

## **Subterraneous Records**

### **"Rivers Run Wild"**

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[OneManArmy]

Yo, we moving faster than the dukes of hazard  
Play you like shoots and ladders  
Don't have to shoot a bastard, I'm a super rapper  
My single bound of leap is twelve inches  
Eff a tall edifice  
My evidence equivalent to Everest  
Nevertheless I attack ya chest  
Like a cardiac arrest  
Snatch a sack of ses  
Let's see who rap the best  
You couldn't pass a test  
You artificially intelligent  
I read fake rappers like New Testaments  
And King James versions  
Rhymes operate like brain surgeons  
Never been fucked with, remain virgin  
It's a miracle, every time I work the mic  
I deliver verses like, Mary giving birth to Christ  
Serpents in paradise entice emcees  
To bite my steez like apple trees  
But actually that'd be a catastrophe  
When the mic is passed to me  
You'd rather feel the wrath of G-O-D  
You know the score you was told before  
Hold the mic like I hold a sword  
Life is like the Trojan War  
And I'm the one man army jumping out of horses  
'Till the end of time, literary military forces

[Kodak]

Persistent paddling could be damaging to the average  
man

Resistance vanishing with no Anacin  
Pulsating performance releasing any season  
My reason for being like a leaky faucet known to  
Trickle slow  
Two triple O  
Mastering magical moments when I get with Lo  
Destined to blow

See before I chose this path  
Floated down rivers running fast avoiding riff raff  
Ran into Heathcliff he told me "Get cash"  
I laughed 'cause he was drowning  
Sounding like he had a cold and stuff  
Told him he can't control the stuff  
They know to bust  
This ain't no unsolved mystery, involves history  
Dissolves chemically, revolves eventually  
Witness seen it can't acquire fitness being bulimic  
Extreme with skills to back the team with  
My gems encompass  
Purposely protected potentially infected  
Taken out of natural form, that's what I'm left with  
Possess the seven habits of highly effective people  
Bless the addicts with caffeine equal match my steeple  
Cunning how a stunning child, lyrically endowed  
Could somehow stay on course running wild

[Illite]

Ayo you out of your league, rocking with me

And obviously I leave spots damaged my advantages  
Leave niggas in bandages  
Wrapped with very little breathing room  
My thinking tool is equal to none  
See what you done?  
You got me expanding my fist to slap you straight  
Cause niggas be switching sides like tassels after you  
graduate

I'll knock your style off it's pedestal now  
You hanging from my testicles now  
And your fellas ain't nowhere to be found  
Illite brings the raw with him  
I had a fist full of marbles and lost 'em  
I walk up in your fortress with a cordless and it gets  
way deeper

I'm trying to ignite mics in bright lights  
And move crowds like motivational speakers  
I take rhythms and turn 'em into wavelengths  
Kidnap a couple of aliens to hot-wire their spaceships  
So much inside, it's hard not to get my tongue tied up  
That's why every time I finish a verse off a star lights  
up

[Scratches]

[Senim Silla:] (Ran with dogs that's rabid, rivers is  
rapid)

[Magestik Legend]

Try to keep it still it might hurt to listen  
I grip this mic tight enough to make my elbows bust  
Through my shirt stitching

Y'all piss me off like I'm sick of working  
You got me ready to wait near your car with a knife in  
The night lurking

Like "give me that!"  
Got me hanging up the phone like "man hit me back"  
When I'm trying to write to spit these raps  
Cause you don't understand what it take to write shit  
To survive with

I write bullets to take lives with  
Hop out the burning bush spitting live shit "Man!"  
I'm trying to make some points that y'all can ride with  
With ridiculous Speed like Nicholas be  
Keep riding till your rims is ripping the street if you're  
feeling me

Cause easily I can be on some ol' Razor RamÅ³n type  
tone  
With styles free like Elzhee  
So if you ain't hearing me bring it to me first  
So wiping creatures off of the earth like G-O-D, Father  
part three  
Perfect the way you deliver  
You launching missiles them joints is skipping on the  
rivers

Running wild be like, when the crowd be hype  
And we ain't got to deal with no lousy mics!

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