

Sway And King Tech "Underground Tactics"

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Wake-Up Show International [unverified]
This is hip-hop music, and this is all we got
Representin hip-hop worldwide
Give it up y'all, the worldwide Wake-Up Show
Sway and Tech

Yo, that's the man Rock, so if you can stand what I be
doin'
Yo, who you think you're foolin', you'll be shittin' when I
be screwin'
Your crew's doo-doo and you seem to think that I be
jokin'
Buckshot got me opin' as you get your body broken

Foldin' hoes get dropped like dominoes and
Fear of my boot camp'll have you runnin' like a nose
Man, I sniff, I smell pussy on the set
But he better jet 'cuz I like my nigga's pussy wet
Boo yah, do ya, brain your wigs pushed back

Black I swing bats and break backs over crackerjacks
I'm just like that, damn, type cold but all they really
need is rep
Word to miz Mr. Flipsta flips wit some bigger shit wit an
extra clip
Longer than my kneecap to my hip, now you plead the
Fifth
Used to riff, guess, I should've known you was bluffin'
You better guard your melon kid 'fore Ra throw a slug
in

My culture, colt ya, sculpture, vultures
Who insult the lyrics that Big Ruck wrote ya
Bitch ass niggas don't wanna test the skills
Word is bond God, I think you best to chill
See I splash flesh, money like crash test dummies
And cash checks bluntly when radios pump me

Due to circumstances in my lyrical advances
Another man die, why? 'Cuz of my verbal
enhancements
Transmit, lyrics over bass and your treble

Then I'm vexed 'cuz the devil can't take me to that next level
If push came to shove, I push drugs, shove slugs
In niggas mugs who show the Ruck no love

You probably heard me on The Anthem throwin' a tantrum
Now the phantom's kidnappin' platinum rappers for ransom
Murder 'em at random, hand 'em they cranium on a platter
Then scatter, splatter your bladder, niggas got to add up the data
They scatter when I brings the whoo-ra, I'm in this game to stay

You couldn't put me out if your name was neutron
My recital's prime to climb, homicidal rhymes unwind
My rival's minds and time, they vital signs decline
Your title's mine, resign, leave you blind
'Cuz every line's designed to shine

And I'm all about the lyrical skills advancing
Tech drops the beat, I starts the verbally break dancin'
'Cuz first I do my foot work then I break it down to my knees
And now I'm spinnin' around on my back [unverified]
Better stop and freeze, please, you MC's ain't never wanna 'bout

You need to make like a cecerious section and cut it out
I'm pure devotion, dosin', the psychological field have chosen
To analyze my notions but most men catch emotion sickness
'Cuz my intelligence quotient goes deep as the Mediterranean ocean

Me and Sway in the concrete jungle bringin' commotion
Our blood might be boilin' but our attitude is frozen
See me pass up a chance to rip shop, naw that'll be worse
Than Kool Herc sayin', "Fuck hip-hop, ya'll, that'll never happen"

I'll be bustin' even after half the major labels start
Financially backin' this rappin', rhymin's my first love
She's been wit me from the start, I exchange vowels
Wit my styles, now it's till death do us part

Slang exhaust dust, I lace tracks quick, in tournaments

I can't fit the throne that I sit upon is permanent
Splashin' Lugers wit my Chaka Zulu observe the
numero uno
Schoolyard assassin' that's fastin to sock it to you

Fuck a team my theme's state of the art, jumped up
And cross seas sellin' 'em dubs over a pub by the
quarts
Now how that sound, Fresno, Cali's even on the map
now
Tech holdin' down the back ground

We flip chips for rings and championships
Desperado wit the convo, guerrilla congo
Killin' [unverified] black wit his eyes on troop
Now listen here, before I disappear in a flash
Me without pizzazz like a warrior wit a spear up his ass

From '99 down to the last second, a devastation
Findin' out like it's the last record, a revelation
It's on a suitcase full of magnificent poems and
testaments
Most cats is pestilence in terrestrial form
I'm out there and I doubt there is any comp

Against the relentless, rap assassin' holdin' it down in
the swamps
My gun claps acts, these raps run laps around irregular
run waves
Whatever the circumstance to uplift, I shoots the gift
It's futuristic, how my patterns they switch and how the
whacker
Gets rich, I assume while they're down bitin' and shit

Planet Asia takes up, three pages for one verse to
make up
Twenty four bars of rage shakin' Bay Area earthquakes
up
It's like that, lettin' loose juice wit forty deuce
First class proof, product and that's the platinum truth
Schoolyard to the fullest, that's the platinum truth
Cali Agent to the fullest, that's the platinum truth

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