

Lil' Mo F/ Fabolous

"In the Trenches"

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[Verse One: Juice]

Now through the smoke I appear, approachin from the rear
Got the other team nervous with their coaches
Yo the dopest is here, forget ya eyes focus ya ears
These are the lyrics you been hopin to hear
I'm in the back of the spot and I see some niggaz
rappin for props
Hopin their albums might happen to drop
I just walk by, they never shoulda let the rhyme sniperin
I take it to the stage, forget the friendly ass cypherin
I'm 'bout to make sure these rappers never touch a mic
again
I'm inpolite when I really really start to strikin 'em
Inside they thin lines they look like they been poppin
Vicatins
Break fingers to the point where rap singers never
write again
I walk to the stage like I'm fittin MC
Step to the cordless, it's him against me
I, pity the nigga tryna go against me
Mister J-U, I-C-E the MC

[Hook]

In the trenches, ever since the drama begun
That's just the way it is, the way it gotta be done
I let the world know these rappers ain't as hot as me
son
There's a lot of numbers out there, I gotta be one

I declare war, ever since the drama begun
That's just the way it is, the way it gotta be done
I let the world know these rappers ain't as hot as me
son
First the LP, next the monopoly come

[Verse Two: Juice]

Now my opponent got skills too, I'm knowing how dope
he get
But fucking with big Juice, that's inappropriate
I'm on some "when-the-plane-land-I'ma-win-the-trophy"

shit
Rip 'em in the particles and bounce if he provokin it
He spit first, a sick verse, it sounds written
I reply with some shit that simply leave the ground
splittin
And if it was written, so what - 'cause fools love it
I can't accuse him like he wrote it, I done been accused
of it
the same way, first I'm the rapper you want a piece of
Then you say it's written when all the lyrics sound
cohesive
What you want me to do? Dress up like you?
Fumble with my metaphors and mess up like you?
My nigga no, can't do; Juice just released venom
That hit him in his chest before he deceased [?]
For a three-count, he died on his very last night
It's a fast fight, somebody come and preach his last
rights

[Hook]

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