

Brown Bobby

"Kill the Noize"

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BK representative Problemz

DJ Honda

"We don't play when it's time to slay" - Erick Sermon

"Kill the noise" - Parrish Smith

DJ Honda cuts the samples as they repeat for 3 bars

Check it, yo

Bench pressin rappers, be givin me extra strength like
Excederin

But this veteran is better in this profession when I'm
editin

competitors, steppin to my direction but I'm two steps
ahead a ya, my flow is non-stop like et cetera

et cetera, from beginning to end I begin to blend

And you gets no wins even if your stereo is on ten ten

Comin directly from BK representin on the love love

Makin shorties push up like Hurby Luv Bug

Word to mamma niggaz don't really want no drama

Cause when I register my armor they all pause like a
comma

I'ma, bout ready to break this down and get more claps
than a shorty with crabs, givin up ass on the ave

I be the honorable, like Elijah Muhammad, Farrakhan

And all praises due when I run through tracks like a
maraton

They call me Problemz, a.k.a. the Head Honcho

Liver than O.J. Simpson on the freeway in his white
Bronco

Dem batty bwoy nah wan come test

One of the best in this profession that's no question I
be reppin

"We don't play when it's time to slay" - Erick Sermon

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*DJ Honda cuts and scratches the samples for four
bars*

Understand the Problemz is internationally ranked
supreme

BK connection, when I be reppin that's no question

Deceased presidentials on my mentals at all times

Hop in the three and a quarter, hit the spot and cop
four dimes
Raw rhymes enable me to live life luxurious and lavish
My vital infested with carats
Cabbage is the topic of discussion cousin
Eight multiplied by a dozen is the year my name will
start buzzin
You wasn't, prepared nor aware caught you off guard
In actuality you barred, frontin like you hard
on my sixty inch screen, tellin lies to my vision
Frontin like you was in prison Dunn you know that shit is
fiction
While I'm sittin on mill's, coppin a mansion in the Hills
Preferably in Beverly collectin treasury consecutively
Inevitably the refugee with the recipe
Breakin these niggaz up like referees is my specialty
You know the four-eleven black strictly stacks on top of
stacks
L-E-X three-double-ohs and Legend Ac's
Puttin the facts on wax, bout to blow like a sax
Problemz recognize now bring that back

"We don't play when it's time to slay" - Erick Sermon

"Kill the noise" - Parrish Smith

DJ Honda again cutting and scratching four sections

(Who the fuck are you?)

I'm the wrong nigga to fuck with shit don't tempt me
Cause I blow up spots like Ed Kozinsky this MC
tried to convince me that he was nice when he was
wack
So he was forced to pay the price and got his ass Jack-
ed like Dempsey
Left his motherfuckin pockets empty, cause his
technique was flimsy
Pulled out on Son Duke, just like a Benz-y
Anti-benevolent, never hesitant to represent
Catch a couple of bodies do away with the evidence
Dem batty bwoy nah wanna come test me
Cause when a nigga like Problemz get busy I leave em
Dizzy like Gillespie
Comin directly, from the battlefields of BK with my
armor
word to momma niggaz don't really want no drama
cause this rhymer
cause trauma, hurry and dial nine-eleven for EMS
Bitch niggaz keep crampin my style like PMS
I Flex like Funkmaster lyrical styles cause disaster
When I blast your ass like NASA you're be whinin like
Patra
Who's the master...

DJ Honda again, you know the drill
DJ Honda keeps gettin buck to the end

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