

## **Cam'Ron F/ Kelly Price**

### **"Ital"**

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Verse One: Q-Tip

I wanna be able to reach an mc  
and reach a little child in the same degree  
And my elders excel  
I mean what the hell  
we might as well bridge these gaps  
in all before we fall in the fire

Black Thought:

It's a million mc's upon a plan they call real tryin' to set  
it  
profess mic techniques illegit  
inaccurate perceptions of reality embedded  
in their minds thus their rhymes are discredited (check  
it out)

Q-Tip:

I use my music implemented with jewels import tools  
to inspire all those too cool fools who say screw school  
'Cause they don't see the conspiracy  
that's put here to trap you and me

Black Thought:

Y'all know the battle lieutenant be on some whole  
'nother other finesse genetic  
they say I get it from my mother so its' inherit-  
ary and very necessary to shine  
legendarily, heavily refined

Q-Tip:

Contemporaries like the Roots is so rad it's like daze  
which bag did they come out of, and how can I get in  
it to win it  
like raffle ticket pick  
and if you feelin' something, guess who gets the  
sticking

Black Thought:

I got this Ital mad up close and personal  
the first I find to violate, I shall retal-  
iate with realisms for their whole local  
we on point like decimal Abstract now

Q-Tip:

MCin while I'm breathingmcin is believing  
that you can host a ceremony and the dough is never  
phony  
in fact, it's very therapeutic  
like B12 hyperdermic needle so shoot it

Black Thought:

Lyrically elicit upstarts the explicit  
most wicked seven digit mic wizardmy tongue lashes  
out and strikes with it  
just slightly might miss it  
when I blast through your section or district

CHORUS

Verse Two: Black Thought

In my formative by my peers I was influenced  
until the instruments of time killed the congruence  
I peeped the blue prints on how to make true sense  
of MC's which are a nuisance I know just what to do  
since I'm on another lev.  
brothers is fakin' jacks and think they ready for the rev.  
but they got a lot to learn, to make theri thoughts long  
term  
'cause on theri short-cuts they made a wrong turn  
probably, timelessly I construct the firesome  
to rip your eardrum for many years to come  
professional style thinkin' rational to move wise  
so hard it's a wonder y'all alive...

Q-Tip:

...And still breathin', niggaz is dead and not even  
perpetuatin' real life the shit kicked is real trife ayo  
they fake bleedin'  
It's obvious that they needin' attention feedin'  
they cold actin' like heathens  
when mics is picked up MC's scenes is kicked up  
like women with the gripper drinking Moet 'till they

hiccup  
fellas hustlin' picking bricks up  
fantasizin' about the illest stick up  
but rip up the jam and we be truly impressed  
on stage you won't need your tef. vest  
only a mic with and a mic test  
and at your best you get blessed by the fans who  
profess  
that they can relate  
with the trials you tribulate  
or the pains you endure  
'cause some cats is pure  
tell horrors that are true but see cats like you  
y'all fake joints just tyo get a woo-woo  
the tear jerker  
you be that miracle worker  
whose miracle just ran out  
I think it's time you pan out  
or just plain fade, 'cause yo you played  
we 'bout to drop on you like the Everglades

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