Another MC lose his life tonight, Lord

I beg that you pray to Jesus Christ, why

Oh Lord, father don't let him bury me, whoa

I haunt MCs like Mephistopheles, bringing swords of Damocles

Secret service keep a close watch as if my name was Kennedy

Abstract raps simple with a street format

Gaze into the sky and measure planets by parallax

Check out the retrograde motion, kill the notion

Of biting and recycling and calling it your own creation

I feel like Rockwell, somebody's watching me

I got no privacy whether on land or at sea

And for you biting zealots, your raps are cacophonic

Hypocrite, critic, but deep inside you wish you had the pop hit

It hurts don't it, a refugee come to your turf

And take over the earth

See my rhymes, are the type of fly rhymes

That can only get down with my crew

And if you try, to take lines or bite rhymes

We'll show you how the refugees do

Yeah, yeah behold, as my odes, manifold on your rhymes

Two MCs can't occupy the same space at the same time

It's against the laws of physics

So weep as your sweet dreams break up like Eurythmics

Rap rejects my tape deck, ejects projectile

Whether Jew or gentile, I rank top percentile

Many styles, more powerful than gamma rays

My grammar pays, like Carlos Santana plays "Black Magic Woman"

So while you fuming, I'm consuming mango juice under Polaris

You just embarrassed cause it's your last tango in Paris

And even after all my logic and my theory

I add a "Motherf-er" so you ignant hear me

Crew remember take notes, as I sow my rap oats

And for you biting zealots, here's a quote

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You can try but you can't divide the tribe

These cats can't rap, mister author I feel no Vibe

The magazine says the girl should have went solo

The guys should stop rapping - vanish like Menudo

Took it to the heart, but every actor plays his part

As long as someone was listening, I knew it was a start

For me to get my chance, grab my pen and revamp

Do a cameo while everybody do the dance

Quick now, cause you running out of luck-a

Playing Mr. Big, I'm gonna get you sucka

While you munching at your luncheon

I'll be planning your assassination, then hit you like the Dutchman

I compress sound sets with my rap DBX

Then drop vocals on my 456 Ampex

Bring terror to the shop of horror

As she cry, "mi amor," the phantom dies in the opera

And to the younguns who carry gadgets

And kill six days a week, then rest on the Sabbath

Violence ain't necessary, unless you provoke me

Then get buried like the great Mussolini

And for you biting zealots, your rap styles are relics

No matter who you damage, you're still a false prophet

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