

Those Chosen

"Just When I Say"

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Intro:

I know you want me, to tell you what's next, just let yourself go, everybody feel it.

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Verse 1: (Foreshadow)

This is your best bet for next lev. We bully-foot the game in the grill like artest, going platinum on the head every day like R.N.S. Respected in the streets got strength. Rarely do I see niggas flex, one on one wanna step. We can dance before they ask "wy"? Get a permanent "clef". My foes become inept with one bicep, half the man they use to be. Still make them put they hands up, I demand that energy. Niggas should think twice before they "EFF" with me (no joke). You'll be deader then farley with arteries hardened by hardy's, face all gnarly acting with that cute shit worse then I-carley. I see through their Nickelodeon felonious cubic zirconium fonieness. Awake from their mental state (Just When I say)

Hook:

Just when I want to get up, I make em get low until they want to get down. And just when I want to get down, I make them get close until they can't move around. (Just when I say... Rock) (Repeats 3 times)

Verse 2: (Kornbread)

Now were some riders for the righteous poor. But they're few and far between I'm trying to find some more. When I see a young soldier that's a sight for sore. No snakes in my circle keep my cipher pure. On the Mic I'm sure. Yeah I fell but I rose Like Christ the Lord. Or like thorns on a pen I was born to begin, let your cup runneth over what I'm pouring from my pen is greatness. At it's early stages, fly free from your bird cages. Symbolism not verbatim. My word play is something like a gift, so happy birthday belated put you on my Christmas list. For the next time we meet will be the next rhyme I speak, but for now I'm stripped

down, down to my shroud. You are witnessing an hour of style and power. Food for my warriors, nothing to the cowards.

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Verse 3: (Japetto)

Another achievement were braking goals beyond regional the name is house-hold. These suckas want money my crew wants your soul. Harassing fake niggas who be playing the role. it's the, dynamic trio for the people I spit that organic truth to keep your hands to the roof is automatic. Curb talk niggas is slick you can't grasp it, skills above average. You need some practice my crew is graphic diversified go ahead and blast it. Face opposition stand strong and smash it. Scholars take notes when we approach your campus. Building a legacy to end the madness, synthetic rap gets trashed we wont have it. Take it to the extreme, we ride our own steam, unlike these plastic cats behind smoke screens...

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