

Kahal Irving

"First Things First"

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[Intro: Takktic]

Yo, yo. What's up this is Takktics, universal soldier
Keeping it jiggy for the S-O-Cs
Year two G, bioknights regin supreme
What's up y'all, we's about to get hardcore
Re-re-re-reactive armor, you know what I'm saying

[Takktics]

It's like a M-1 tank
I rip through your sound banks
I to pranks, get ruthless like a long shank
Punks want coins, it they don't give thanks to
Dragon dog, with high ranks
I am a pirate, no a pilot, the battleship
With ill cybernetics shit, on a sci-fi tip
Strictly hype when I bite a mic
I bring the sixs, the oh, the eight to the battle hype
It's Takktics, tactical, ill-dramitical, radical
Coming with a fist full of spittin' bull
It's ill flow for the elements
608 soldiers bring it on, report to the redgiment
Da shit is evident, we never hesitant
We drill you like a surgen
Take you for your garments and your gumption
What the fucks your function?
(We got no flows, no hip hop style, no conjunction)

[Chorus: Dark Shade]

First things first y'all, bring it over here (over here)
When we appear, we putting rhymes in your ear
What if we put on top of bass and a snare
This years its got to be loud and clear

[Dark Shade]

Prepare for combat like the F-14 tomcat
Put the bombs in the tracks when I react and thats that
Peep the stats, I'm runnin' through your system like a fax
The toungue is the axe so sharpen up all of them weak raps
I'm storming buildings like Purvian commandos

Mad flows permit me to hit targets quicker than arrows
The specialist in these rhyme sciences aka the iron fist
that strikes
swift
I execute the task of rhyme designing with perfect
timing
Electrifying like bolts of lightning when I'm rhyming
See, weak deliveries need to be put on freeze like
salaries or athletes
with injuries
I maintain my, position in the game (game)
I'm leaving stains on people's brains, so they
remember the name (name)
The Dark Shade is running with the Shades of Culture
unit
(And ayo, we constant with the movements like fluid)

[Chorus]

[Revolution]

Liek tactics in Desert Storm
I be the undead soldier
I thought I fucking told ya got a space between your
shoulder
Get crushed by rolling boulders
On the mics, and the beats, and the streets set the
scene for me to cut
out you spleen
This rap court is hardcore, twisting backs
An ex-con of poultry(?), eating those chickenheads like
snacks
Spit out the bones and begin to twist cones
To relax with the dread in the 608 zone
You're getting kicked in the balls like Pele's crew
It's time to get rude, I'm leaving all of them unglued
Falling apart at the seams, and it seems you got
pipedreams
Put down the mic and start turning cream
Into butter, don't stutter or end in the rap gutter
Or go find yourself another managerial staff
DON't laugh, find a new crew
Write some fresh lyrics or you're through

[Chorus X3 with background scratching]

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