

Stuck Mojo

"The Beginning Of The End"

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The beginning of the end of a new terror, a new era.
A diligent force, setting the course to be a number 1
rap source.
The beats are hype, the rhymes are nice, no better than
nice, they're cold as ice.
My rap style, many variations.
Causing emcees to go on vacation and find a new
occupation,
like leading the nation, an innovation.
You'll chant Stuck Mojo.
Yeah dis us boy, to hype our popularity, show clarity.
If you decide to dis, understand we can't do this shit
for kicks.
It's our business just like any other, and you'll discover
old time brothers,
at the top stagnating, while others are waiting and
debating.
If they should waking, step on toes, you'll gain
automatic foes,
but you'll always find those who oppose!!

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The beginning of the end

The beginning of the end, my friend.
I grin when the DJ starts to spin.
I look to the left, then to my right, my man kicks the
beats, we start to recite.
DooDooraffic lyrics get the crowd into hysterics.
Don't pay no mind to the so-called critics, so check it,
the B E A T,
yeah that's what hypes me.
Yo not a pipe dream, so don't entice me with pretty
schemes against the team.
We're a new voice that's on the scene.
Commercial rap, I will not adapt to, it looks like your

other rapper wants to.
You're gaining success, but you're losing respect.
Microphone comedians, I do detest.
Ridiculous is your sound and your thought patterns.
You're screwed up homeboys what happened?
Trying to change your style be versatile?
Sounding like a child, your efforts are futile.
It's like you took a gun and blew out your brains.
Seems like real rap began to be a strain.

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The beginning of the end, yeah it's over.
To have some luck you need a four leaf clover, like
Rover.
You might as well move over son, 'cause the Mojo has
got your ass on the run.
I pull my mic to soothe my appetite.
I eat up a sucker just for spite, spit and sputter.
Naw, I never stutter.
Pull off the cover on your camera shutter.
Click, did you get a good shot?
Now you're soon to see the Mojo in a record shop.
The beginning of a new day dawning and an end to
those we keep yawning to.
We call them all ruddy pot crews, bitching and crying
the hip hop blues.
As we cruise, the others gonna lose.
You know the rules, so don't say it's cruel.
Survival of the fittest, and we're in it to win, and if you
think

we're punking out you might as well forget it.
You got it?
You read about it in the paper.
How the Mojo has solved the caper.
Hollow ass followers, that caught the vapors.
Whishy wash brothers on their way out the door they
took upon themselves,
they tried to explore, but they fell off!!!!

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