

## Manhattan Transfer F/ Smokey Robinson "Braggin' Writes"

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\* this song first appears on "Braggin' Writes" b/w  
"Hush the Crowd"  
as a vinyl twelve inch - on this comp. Premier scratches  
the lyrics

[J-Live]

For underground metaphors

You can scrape an inch below the turf, for what it's  
worth

My style's been developed in the core of the Earth

The exhale's volcanic, the inhale is seismic

So brothers just panic when he Live one arrives with

The natural ability to run through your crew

From 2-1-4 to 2-1-3 to 2-1-2

In other words, from Dallas, to L.A., to the place where J  
stay

Everyday is mayday

So you can talk your trash on how you're wettin MC's  
with mad blood stains but I'll bet you can't stand the  
rain

I look upon your brain with disdain

Go back and reflect on my endeavors black I can't  
complain

It's like a raw deal, consistant with the way I make you  
feel

The ends stay revealed while the means I conceal

And those who try to steal get decapitated

You wanna snatch my H2O type flow, but it evaporated

I displays my credentials over instrumentals

And my potential, increases at a rate that's exponential

It's detremental questionin my thesis

The penetration's exact, like amniocentesis

I rip your rhyme to pieces after drainin out your fluid

My vocab is fluent yours is evident of being truant

I know you wanna make moves but son you best to take  
a second look

Before my knight takes your rook

Chorus:

Cause everybody's rappin, and only few can flow

So why the hell they tryin to deal with Live I don't know  
I handle true MC's on their block or at their show  
So if you come with bull kid, keep it on the low

[J-Live]

Cause yo, I got the hairsplittin, self-written unbitten  
style  
that leaves the competition running scared and shakin  
in their pants  
You best to set it off cause black it aint no second  
chance  
once I'm open, all you doin is hopin that the Live one  
will put the mic down, but son don't try to snatch it after  
The laughter won't cease from the comparison, how  
dare you son  
Step around the booth when I'm on  
The microphone magician says poof, you're gone with  
the wind  
There's no trace of your friends cause you don't know  
where the  
beginning ends or where the end begins  
But you see that's the difference, you get sold, I get  
paid  
Black I told you, get paid  
If you're broke I'll have to rain on your parade  
You belong in Special Ed if you think you Got It Made  
J-Live with the mic is like the chef with the blade  
Cause suckers get sliced and sauteed  
Yeah, you thought your joint was fly but the flight was  
delayed  
because

Chorus: repeat 2X

[J-Live]

Cause yo, I take the grey matter of pretenders  
through my mental blender, and then return to sender  
My pen don't pretend to offend  
I intend to render MC's, hangin loose like a fender  
bender  
I recommend regardless of your gender  
That you strike messin with J-Live from your agenda  
And remember that whoever lends a helpin hand to  
defend ya  
Will get burned to a cinder  
As I end the, reign of wack MC's with their suicidal  
tendencies  
Renderin me sick, with the thoughts of killin enemies  
But then I return to reality  
Metaphorically murderin MC's when they battle me  
You can't rattle me

I'm not your average snake slitherin through the grass  
I surpass the serpent as I head to class  
You consider me crass as I wax that ass; style's no joke  
but you best believe I gets the last laugh

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