

One.Be.Lo, Anybody

(Intro One.Be.Lo)

{*Beatboxing*} Aight, I'm ready
How y'all doin out there?
What's goin on?
Yo, check this out

(Verse 1)

November 7th, 1976, now that's life
Believe I was born to rock a mic (believe it)
If seein is believin, my rhymes is outta sight
I headbutt the mic, one bite could stop the fight
But not tonight, Lo go the whole twelve, strike!
Then everything changed like a Cinderell' night
I used to freestyle, now I'm jail cell tight
You cats livin lies, seven slide into hell twice
The real mic, rhyme Christ, what is you deaf?
I already told your blind ass thrice like blind mice
But the +Price was Right+, and you was in the limelight
Now every other word you say is wine or ice
What the hell you gon' do when the truth comes to surface
and all your fans recognize fools' gold is worthless?

(Chorus)

Anybody, can think of a dope punchline
Anybody, can make three syllables rhyme
Anybody, can flow for a long ass time
But how many cats you know can feed the mind?

(Verse 2)

Now who got skills is the real question?
I teach these wack MC's a real lesson
I draw the crowd like concealed weapons
That's why they feel threatened, I kill seven
MC's that thought I need the weed to spark an ill session
Been writin rhymes since the age of ill-leven
Now I'm super-varsity, pardon me, your skill's freshman
Your style's no match like Jada and Will "Fresh Prince"
Before One.Be.Lo, hip hop was ill-destined
This industry fulla Uncle Toms, dickheads, Dirty Harrys
Technical revolutionaries with big vocabularies
Legendary, makin majors millions in monetary
But check it, that money that's only momentary..

Who's the master? My mentality is plantation
Lyrically +Proclaim+ to be wack-free, +Emancipation+
The honest president, how I represent, how benevolent
Now or never kid, we promise Harriet (promise)
The land of the chosen few
Poetry in motion in the ocean, split it open
you know how Moses do
See, my plan's goin through long and overdue
Sleepin on my crew (wake up) wake up and smell the Folgers brew
My rap photo shoot, snap Polaroids
Represent hip hop like Matlock, you just a court appoint
Stayin true, I hold mics, that the Lord anoint
Hungry for mil's/meals but won't fork it if I know it oinks..

And the name of this jam is..

(Chorus)