

Scrilla Vic

"Born To Rhyme"

Visit "[Born To Rhyme](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Yeah Yall, Yeah Yall, Yeah Yall
I was born to rhyme
Yeah Yall, Yeah Yall, Yeah Yall
I was born to rhyme
Yeah Yall, Yeah Yall, Yeah Yall
I was born to rhyme
Yeah Yall, Yeah Yall, Yeah Yall
I was born to rhyme

Here we go, a latino rollin' in a hooptie
Hard on the boulevard but sweet with all the cuties
Steadily steppin' quick and I can never understand
Why these dudes wanna front on the man with a light
tan
All the people who be squakin', say my lyrics are not
shockin',
I stop your talkin' without trippin', bust your lippin',
really slippin'
Flippin' like I'm loco, SJ local
Time to switch the vocal with the rhyme flow, and it
goes
No fakin', title-takin, never jelly doughnut makin'
Sam hatin', devastatin', never keep the ladies waitin'
Always havin' fun, lyrics on the one
Blastin' all them suckas like from a loaded magnum
Yeah, it's the V from the wrong side of uptown
Comin' from the ghetto, or could it be the underground
Some say they got a funk rhythm with a funky style
But I'm the one who makes MCs run a hundred miles

Yeah Yall, Yeah Yall, Yeah Yall
I was born to rhyme
Yeah Yall, Yeah Yall, Yeah Yall
I was born to rhyme
Yeah Yall, Yeah Yall, Yeah Yall
I was born to rhyme
Yeah Yall, Yeah Yall, Yeah Yall
I was born to rhyme

Back in effect, causin' much pain
Don't need pigeons, rollin' like a hurricane

The V & Jon Doe Â– homies from the SLO Town
Sportin' timberland boots, not some old Busta Brown
On the mic you think you're comin' off like F'in Vietnam
But I'll blow up in your face like frags from a pipe bomb
The bass is hittin' hard like a blow from Tyson
Your honey's gotta go, she didn't like my nice and
smooth
Way of throwin' down, she's even steps up - PUM, PUM -
Hold it Now!
When it comes to droppin' lyrics, I'm the man you can't
mess wit
The six-foot assassin who keeps bustin' a hard hit
Never sellin' out, and I think you'll find
The V knows the time cuz I was born to rhyme
Never sellin' out, and I think you'll find
The V knows the time cuz I was born to rhyme

Yeah Yall, Yeah Yall, Yeah Yall
I was born to rhyme
Yeah Yall, Yeah Yall, Yeah Yall
I was born to rhyme
Yeah Yall, Yeah Yall, Yeah Yall
I was born to rhyme
Yeah Yall, Yeah Yall, Yeah Yall
I was born to rhyme

In with the wickedest style that's definitely worth your
while
Comin' across like I'm the boss and flowin' like the Nile
Steadily-steppin', whippin' and I'm always on the go
Comin' outta SLO, the young latin dynamo
Hmmm... should I start to flex? I'm feeling kinda vexed
Cuz my man John Doe wants his vocals on my Memorex
Crashin' through your crew with the force of a tidal
wave
Save your breath - your fate is an early grave
Boom the trunk Â– hype the funk
Dunk the punk in a trunk whose ship got sunk
Bass the place. Lose the race
Sprayed with mace and you're gonna gonna get the
gasface
Step to this. Now you're pissed. Now you lisp
Miss the target and get burned to a crisp
Claim you game. Tame your brain
When I sip the nightrain you can see me flippin' like I'm
insane

Yeah Yall, Yeah Yall, Yeah Yall
I was born to rhyme
Yeah Yall, Yeah Yall, Yeah Yall
I was born to rhyme

Yeah Yall, Yeah Yall, Yeah Yall
I was born to rhyme
Yeah Yall, Yeah Yall, Yeah Yall
I was born to rhyme

Lurkin' in the dark is the crazed psychopath with the
skimask
Lookin' for a way to start a bloodbath
The dudes with the gun, got you on the run, son
Keep runnin' 'til the end of the millennium
I can't dig a pig just like Ice Cube
I'll straight kill at will on a vicious groove
Look and see, the V is who I am
I gotta the ladies sayin', "Yeah!" and the fellas sayin',
'Damn!"
And the shit remains in your sublime
Takin' out suckas, but it aint no crime
At the drop of a dime, I'm comin' through on time
The V shows the suckas I was born to rhyme.
And the shit remains in your sublime
Takin' out suckas, but it aint no crime
At the drop of a dime, I'm comin' through on time
The V shows the suckas I was born to rhyme.

Visit [Scrilla Vic](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.