

Injusticia Justa

"Metal Thangz *"

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[O.C.]

Yo, unfold remarkable soul, cold-blooded
bleedin icicles, equivalent to North Pole
Roll El-Producto style, buddha mindstate
but I don't smoke weed to proceed, follow my lead
I Rock-well when Somebody's Watchin Me, rhymes fine
like Denzel, havin shorties all jockin me
My poetry paintin pictures, call me Picasso
Not so fast, put your microphone back in the stash
When I'm through foes with hoes, take what fits
You ain't worth what O.C. hold, dick made of gold
Soul controller, ruler of my dest', all eyes on me
like a pair of thirty-eight double-D's, rest assured
When I be on the mic, WAR, holdin the goods
like you buyin in the surplus store
You see I brought it down a notch so you could
understand O
I'm smooth like a harp you, nothin but a banjo
So advance yo' tech-nine style, flipped off
Run into the likes of a Mongol slave
Fallout, the Gene-ral, be on command now
At the corner of the century, I'm the enchanted child
Fuck That abbreviated F.T., soon to come bust off
we bust back strapped ready for war

Chorus: Street Smartz

You when you hear this shit I bet your head'll swing
cause this a ghetto thing, where we pack metal thangz
just to settle thangz
(repeat 2X)

[Pharoahe Monch]

Get your motherfuckin orders of protection, MC's no
question
See I was raised in the ill drug section
and that persuaded my poetical selections to be
hardcore...
shit, I swore on my father's grave
I make slaves of niggaz who played brave
I craved to engrave my name inside of the pavement

and my basement's an arrangement of different
torture devices
that slices, the first emcee who thinks they are the
nicest
My advice is to you, think twice
The price to pay is your life, Jesus Christ I am the
Pharoahe
The road I'm on is kind of narrow
Plus there's a fork in the shit and I don't know which
way to go
But these scriptures are sculptures, to prove to dead
rappers
Words hover above like vultures
I write the type of shit to make niggaz incite race riots
from the hate that white invited
Sinister, when it's the time to, finish the rhyme
watch the, minister climb up up, fillin in the atmosphere
like canibus and if it's activatin me believe I'm
captivatin heat
plus I'm decapitatin three MC's with my axe like
thoraxes
Practice allows me to receive information like faxes,
what..

Chorus

[Street Smartz]
Niggaz you better watch your back
It takes concentration and confrontation
So fuck conversatin and contemplatin
Arms I'm brakin, spin a battle wild like a carousel
cause new MC's babble now especially when I have an L
These raps is meant to fear yo I'ma rip this sentence
here
My comprehension scares to leave you in intensive
care
Check my credentials, with pen and pencils, or
instrumentals
I make your mental, experimental
Don't be actin cock-a-mamey cause niggaz on my block
is crazy
Talkin that rap shit, you couldn't even rock a baby
Bitch I went out and bought a rifle (why?)
cause that's just more than trifle
I'm sorta psycho like a retard on a motorcycle
My mind changes when the time changes
An MC that ain't sayin shit might as well be rappin in
sign language
I get darkened eyed, when I spark the lye
Start stompin guys, have em screamin, "Let's
compromise!"

And love a fly brawl so why stall
Keep lookin at me I'ma spray some Lysol in your
eyeball...
Street Smartz... affiliation

Chorus 2X

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