

Linda Ronstedt

"Lyrical Monster"

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[DJ Premier scratches]

Pure microphone magic
Carving up mc's, straight up torch their weak
embellishments
Getting it
Put it on
Dirty download gigolo with the illest flow
Yeah
Perverted Monk high chief

[Afu-Ra]
Life Force moving swiftly
Pitch forks steady miss me
My renaissance, my brother's light eclipse me
My rough callous feet stomping on these city streets
Fuck that turn the other cheek
Unless you squeeze a peach
No parental advisory, so no need for the bleeps
No comin' in my crib unless you wipin' your feet
I hit the street, I feel good plus complete
A lotta hot rappers ain't nothing without their beat
Mark my name, on the clipboard, I gets raw
When I was sixteen, that's when I used to rip for it
Like Jiminy Cricket, hopping over the candle stick
Watchin' my ass, and yo I learnt quick
I'm nifty, shifty with my dirt, G
Doing my thing, put in work, ain't nothing hurt me
I bring it from front to back, white to black
Shoe to hat, use clues I'm doin' that

Rhyme skills the dopest, the lyrical style I spit is
ferocious
You feel the beat in the streets and get close to this
So while I do my thing, you do your thing
Caress the mic like a baby to make your head bang

Rhyme skills the dopest, the lyrical style I spit is
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Feel the beat in the streets and get close to this
So while I do my thing, do your thing

Carve my name in your brain, make your head bang

Monumental, thoughts flowing sequential
The quintessential mental, tapping into
My focus, take it round like a rental
And if I have to cut you with my gonzo
I'm like a warless sword, I'm digging into
Like you can joust defence
So many strokes and slashes let off
You ain't got not fingerprints
Carve you up with my Rambo, ammo
Looking like leather-face, trippin' on the dance floor
Too much hypocrisy, up in the market, B
It ain't about talent, it's all about the currency
My magna opus, addicted plus the dopest
Maybe I'll write a line and fara canna quote this
They got status but can't work the apparatus
How could a project sell millions
Talking 'bout millions, when half their buyers ain't seen
a thousand

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Times is kinda critical, that's why I gotta keep it lyrical
Simple and plain, cos I don't wanna riddle you
I'm tryin' to black out, cos I'll blow your back out
Pullin' my axe out, do a M.O.P. mash out
With my dreads out, an' I ain't no type of boy scout
Mr Life Force, but you call me The Count
Got so many names, that I can't even count
Let's see: Paisley, 5th Thaing, Mr How, Dr Intergalactic
My other names is under the mattress
Now you can get your grades pissed on
After your body's been buried
From trying to get your diss on
Wax off, wax on
My calm is bringin' a storm, from the night until the
early morn'
I got so many styles, forget the grape with wine
Life Force on the mic, an' 'bout to put it on
Takin' you ass away like I was Kogon

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