

# V

## "Born To Rhyme"

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Yeah Yall, Yeah Yall, Yeah Yall  
I was born to rhyme  
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Here we go, a latino rollin' in a hooptie  
Hard on the boulevard but sweet with all the cuties  
Steadily steppin' quick and I can never understand  
Why these dudes wanna front on the man with a light  
tan  
All the people who be squakin', say my lyrics are not  
shockin',  
I stop your talkin' without trippin', bust your lippin',  
really slippin'  
Flippin' like I'm loco, SJ local  
Time to switch the vocal with the rhyme flow, and it  
goes  
No fakin', title-takin, never jelly doughnut makin'  
Sam hatin', devastatin', never keep the ladies waitin'  
Always havin' fun, lyrics on the one  
Blastin' all them suckas like from a loaded magnum  
Yeah, it's the V from the wrong side of uptown  
Comin' from the ghetto, or could it be the underground  
Some say they got a funk rhythm with a funky style  
But I'm the one who makes MCs run a hundred miles

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Back in effect, causin' much pain  
Don't need pidgeons, rollin' like a hurricane  
The V & Jon Doe - homies from the SLO Town

Sportin' timberland boots, not some old Busta Brown  
On the mic you think you're comin' off like F'in Vietnam  
But I'll blow up in your face like frags from a pipe bomb  
The bass is hittin' hard like a blow from Tyson  
Your honey's gotta go, she didn't like my nice and  
smooth  
Way of throwin' down, she's even steps up - PUM, PUM -  
Hold it Now!  
When it comes to droppin' lyrics, I'm the man you can't  
mess wit  
The six-foot assassin who keeps bustin' a hard hit  
Never sellin' out, and I think you'll find  
The V knows the time cuz I was born to rhyme  
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In with the wickedest style that's definitely worth your  
while  
Comin' across like I'm the boss and flowin' like the Nile  
Steadily-steppin', whippin' and I'm always on the go  
Comin' outta SLO, the young latin dynamo  
Hmmm... should I start to flex? I'm feeling kinda vexed  
Cuz my man John Doe wants his vocals on my Memorex  
Crashin' through your crew with the force of a tidal  
wave  
Save your breath - your fate is an early grave  
Boom the trunk - hype the funk  
Dunk the punk in a trunk whose ship got sunk  
Bass the place. Lose the race  
Sprayed with mace and you're gonna gonna get the  
gasface  
Step to this. Now you're pissed. Now you lisp  
Miss the target and get burned to a crisp  
Claim you game. Tame your brain  
When I sip the nighttrain you can see me flippin' like I'm  
insane

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Lurkin' in the dark is the crazed psychopath with the  
skimask  
Lookin' for a way to start a bloodbath  
The dudes with the gun, got you on the run, son  
Keep runnin' 'til the end of the millennium  
I can't dig a pig just like Ice Cube  
I'll straight kill at will on a vicious groove  
Look and see, the V is who I am  
I gotta the ladies sayin', "Yeah!" and the fellas sayin',  
'Damn!"  
And the shit remains in your sublime  
Takin' out suckas, but it aint no crime  
At the drop of a dime, I'm comin' through on time  
The V shows the suckas I was born to rhyme.  
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