

Livin La Vida Loca Boys

"Strongholdin'"

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[Manifest]

The first miss is that you listen, the second's in
suspicion
The third is rhyme addiction, whenever I be spittin
I'm flipping better flows. I think in decibels
This is the desert and you're stupid wearing leather
clothes
Don't get it twisted bitch, I'm good at evil shit
Walk up in a church and make a preacher scream out
'Holy Shit!'
This niggas triple-six, but the reverse of it
Slaughter tracks sorta like the murders committed by
Berkowitz
Devoted vocalist, overflowing explosive poet riffs
Don't play or beef with me, lyrics come to me easily
Sporadically transmitting freestyles, telekinetically
I burn heat with 3rd Degree emergencies, Urge Mcs
with Urgency
Wage a whimsical war of written words with me
Prefer to eat the weak verbally
Speech is referred to as unique verbal surgery

[LouCipher]

It's LouCipher, cast out of heaven for throwing power
trips
You need a graphing calculator to count the amount of
clowns I rip
Cause once the instrumental drops, it's obvious the
heads'll bop
And your mind will get molested
like an unsuspecting alterboy with a dirty priest in the
confession box
Cause any amount of bars with no hook will leave your
flow shook
You couldn't come across a dope rhyme if you jerked
off on my notebook
This Fallen Angel, stronghold affiliate
Will make even the hardest rapping thug look like a
silly bitch
Always killin it
And you must've lost your sense of touch if you ain't

feeling it
A Strongholder of Mics the second I grab it
I'll stab your ideas till your thoughts are laid out in a
casket
You've just been decapitated, put the fucking head in a
basket
Don't incite my wrath
Your writtens are the shit, cause I used em to wipe my
ass

[PackFM]

Yo, It's PackFM and strongheezy, roll like dice that's in
monopoly
Game like Parker Brothers, niggas ain't coming as
properly
You ain't on to that? Then, you gots to be... Fuck your
thoughts of battling me
Forget about it, bout it, there's no limit to my
masterpiece
This nonsense has to cease, cause Pack's a beast on
the loose
Whippin kids like child abuse, once I put my style to use
Steppin' to me with an excuse is useless, cause I'm too
slick
Styles are ruthless, leave you with no use for toothpics
My title's undisputed, but right now, I'm at my peak
Every bar that I freak opens doors like Dominique
The rhymes you kick are kinda weak, Definition of
obsolete
You never felt this kinda heat, find my style hard to
freak
Next time you feature me, you'd better put this shit first
Cause cats will skip through the whole CD just to hear
my verse

[Tonedeff]

I'm cursing any available rhyme-merchant
So, try purchasing 9 verses of my verbal assertions
turning your words worthless
Tonedeff with Stronghold? That's like, Damn! No words
to describe this
Even Bob Barker knows that it's priceless
Time to ignite this, I claim know things
And your Flightless, like an being Ostrich on a plane
with no wings
Cause we be the bilingual flow kings
They won't allow me in battles anymore
cause the clubs I hit are non smoking
I be thought-provoking, spit at pop-filters until they
soaking
Leave wack emcees HOPPING mad like sapos

screaming COQUI
I blow the fucking house down in one PUFF
Regardless of how I sever hearts, it's One Love
Concealing my skills is a Tough Bluff
Like playing the poker with a straight face
with aces being the only cards that come up
Your whole crew is dumb-fucks they trying to front with
they guns up
It's all peace, but in prom night fashion they get done
up
I play for 1-Ups, but don't march to the drum of fate
If I got one life to live, then I rob cats for the other eight
And count it down, 1-2-3-4-5
The illest underground hip-hop, we bring it to you live
For 2000 Milleni-I, it's like that
If this shit is off the chain, fuck it y'all; we stole the
bike-rack

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