

## **Falsa Idiosincracia**

### **"Jay-Z Beat"**

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(\*talking\*)

Magno ya heard, the Rookie of the Year

Coming soon baby, Collection Plate

This how we do it. check it

[Magno]

Jay-Z's the blueprint, Magno's the new print

They call me that, cause each flow I bring some new  
shit

It's been that way, since my first time in

The Takeover was my first rhyme in, ok you heard sign  
in

Here's the list, who wanna hate on me next

Who else is mad, don't see a eighth of my check

Who else is mad that we all be in Denver, summer to  
winter

For more do' they doing promos, on Arlene Bender

Understand, I'm a pimp with the chronic

Keep a 40 on me, like Shawn Kemp with the Sonics

Hostile to cake, flows like a fossil to trace

Making fake bad boys, turn gospel like Mase

Sit on leather buck, Magno's a clever fuck

Go ahead play goose, when I bust you better duck

You will never, sit above my throne

So lay low or get that halo, above your dome

Niggas pulling flock-like scandals

I spit real, y'all fiction like the Sci-Fi channel

My rhymes reflect who I am, like a rearview mirror

I'm that driver, trying to steer you clearer

I represent the school, dogs sniffing the lockers

Young niggas, packing clips in they boxers

Bitch niggas, wanna snitch on they partnas

We greet with a dap, and a niggs with the slabs

Run dick in them boppers, uh

Where the cops, slaughter and doom lives

And leave a bunch of niggas wet, like water balloon  
fights

But I ain't tripping, it's the hood I call home

Signing off, Magno gripping wood on all chrome

(\*talking\*)

Zero tolerance, no man's the God  
Putting it down for the Collection Plate  
For Magno, y'all know him as Magnificent  
Yeah, uh

[Young Slugga]

The young nigga, with the magnificent flow  
Ask Magnificent, he like damn you be so magnificent  
Got Mike Jones saying who, that nigga in the booth  
Spitting so cold, call him the truth  
Beat you niggas harder, than 5000 Watts  
Got you turning up your radio, five thousand knots  
I'm harder than five thousand rocks, if five thousand  
pop  
And I'm hotter, on five thousand blocks  
Laughing at you fools, like it's A to the first  
Turn my back on you niggas, like Cash Money did Turk  
My flow is too sick to be nursed, you can call me the  
Blueprint  
Cause I got the Gift and the Curse  
Keep my cash rolling, rolling like Fred Durst  
You can never pay this young nigga, to write a whack  
verse  
Zero tolerance, I ain't got no patience for nan chick  
Half you dudes, think it's fire that y'all spit  
You only spitting sparks, I got so much heat  
Have you niggas glowing in the dark  
Don't try to test me, it's gon get ugly ask Bubba Sparxx  
I keep my guns and my chicks in 2's, like Noah's Ark  
I abide you niggas, to step up your game  
And more ice than your chain  
Now I'm in the game, it's shifting to change  
Can you imagine me without the flames, it's like wood  
without grain  
A piece without chain, Jigga without Dame  
Coke without cocaine, my lyrics are too cold to be  
tamed  
Messing with a young nigga, more metaphors than  
Biggy  
More realer than Pac, get in your ass like Eminem  
Jigga Jay-Z and Big L on top, with a Southern twist of  
Bun B  
Y'all niggas can't fuck with me, on this M-I-C

(\*talking\*)

You god damn right, yeah  
I'm not cocky, I'm just confident  
Different change up  
Mike Jones, who, be on the look out  
For 1st Round Draft Picks coming first  
And my album, Who Is Mike Jones

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