clear
Maybe better yet the vet regrets that ain't settled in yet
But none of y'all could pose a threat
I pump fear in the vein remain the same
Go against the grain
Keep it straight ahead so spread
I be goin for they head takin they neck
Takin my respect
Let me think back and reflect and reminisce over this
beat
While y'all be runnin in the streets
Knowin that you can't compete
I fly with the whole fleet bringin the heat
Watchin y'all cheat
This game wasn't made for kids
We get rid of the weak rhymes
So when it's time to speak mine
I got about a thousand flows
No time for the hoes who know sophisticated mic pros

[CHORUS] x2

Understand this
Grand imperial
Soulfather Rasco
You know it
Peace to Planet Asia
Cali Agents Nigga
Believe that
99 to 2 Thou

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