

Frontstreet Boys

"Hit 'Em With This"

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It only takes one blow from the knock-out pro
Antoinette's on the set, hey yo Hurb, let the beat go

Call me a vocalist, a vocal extraordinaire
And if you ain't heard yet, then just pull up a chair
Don't need a countdown, just a steady beat to be born
And I'ma go for mine, but first let me inform
I rock you chicks quick and you ducks'll get stuck
That's right, step in my path and you're gonna get
struck

Cause when I'm holdin this and I like the tempo
I'll take control from the end to my intro
Hittin like a heartbeat's never out of sync
Each rhyme is the chain and my voice is the link
So I make em connect, then I rehearse and perfect
Recite em on wax, so that I can collect
I'm makin papers turn green, you know 'In God We
Trust'

You had enough? I thought so, I can see the lust
You want me to go on, my rhyme just flow on
The only time I pause is for my deejay to throw on
Another hit, a little harder and louder
When I drop the mic they come up and say how the
Hell I keep the pace with the serious face
Steal the crowd like a crocodile, leavin a trace
Because I diss hard and I don't miss
But even if I did, I just hit em with this

1, 2 and freeze, don't nobody move
I got a score to settle and my revenge is the groove
We can do this, we can, look out, I'm gonna pick off
I'm called the Gangstress, now here's the kick-off
Crisp and clean, my rhymes keep rollin
Freeze, don't shoot the breeze, I'm gonna keep goin
Browsin through the stack, pull a rhyme off the rack
Then pump it up loud so I can feel the trap
Now check the level, the meter, the bass and the teeter
Your mark, you're set, hold up, this is what you need-a
Someone like me to lead just like a leader
I'm like the Book Of Life and I hope you're good
readers

Turn the page, mademoiselles on stage
And that's French for those of you who left the brain in
the cage
Just open your eyes, take a good look and
The voice, the rhyme, the beat, it's just hookin
Yeah, cause I'm hype and I'ma raise your temp
Get off the wall, don't stall, ain't nobody exempt
When I say raise your temp I mean spiritual liftin
Run with the rhythm, I can tell if you're listenin
But if you're not and you try to resist
Lights out, call it a day, I'ma hit you with this

I was born to have it good, I keep it in check
Keep the weak out of my path who don't come correct
I never front in front of ducks, I got (?) to hold
Just cut em down to size should they try to get bold
I cold blast one and I mass one
They won't be comin back cause they'll remember the
last one
I do it hard, the harder it got
Stick my name in their hearts, they forget me not
Not forever, whenever you can give em a quiz
Who's in control? They know who it is
Spell it out at full, keep their heads down low
Give me a mic and history is made at my show
I'm on point, I'm like a knife when it's sharp and new
Go 'head and beef, chief, and I'll cut right through
Now put your tongue back in your mouth, stop breathin
so loud
This is my mic, my rhyme, my beat and my crowd
You want a piece of it, you think you got what it takes?
I mean line for line without a word bein fake
Every rhyme able to flex, plex and vex
Now stop and think: Is she right? You know I'm correct
Because I diss hard and I don't miss
But even if I did, I just hit em with this

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