

Jamie O'Neal F/ Mark Wills

"Settle the Score"

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[J. Sands]

Yo

You know what, man?

A lot of people think they can rap, man

You know?

Think they be rhymers and all this and this

Just because of what they got

Youknowmsayin?

Just cause of what they drive

But they don't understand, man

This is poetry

This is a artform

This is what we do

And..

If you can't do it, it don't matter +what+ you got

Check it out

[J. Sands]

Let me talk for a moment and discuss all the
perimeters

The real reason why MC's remain amateur

Just examine the delivery and stamina

Focus in like a camera, see what I'm handin ya

Is the recipe, the basics and neccessities

For those who's blessin thee, mic, but too aggressively

Relax, man, let it come natural, feel the ecstasy

When you're holdin the mic, you should expect to be

In a mindframe that 'no one can stand next to me'

Blowin spots is the destinies of the best MC's

And the rest? Well, they settle for less

Here's a 'classic example' like A Tribe Called Quest

We got jokers in the industry who never paid dues

Cause their cousin brother mother knew somebody who
knew

And you know how that goes, political, and it's critical

The charts are full of MC's who lyrically are pitiful

That's like sayin analog would sound better than digital

Rap is outta control, this why this time is pivotal

For us to make a change from the youngest to the
oldest

Humblin these cats who swear up and down they the

coldest

Frontin like they're boldest when they know they cannot hold this

If you can't protect your neck then you just be head and shoulders

I swear, cause these lyrics comin sharp like shear

So put my name up in your mouth, I double-dare you, yeah

[CHORUS: J. Sands]

Yeah, some MC's are rich, yeah, some MC's are poor

But none of that will be a factor once we settle the score

So we can do it like this or do it like that

Cause it don't matter where you're are because I bring it where you're at

[VERSE 2: J. Sands]

I heard some MC's wanna get down

Put your shit down and have a sit-down

Forget the studio and the mixdown

It's time to set it, you talkin loud without the credit

You clean like a radio edit

You couldn't tell that the styles that I use are embedded like Dyanetics

Rhymes on time like FedEx

Alert the medics, it's about to get messy

Dirty like an SP-1200, backdoor like alley hoops

It's the way I enter ciphers, spark it like a lighter

Freestyles off the top for herbs and rhyme biters

J. Sands, focusin 360 degrees

With my plans for revolution, for land and currency

But for now I'm in the Pittsburgh streets

In all the sections cause in my section

I make moves like I was destined

To be a visualser with deep thoughts perplexin

Detection negative force in all directions

Usin microphones to broadcast suggestions

Of devil wizardry and black folk misery

MC's fallin captive because their skills are not adaptive

I rock the East Coast and every city on the atlas

You paranoid, actin all sheist around your boys

Didn't use your own style, so you use the decoy

Now you're shadowed by a character you cannot destroy

Check your reflection, your whole concept needs an inspection

[CHORUS]

[VERSE 3: J. Sands]

You can take it personal or consider this strictly
business
Allah's my witness, I got the knack for lyric fitness
Have you duckin me like I was a Jehova Witness on your
front porch
You know the repertoire, kid, you don't want more
Okay then what you run for, your ego's crushed, now
you at the gun store?
Countin your chances hopin for one more
Sayin to yourself, 'I'm gonna get Sands', a slick plan
You never shoulda thought up, now you gettin nada
God don't like ugly so as you proceeded to plug me
????? Goretex boots and rubies
A 'frantic situation' like the Zulu Nation
You shoulda used ???? they help you balancin your
p.h.'in
Snake type tactics, curse all those who practice
If it comes around, then it goes around on the axis
A powerfull impact make your ??ass back??
After no one will ever wanna touch you like a cactus
The law of the shady, be it and then you'll see it
Reflected by three-fold from the way which you
directed
It, to put it simple, you just need to quit
You just a mediocre rhymer but you still talk shit
You just a mediocre rapper and you still talk shit
It don't matter what your name is, you can still get
dissed

[CHORUS]

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