

One Be Lo "The Bomb"

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It's like a catholic, word to the mother
UPS rapper at your door ringing your buzzer
with another special delivery full of drama
sorta like you getting fan mail from the uni-bomber
I hit a rhyme, your mind is out in left field
you blinded by the sunshine, you can't catch it
your skill's wretched, you far from a Ken Griffey
I speak Jedi talk, and Skywalker the force with me
this track lit me, I'm dynamite with the mic
I explode instrumentals, my production is combustion
you a MC, but I'm more like a M-80
now which one of you jerks wanna see how this fire
works
you crazy, cause I'm known to blow the set
tick tick tick means I ain't exploded yet
you whack crews is hit when my rap fuse is lit
I pull pins from grenades to write my rhymes with
nuclear reaction from the crowd when I split
my rap competition like atoms, like fission
bomb squads try to take position
but I refuse to be the fuse, so it proves to be a dead
mission
listen, to this lyrical display
I blow your mind, microphone Timothy McVeigh
A warning to you pilots, leave your planes in the hanger
cause terrorist attack fly at your track, danger
I'm a stranger, never seen it before
this type of rap style is similar to C4
I combine with the rhymes like flames with gun powder
united we stand, ignited we make noise

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