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Kelis F/ Pusha T ''Twelve''

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One, two, Jurassic Crew What we bout to do, brothers have no clue Three, four, tear down the door And give the party people what they came here for, ahh

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[Akil]

Yo, my pleasure principle from the streets of South Central

Ghetto hip-hop, nonstop fundamental Urban curb servin', vocabulary surging Rebel with the turban and the street corner sermon I keep it working for certain, close curtains Renegade bought up a troop when I'm dispursing That body rock moving, ghetto baby music We eat together with the inner city coolness

[Chali 2na]

Yo (Who's this?) Slicing a rhyme in square bits Burning through open skin like newly prepared grits It's 2na Fish, I'm bringing the bad news And changing your bathroom if you thinking that cash rules

Oooh, pumpernickle blow words like snot speckles When shots echo, some duck and hide like Doc Jeckyl Like Don Rickles, I'm kicking rhymes that stop heckles Correcting all them bumbaclot specials

[Zaakir]

Yeah, I got my mind on my money for those that comprehend And my money on whatever I think I look fresh in Questions, is he stepping authentic? Controller of the panic, break a senate lieutenant Spit it, yo, despite your critic comments Knowing it ain't a hotter verse than Zaakir Mohammed Whether last or first, or bottom or top Now is it "Stop hip-hop" or "Hip-hop don't stop?"

[Marc 7even]

You need to protect your neck You the kind of brother who be chasing checks Me and my crew crash through and get nuff respect Basic bet takers I'm beyond your average thinker Break and MC down, like my name was Dr. Shrinker Passion fake MC's, wearing mink MC's On-the-brink MC's, you need to think MC's Bout to sink MC's, don't even speak MC's Cause half the shit you kicking sounding weak MC's

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[Zaakir]

I razor sharp with mindset, sunset til sun And I admit, I used to bite people's shit when I was young Back in 83rd, before my style was preferred Now my connectionw with the word is preferred Primo, my AC, 310 The first confidential, inscribed my initial The Z double A K-I and R Submerge in submarine words near and far Cause I'm too hot to handle, too cold to freeze And I'm a diss any nigga that sounds like me

[Akil]

Yo yo, breeze through the trees, feel the flavor at ease Degrees of melodies, typewriter MC's They on their Q's and P's withing my vicinity Department of Correctional Rhyme Ability Keep the biters on lock, rock no silk Still shock, rhyme around the clock

[Marc 7even]

>From dawn to dusk, my raps is Mack Truck You schmucks is out of luck, I'm ready to run amuck

[Akil]

Ayo I'm lampin, I'm lampin, I'm cold stone lampin High pitch, beat drumsticks like Lionel Hampton The champion, fly shit, the anthem 5'11" with dark skin and tantrum Handsome never, not even as a kid The girls used to say "Oh his nose is too big"

[Chali 2na] Yo, you'll get bruised, kid, ghetto blues, you'll never refuse shit The show's good, pinching MC's like rosewood I'm shrinking you rap characters into die-cast minitures I'll blast ten of you while my rhymes while my rhymes harass senators Through TV monitors, brains and glass dinner jaws Verbal vinegar for you biters down at the salad bar The combat that's making your mom mad I'm feeling a congrat for burning his mom bad

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