

Jaz

"Pumpin"

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Pump and the rhymes'll never run thin
Ears alert because the Jaz said sometihn
The king that swins original things and sings
and clings to more green backs than feathers to a
bird's wing
Creep MC's people's heads are full
Of your worthless garbage a bunch o bull
My stuff got you started, no doubt
Not just the Jaz huggers I'm talkin bout
The shames that same the Kane and all Rakim's sons
The Chuck D part threes and the KRS-Two to One's
Yo let's face reality
Punks and popouts lack originality
No rap ability total futility
Sounds like some other, another brother? My ears are
killin me
Then prevails the sound of this guy on stand by
Jay-Z's half the reason why
Poor poets are held at bay
Lyrics sharp as a ginsu for you and the people to sway
Back and forth forth and back to the rear
We run smooth like a Ferrari in fifth gear
You took your dose you're sweatin our clothes
Quit the pros, take the mag out ya nose
And stop click off, you can't win you're just tickin off
Jay-Z and Jaz we're kickin off
A brand new style pumpin harder than a hooker
On a twenty-inch dick before the syndrome took her
It's time for Jay-Z to say somethin
I'll give it up while the beat is still pumpin

Pumpin like the 88 E Class
Spoiler kit, with tinted glass
Doped up higher than a patient on the corner
So get wit it, you know you wanna
Dance romance enhance and give it a chance
And clock the circumstance, MC Jaz goin freelance
Took the time, time is devotion
To put your body in motion
The people that prep, to keep you in step
The lyrics I kept and other MC's slept

I ain't no murderous mugger
But my rhymes'll hit harder than a Louisville slugger
Intricate to make the

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