

Fabulous F/ Lil' Mo

"We & You"

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[CUTS]

Dan-e-o, the bull fighter, rhyme writer, el matador
Lyrical mastermind, flow viciously, this MC be raw
Mono marksmen be sharpenin' they skills
You couldn't screw with the crew, Monolith
Cus disrespect is not allowed when the Lith rolls
through

This rap addict's back at it to have you fags frantic
Cats who have static, your caskets need plannin'
Though Dan is asthmatic, I lyrically blast cannons
I seriously can't stand what this industry has patented
A style of rap that's laced with phrases that's basically
lazy
Wasting our babies' minds through songs that's crazily
shady
Amazing me maybe the most is how we disgrace the
ladies
On screens, got 'em dribbling more balls than Tracy
McGrady
What company hired you to give the rep that you
holdin'?
Sometimes I see your V.I.P. pass and bet that it's stolen
You never wrote a rhyme so why your head is so
swollen?
Couldn't make a crowd get up even if the credits was
rollin'
It's a shame you an A&R, you won't get your label far
Would rock groups get signed if its members couldn't
play guitar?
(No) then why do wack rappers make mad grands?
Meanwhile, without a badge, I'm still known as The
Man, yeah!

[CHORUS - 2X]

WE come to rock, YOU come to jock!
WE nice the vibe and y'all niggaz dick ride!
YOU come to hate, WE snatch your plate!
And YOU get your food eaten every time!

I crush clowns, make they're blabberin' a hushed sound

Gwannin' with too much mouth like if they scored a
touchdown
Now they just cuss, frown and cry cuz they just found
I must pound punks into the ground 'till they dust
bound
Cuz all you've done is rockin' in your click's sessions
Assumin' that each verse makes a popular impression
Stop any bredren from walkin' up into my section
Cuz from one mention, I pop niggaz like big questions
Still my records don't make enough funds for me
And you complainin' how commercial hip-hop's come to
be?
You internet nerds are all punks to D
How will underground survive when you get stuff for
free?
See this menace is a murderer with sentences
Greater than percentages of pregnant kids on T.V. talk
show segments is
But you a faker, step to me and I'll make ya
Later than periods and the times most niggaz wake up!

[CHORUS]

[BRIDGE]

WE be the niggaz who can rock the house
And YOU be the niggaz who just run your mouth
See, WE be the niggaz who can make 'em dance
And YOU be the niggaz you ain't got a chance
See, WE be the niggaz who are bound to blow
And YOU be the niggaz who ain't learned to flow
So just chill and check how it's supposed to go
Yo peep it, yo peep it, peep it, peep it!

Man, what you lookin' at? Who you tryin' to scare with
your crooked raps?
Cookin' facts up so all that's in your lyric book is crap
Claimin' you jookin' chaps, to me you the shookest cats
How you sell your soul, you might as well work where
them hookers at
Battle your click and start with the largest member
Spirits I break with more malice than all of law's
offenders
Hotter than West Indian food made with the harshest
pepper
Serve you niggaz with verses badder than my father's
temper
Remember "Dear Hip Hop"? you one of his abusers
Especially you hatin' types, fake gangstas and you
nerds
Callin' my pager anonymously dissin' me through
words

No metaphors needed here: you're straight up friggin
losers!
Yo, you're soon to hurt, here's what happens when this
tune'll burst
It'll puncture the universe like dolls for a voodoo curse
Do you see the moon and earth? Yo, they'll be the first
to go
I don't know what's worse you know, a flood or when I
burst a flow!

[CHORUS]

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