

Both Sides Lyrics by Magazine**"Stay On Your Toes"**

Visit "[Stay On Your Toes](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Del The Funky Homosapien]
Check it out
It's a revolution in you head I'm boastin'
Like I read the future
My execution
Used as a stimulate to get you into it
Show you my sentiments
Mental leasing the flicks
Don't hate, Facilitate
Whenever you get the break
It's always a risk you take
Doin' a different take
Big mistake rappers make
The cake
They want it now
So they copy whose the hottest now they soundin'
funny style
I know you hungry pal, me too
I need food
But I don't redo what he do
I'm lethal
Like ginseng root
Go ahead, attempt to shot
Invincible
It's flawless like a dentist' tooth
Oblivious to all this ignorance
They need to get a grip
Don't be an idiot
In a high state, I transmigrate
To a fly tat
Make you wanna get cha life straight
I'ma introduce the places that I ventured to
I get cha proof of a Hip Hop institute
It's the truth
I'm just being hospitable
Sittin' bull
The chief I seek the hidden jewels
Some just complain about the status of rap
They say it's average in fact
They wish the eighties was back
I say everything's everything

Nothin' stay the same
And yet, it is the same just given a different name
Money's all that matter to you, you sniffin' 'cane
You need to uplift you brain, forget the fame
You say you get power, if you get money
How you get those if you just a dummy

(Chorus)

Just stay on your toes man
In this world that's just how it goes man
In Oak-land, gotta get with the program
With flows I wanna control the whole land
You just gotta stay on your toes man
In this world that's just how it goes man
In Oak-land, gotta get with the program
With flows I wanna control the whole land
And keep growin'

[A-Plus]

Nowadays I hear the same crap
Complain rap is trendy not to give anybody with a name
dap
When did that start
It sound childish
You went to college but I think you need some extra
mileage
Underground cats disrespect who that don't listen to
(Yeah!)
If you looked at my CD rack they'd (you'll) probably diss
me to
That's so weak
Don't speak when a niggardole creep
Or I'm finna go deep
I heard a MC in a cipher straight lyin'
Damn the cryin', talkin' bout real Hip-Hop's dyin'
That's some dumb shit
That's what I was thinkin' (Uh-huh)
But I didn't say nothin' to him cause I knew that I been
drinkin'
He must be blind as hell
Hip-Hop is alive and well
He ain't got the mind to tell
I rhyme with Del
Drink Guinness combined with Ale
Never been inclined to fail, applyin' the skill
I be tryin' to build with the close-minded
But they so blinded I get upset and they get clothes-
lined
Don't hate on nobody
Stay on your toes

Even if he got platinum or gold on him
Stay on your toes
Underground to Commercial cat
Stay on your toes
I know them or I ain't heard of that
Stay on your toes
From backpacks and licorice sticks
To black macs with ammunition and clips
Man I can get with this shit
Yeah, it's all the same
Some of y'all call it game
Say it's either for the props or the fame and all the
change (What!)
Use what you call your brain (Ha!)
The whole aim
Home on the range
Just stay out my lane

(Chorus)

Visit [Both Sides Lyrics by Magazine](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.