

## **Bloob**

### **"Lock 'Em Down"**

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[Intro: Rhyme Recca]

Ah, ah, check it out, Recca

Represent it like this

[Rhyme Recca]

Rat like von, sick like Saddam, the Recca bombs

Enemy, M.C.'s like walls in Vietnam

Far from calm, cool, rough like barb-wire

Rapid fire murder M.C.'s like Michael Myers

Mass destruction, crushin', men wit no discussion

Heads I'm rushin', like toilet bowls I be flushin'

Bullshit M.C.'s who lack raps like these

My R.A.P.'s burn M.C.'s like S.T.D.'s

I rap, whenever I step, bullets eject

And those who slept on rap, will victim to this tech

Weak, I freak, complete profound underground

Cuz sound compounds, like Chuck D., I shut 'em down

Recca the sound, bang it in ya ear like headphones

My flow dope, now causin' "demolition" like Stallone

Leave me alone, I'm not the one, two or three

Or fourth M.C. wanna be, I kill like H.I.V

[Chorus 2X: Rhyme Recca]

I lock 'em down, the way it's supposed to be

When the fake M.C. tries to step to me

I hold it down, the way it's supposed to be

Like a real M.C., on the M.I.C

[Rhyme Recca]

Expect the unexpected, most respect

Wit disrespected, in pieces you will be rested

Tested, Recca kills germs like penicillin

Antibiotic, mentally psychotic, when I drop it

Stop it, you ain't got enough skills to build

My ex-grills cause chills, plus I enter the ill

But if you will I break arms, legs and necks

My mic checks cause side effects when I flex

Like a muscle, fuck the hustle, I'm quick to crush you

Quick to rush you, I "def jam" rappers like Russell

Simmons, deadly venom, lethal like cancer

Battlin' the records, like tryin' question the answer

Dummy, it don't make sense to get against the grain  
I bring more pain to dissect ya game  
Retreat, threaten like you hard is illogical  
I be the diabolical, violate, I body you

[Chorus 2X]

[Rhyme Recca]

I'll make you famous, Recca gets all up in the anus  
Verbal homicide, hit 'em up wit the stainless steel  
Rap appear real like revelation  
The confrontation, I murder M.C.'s like Jason  
Vorhees, M.C.'s, they ready for the ball  
Bulletproof army suits and loaded four-four  
Bulldog barks, I spark M.C.'s like matches  
Laser beam flashes, bodies turn to ashes  
Put on ya glasses, now you see me like a T.V  
Photographic like graffiti, I come in 3D  
Motion picture, paint and picked ya, record flipster  
Holy scripture, press my finger on the trigger  
BLADOW, I freak rap styles like wet jeans  
Cock back gun machines, I roll deep like marines  
Holdin' down the fort, nothin' moves but the money  
Appetite becomes destructive when I get hungry  
Best to front g, you ain't got nothin' for me  
I'm fuckin' rappers up, period, end of story

[Chorus 3X]

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