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Capt Barkey "Right Here"

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[Pharoahe Monch]
Aiyyo Uptown (WHAT?) the Bridonx (WHAT?)
Long Isle (WHAT?) Stridong (WHAT?)
Yo Brooklyyyyyyyyyyyyy (BO! BO! BO! BO! BO! BO!
BO!)
Yo (WHAT?!)

Where the fuck is Queens? (RIGHT HERE!)
Where the fuck is Queens? (RIGHT HERE!)
Where the fuck is Queens? (RIGHT HERE!)
Yo where the fuck is Queens? (WE RIGHT HERE!)
Where the fuck is Queens? (RIGHT HERE!)
Yo where the.. yo yo
Yo where the fuck is Queens? (RIGHT HERE!)
Yo (WE RIGHT HERE!)

We can face the fuck off like hockey or Face Off like Travolta

Face off like car radios with the mind of Minolta
Face off like Treach if you're fuckin with Vin Rock
You still pop shit? I face off like fembots
And I'm the six million motherfuckin dollar man
with a six million muh'fuckin dollar plan
For thug niggaz and pimp players and drug niggaz
Your technique, I sweep under the rug niggaz
Out of Queens, shit I serve with the fiends and bug
niggaz

I'm above niggaz, but all in all, I love niggaz like my man Benny Rat (uh) showed me the rap game Told me never to act sane on a record or rap plain Now the name reign supreme, seen major creme Rhymes, sicker than lyme disease and gangrene I'm the most obligated, nigga creatin havoc Check the meaning for Monch, the meaning becomes tragic

RAW - if you want it
RAW - yea we got it indeed
Yo actually I'm just tryin to eat
FOR SURE - if you need it on tour
Yea we ready to bleed
I'm sayin God I'm just tryin to eat

[Xzibit]

Aiyyo Compton (WHAT?) ??CRson?? (WHAT?) Whattup bwoy? (WHAT?) It's keep bouncin (WHAT?) I say Long Beeeeeeeeeeeeeech (BO! BO! BO! BO! BO! BO! BO!) (WHAT?!)

Where L.A. at? (RIGHT HERE!)
Now where L.A. at? (RIGHT HERE!)
Now where L.A. at? (RIGHT HERE!)
Where L.A. at? (RIGHT HERE!)
Now where L.A. at? (RIGHT HERE!)
Yo, yo, now where L.A. at? (RIGHT HERE!)
C'mon! (c'mon) (RIGHT HERE!)

I am the master of the ceremony So my territory be off limits to gimmicks and niggas with trash lyrics

And tracks that lack spirit so pop ya collar Fuck ya dollar I'm extra tough and hard to swallow Hard act to follow, never a role model or what-not Set-up shots, slipknot my way to the top of the pile Then changin the direction of it From the niggas that hate it to niggas that love it, what'chu want from it?

A [?reputation?] of the luxurious life
Baby find you a hooker you can transform into a
houswife?

You loose stripes and you a sight through your windpipe

With action, cameras and lights and your shit ain't tight You're short on sight, thug rugged, the love of it Push it or slam it or shove it in a vein with dope Remain with smoke, remote with Tash and Rass Kass Don't prevoke me to revoke your visitor's pass

[Pharoahe Monch]

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Basically y'all could get eight twice like Lynn Swann plus get ate like

pussy

Get ate like Mickey D's after the hydro when you push me

Get ate like cannibalism and sliced surgical In any extremity y'all get infinity vertical Every line to word of mine will be verbally placed to murder you

The master, flippin convertible flows irreversible Unobtainable to the brain it's unexplainable what the verse'll do

Pharoahe's the sperm your mind's the eggs I'm burstin through

Y'all heard of me, I pack macs and crack vertebraes
Leave niggaz with third degree burns and back surgery
Mics guns knives, pick declare which object, flip
Have niggaz runnin like the Blair Witch Project
RAW - if you want it
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