

## Jürgen V. Manger

### "Frontline"

Visit "[Frontline](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[El Da Sensei]

Yo yo yo, huh hah

Smooth diff' in this, y'all know what's goin on with this  
right here

Yo it's Shawn J., bust it

It's goin down like that

El Da Sensei hah, for the '9-8

F.T., Mike Zoot, Prince Po' huh, Pharoahe Monch

The Frontline, huh

You don't know what's up with this, uhh uhh

You don't know what's up with this

Doin drama like dis do', yo check it out check it out

My vendetta in this form of musical song

is to enlighten and brighten the mind through  
instrument and rhyme

And fix those inadequate flows that don't adapt

Makin snacks on wax plates for DJs to scratch

[Pharoahe Monch]

Fast slash, cross hatch slash, cross patch

Every word of mine will be verbally so tight to match

That or that I hit you harder than Caterpillar trucks

In the lab where we collaborate or matter will erupt

[Mike Zoot]

From a, music martyr, bust mortar, break the order

Torch your sound texture, fire water's in my aura

Your future forefather, your new wave slave wrapped in  
chains and amulets

and hard to earn assets

[F.T.]

Yo, niggas game playin but not name sayin

My aim's sprayin, I get mine that's why you stay waitin  
and vacatin, whether you know it or not, I'ma blow up  
the spot

If you owe me a lot, I'ma show up with Glock's

[Prince Poetry]

And you're still wet, pull up your socks, suspend the art

Sizzle like woks, underground spots, from the city to  
the boondocks  
Bounce, double wishbone suspension like shocks  
Multiple plans and plots, word

[Chorus - all]

You know we shine with rhymes all the time  
Keep in mind don't test these MCs who bless (Word)  
Test these MCs  
You know we shine with rhymes all the time  
Keep in mind don't test these MCs who bless (Word)  
Test these MCs (Word what ugh)  
Test these MCs

[El Da Sensei]

I spit fire satire, indeed bleed, phenomenal  
demographics  
Broadcast my rhyme forecast to eager addicts  
Pave a path many can't outlast  
Who these cats who blast gats rehearsin lines for a  
movie cast?  
But as a centrail, blaze the track engage  
Instamatic sporadic insight pays for days  
with their sickening floss, flip on tracks like Dominique  
Dawes  
Pause, date back, flows is gettin flashback

[Pharoahe Monch]

My existence, spirits in animated film,  
three-dimensionally roller scoped  
With cloakin devices, skates, stoges and a motor boat  
I hold the Pope for ransom, it's  
the handsomest, assassinatin Satan,  
leavin the world Marilyn Manson-less  
I'm in the streets like Sesame  
The recipe - to kill, attain da mil/DeMille like Cecille B.  
The rest'll be the aftermath, the most got statistics  
Pharoahe Monch, Steve Post about to lift it

[Mike Zoot]

I gotta get mine, give it back so you can get yours

[Prince Poetry]

I gotta get mine, give it back so you can get yours

[Mike Zoot]

I gotta get mine, give it back so you can get yours  
Yo yo UHH WHAT

I'm leavin your staff mated, makin these crabs hate it  
I lotta fags rate it and thought I got stagnated

I'm not some rap nigga that you're dyin to meet  
Just another hungry brother real hungry and tryin to eat  
And in the streets you better rely on your feet  
Babies is feelin iron, cryin to sleep  
Plus the government is supplying the heat  
They goin psychotic in prison cos of the economic  
additions  
plus sex and drugs in the bleachers

[F.T.]

3-4 come up, run up in beefcake gun butt-ups  
Crush truck chains, the wirey gold frames  
chains sums up, the dollars, white collar, blue Range  
Eat my dust up, ten in the bucket in the left lane gainin  
momentum  
Cum sendin comers, fair game, a lot of sumtin sumtin  
All in or nothin, silence the sufferin  
Can't stand the strugglin, some resume games to stain  
jugglin  
I muscled in and scribbled my name

[Prince Poetry]

Belittle your brain, the true grain riddle your frame  
Got you forfeitin the bitch by the middle of the game  
Hostile, impossible to stop below the free  
Buck em down, shook em nothin at the top of the key  
Prince, I'm nippatant, magnificent moves, strategic  
Smash joints, leavin the track paraplegic  
Repeat it for those who need it, niggas catch the vibe  
Fish 'n grits, hot sauce, forever embedded inside

Chorus

[Mike Zoot - Outro]

What, ugh, yo, yeah come on, yeah yeah  
By my nigga El Da Sensei, Mike Zoot, ynahl'msayin?  
Okay, F.T., Guesswhyld  
I gotta fresh style

Visit [Jürgen V. Manger](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.