

## Ja Rule F/ Ashanti, Charli Baltimore, Vita "Sophisticated Mic Pros"

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Welcome to the surplus  
My rhymes underneath the surface  
Time to bring it to the light right  
Despite what you thought you heard  
I be hearing other words going around  
Fuck these clowns  
Ran from my 9 to 5  
Still plan to keep it live all day  
Can't see it any other way  
It's time for me to execute  
Maybe be the next to shoot  
Blow out your dome get gone  
Looking at me sideways  
They might find you in your driveway  
Or some remote highway  
I do it my way  
Never convert to yours  
Hate you motherfuckers time to settle the score  
Full court press we stress  
Then open up your chest, shatter the cage  
No 12 gauge  
We super deluxe and worth 6-digit bucks  
We rockin them jams about 2000 plus, what

[CHORUS] x2

We flip these while you niggas flip those  
The dopest MC's that got the sickest type flows  
We blowin their domes whenever we rock the shows  
We up in they face sophisticated mic pros

Now who can you trust to keep hip-hop alive  
With classical shit since 1995  
While niggas insist they #1 on the list  
I hit em with this and put they minds in a twist  
We gettin the gist we got the hand with the plan  
The illest MC to ever come from San Fran  
Money and grands you better watch the quick hand  
Your money can drop like it was fertile quicksand  
You seein a man who had a choice with a voice  
Be speakin it loud now everybody wanna crowd  
But nevertheless the best man on the mic

You try to recite but can't get the lines right  
We comin tonight droppin grenades on parades  
When I don't get paid I leave the whole block sprayed  
No further delays about a thou for the show  
Be up in their face sophisticated mic pros, what

[CHORUS] x2

Yo we three steps ahead of y'all  
You niggas thought that I was scared a y'all  
You niggas need the Geritol  
The Rookie of the Year is clear  
Maybe better yet the vet regrets that ain't settled in yet  
But none of y'all could pose a threat  
I pump fear in the vein remain the same  
Go against the grain  
Keep it straight ahead so spread  
I be goin for they head takin they neck  
Takin my respect  
Let me think back and reflect and reminisce over this  
beat  
While y'all be runnin in the streets  
Knowin that you can't compete  
I fly with the whole fleet bringin the heat  
Watchin y'all cheat  
This game wasn't made for kids  
We get rid of the weak rhymes  
So when it's time to speak mine  
I got about a thousand flows  
No time for the hoes who know sophisticated mic pros

[CHORUS] x2

Understand this  
Grand imperial  
Soulfather Rasco  
You know it  
Peace to Planet Asia  
Cali Agents Nigga  
Believe that  
99 to 2 Thou

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