

Mood Ruff

"Drama"

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featuring DJ Hunnicut

[INTRO: Odario]

Too much drama. These MCs trying to take what's not their's. They don't

know the deal. A yo Spitz come here and tell them the deal.

[Spitz]

Yo check it out

Sometimes we shine so bright it's devine

MCs staring at my mic have been known to go blind

You got two great minds intertwined to combine

An ultimate rhyme that's unmatched

We attack beats that make your neck snap back

And possibly the clash, no hope for a rematch

It's Maxmo the dispatcher in pursuit of sucker MCs

Calling for backup in case thses fools feeling lucky

[Odario]

Roger that dispatch

Received your call got your back

Head 'em off on the corner, peep straight and relax (?)

[Spitz]

He's heading right in your direction, I'm in hot pursuit

Oh shit! He seen me call, got shook changed his route
Pseudo effects(?), ran through Bar B-Q
Car two, you double back, I'm in fullout pursuit
If he thinks he's getting away, this cat's sniffing glue
So I flew over this fence dodging kids eatting hot dogs
Sucker you're out of shape, you sucking wind like you
Boss Hog
Your lines got cocked back, my lines fully loaded
Should have stopped writing when your brain
overloaded
Your head started to swell and your neck couldn't hold
it
Topped head over heels to the ground, body folded
Free advice, take notes but don't quote it
Look me dead in the eyes and tell me that you wrote it
You couldn't take the pressure and your f***** brain
exploded
[Odario] Ahhh, damn!
"Mad drama" -- Jeru, scratched by DJ Hunnicut several
times
[Odario]
Definition of a rhyming practitioner
On timing the rendition
Hold your rah, take a listen
Don't stop, fix your lonely condition
Watch what you're wishin'
Mark you proposition (proposition)
Mood Ruff don't die, we multiply

Well I, like to chillin'

Keep one eye... open

Top billin', scoping out the villian

No longer holding no we hoping and willing

To make some sense, can't be rapping again

Over my expense, now he running again

Done in, mad ones and dreams to making the coming
up

Lost ones, you know they think they strong enough

I come out hardlife, po-po I make you wonder

I bring the drama, show ya lyrical thunder

Pull ya, pull pull we going under

Beneath the level with me the rhyme devil (devil)

I'm well defined within my theory

We cross the line the more the merry

Come on with me, let's be what we gotta

The MC, MC we keep it hotter

[Spitz]

Yeah we now infiltrate your entire being

This is how we bring it live to all them pepole still
believing in

Ripping mics 'til the crowd goes deaf {deaf}

Dropping wax, mix it up like a chef {chef}

Body rocking 'til there's no moves left

Innovate new styles, expect nothing less

Never rest, perfectionists, none the less

You got extra chips

Well invest off the rest, we the next

It ain't a job, it's a reflex

Hit me with the mic and I spit text

"Mad Drama" -- Jeru, scratched DJ Hunnicut

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