Group Therapy "East Coast/West Coast Killas"

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East coast *killer*, West coast *killer* (repeat 8X)

Verse One: RBX

While childish MC's battle over coastal fronts I come with no fronts and smash in monkey fronts If you want to be evil like Knieval then jump I guarantee your punk ass catch the speed lump The tactics, extract, morbid thoughts from the mental custom designed, for instrumental Yes indeedy, lyrical graffiti And this one's a burner, baby Truck, like Toyata driven True and livin drivin with the gat Uhh, pop the clutch, let the Cold Crush rush Then I flush wack material That's if I don't mash them all to mush Hush, let me burst, dare I gush Cock-diezel cuts Lyrical arsenal equivalent to arsenic

East coast *killer*, West coast *killer* (repeat 4X)

Verse Two: KRS-One

Yo, why do they make me wanna ruin they career? Before I bust your shit let's get one thing clear Don't provoke Kris no joke this I don't ride no rapper's nutsac yo I stay focused Beefin without skills seekin will only weaken The artist speakin over beats and, you be cheatin Cacaphony of small talent rappers, claimin a coast over instrumentals, ain't got no real street credentials Here come the philosopher hip-hopppin ya correctly Ignorant ass MC's continue to tempt me Lyrics be empty like Alcatraz cellblock Too many MC's rappin causin lyrical gridlock Lyrical syllables interlock in my voicebox Yet I'm still unknown like the X on Sadat Just your typical, non-topical Flex the optical illusion weak metaphoric style you be

usin
I check one-two's and who's in the house
Like shit your lyrics ooze out ya mouth
What

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