

## **Linda Ronstedt**

### **"Mic Stance"**

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[Intro: DJ Premier]

Yeah, Afu-Ra, the Body of the Life Force

Yo, you know how I do son (yeah)

Yeah, so why don't you (yeah)

Get on this mic and represent one time

[Afu-Ra]

Some MC's you know they artificial

Some get straight chewed like gristles, I blow like  
missiles

Lyrics run right through your tissues

Afu-Ra reformed serial killer, it's so much iller

How my sound rounds could bill-a

Straight up bodegas of thought ya come across

Rhymes so dope, one verse'll make you somersault

Intertwinin, alignin wit the timin

Enterprisin, uprisin surprisin

Perverted linguistics came to rip shit

Strapped for life word to mom's carry ten clips

My ink hits from backyards to basements

Loose lips sink ships, ya drown this quick

Superbly, my words be, like third degree

Word to me, thoughts higher than planes be

It's funny to me, how my stun shines the jewelry

My symmetry, follow me, wherever shadows be

Lyrical elixir, turntables and a mixer

Bust ya shit like a blister, yeah, one, two, how we do

[Chorus: DJ Premier scratches up samples]

"Afu-Ra"

"The Body of the Life Force"

"Rough and tough"

"Lyrical warrior"

"The Body of the Life Force"

"Microphone check one two"

[Afu-Ra]

Mic stance, starts the illustration

As I dive into creation, wit so much patience

Split my drink up your nation, but never cleanin it up

Stainin it up, molecules, my energy melt the cup

I'm usin fake MC's for target practice  
To usurp your experts, will be my best work  
I'm takin stripes, might snipe ya, cause I'm hyper  
Will incite the shit too loose, I'll make it tighter  
Flowin on and on like I was nylon  
Sounds gong, check ti, Brook-nom to Saig-gong  
My chord sweeps, from off beat to on beat  
Lyrical symbolism, peep the visions  
I make incisions, fabric of ghetto rhythms  
You couldn't hold me, if you wore gloves or mittens  
Lion of Judah type style, and you're forgiven  
I set it straight, my jade pen obliterate  
You titillate, chop you up for my shark bait  
Incinerate your presence, scatter your ashes  
And breeze by on the mic, like EZ passes

[Chorus 2X]

[Afu-Ra]

I'm kinda killin a, willin a, instillin a, billin a  
Yo, yo you talkin MC's, ain't nothin similar  
Scatter ya, batter ya, internally ratter ya  
Even through your dental records, they'd never notice  
ya  
A dope style, so pure you couldn't touch it  
Couldn't nudge it, diesel men, couldn't budge it  
Terroristic type tactic, get your ass kicked  
Never rested, jah blessed it, never test it  
Undrownable, unsoluble, prolific  
Lyrical typhoon crossin the Pacific  
Chosen by the mystic, mic ways, I rip it  
Usurp it, sharp enough that it can hurt it  
Depth wise, verse wise, ensurin that the surge hits  
Words hit, I do work like arthroscopic  
Surgery, now my rhymes lacked the masonry, kinetic  
energy  
Thoughts cause the imagery, natural disaster  
Earthquake type telepathy  
Yeah, one, two, how we do

[Chorus 2X]

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