

Greed Seed

"This is How it Should Be Done"

Visit "[This is How it Should Be Done](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[The E]

OG Style is in the house
My man Ed Jack is in the house
And Rap-A-Lot Records is in the house
MC Devine is in the house
The King Lil J is in the house
My man Cliff Blodget is in the house
We got Big Chief in the house
My man Doug King go turn it out
Yo
Hey yo Boss, yo, we gettin ready to get funky
You know what I'm sayin
On the tip of gettin crazy paid
Droppin the funky Payback album
So yo, why don't you rock some funky stuff and eh
I'ma rock some freestyle lyrics and eh
we gon' do it like that
Come on, come on

(This is how it should be done) -> Rakim

[VERSE 1: The E]

I'm not the sucker imitator with rhymes that sound
conventional
It's the E and it's my intention to
Innovate your mind, not to waste your time
To compete you needn't speak, I'm controllin the rhyme
Is it the lyrics that I'm usin, the suckers I'm abusin?
If you think about it you'll come to this conclusion
The E, your MC, the elected to be
The independent, not contended, always cause a
controversy
With the rhymes that I say, the style that I use
Vocabulary at its peak, I'm bound to confuse
All those suckers like you which have been mislead
Make a dollar here and there, that ain't really no bread
I'm a scholar, people holler everytime I speak
The words I say when I play make the song complete
I'ma freelance, the way I rhyme some call me a poet
I intrigue those who study me, not braggin, I know it
I'm the classiest act when the party is packed

Suckers step to the back, it's the style that they lack
But I'm tryin, defyin, denyin those who thought they will
beat me
Defeat me, but now they're gonna wish they coulda
chilled
Relax, it's the suckers I wax
If they try to talk back, yo, they get a smack

[VERSE 2: The E]

Universally known as the king of the throne
I'm like a lion, I'm a killer, the stage is my own
I'm (?) and DJ Boss rides the crossfade
I devour suckers with my lyrical lay
I'm cool plus my momentum which is one of the
symptoms
Of being elite, I'm down, you think you want some?
Tough to the letter, keep you warm like a sweater
You think that you're good, I'm better
However, my tip-top condition helps the transition
You wanna battle but you're no competition
On the real tip I rock you, well yo, you know my records
sell
My rhymes are intractable, laced with a gel, hell
Still I'm inclined with the funky rhyme
Heaven-sent to present with a cool design

[VERSE 3: The E]

A microphone magician, MC tactician
Down with OG and got plenty ambition
Those who intrude seem blunt but rude
But I annihilate rappers that seem confused
So don't irk me or jerk me or try to overwork me
Or publish my material just to aggravate me
Son, cause I'm second to none
No razzle dazzle, just E rhymin over a cool drum
Sent to propel and raise some hell
Reactivate what I demonstrate to make you yell
My (?) performance will impose the inferior
Cause I'm super, short for superior
Too cool to be a wanna be, yo, so I'ma have to be
No matter what it adds up to, you can't get with me
Bad to the bone, the title E I own
I'm rulin this throne, so leave me alone

(This is how it should be done)

Yo Boss, I think the check is in the mail, gee
Get funky
Yeah, and I wanna send peace to my main man Ant
Jack
You know what I'm sayin?

He gets busy
Yeah
And OG Style, we Audi 5000

(This is how it should be done)

Visit [Greed Seed](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.