

Reflection Eternal, Down For The Count

(Rah Digga)

Yeh, check it out now (uhh uhh uhh)

Rah Digga y'all, Dirty Harriet (uhh!)

Kweli, Xzibit, new millenium! (C'mon, check it)

(All) One, two, three, four

(R.D) Grimy bitch stomp the bogey outside your front door (yeah)

Puffin on Goodie, eatin tuna and rye

Blow the spot with some old school shit from junior high (HEYYY!)

(All) One, two, three, four

(R.D) Jersey's finest in the house, punchlines and metaphors

Make your foul ice grill, thug grimy on the real

Puttin heads to bed like Hennessey and NyQuil

(Rah Digga)

Convertible style, still had the heat knockin

Bumpin shit from way back with my man beatboxin

Shootin the breeze - see I'm nice with these

You'll be suckin it down like fast food high-C's

Type of rap bitch that love underground classics

Gettin more green than that nigga St. Patrick

Makin wack rappers go and merc the set {*dial-up sounds*}

Better off behind a desk tryin to surf the net

cause I be adamant, kill 'em when my joints get added in

Worse than boric acid in your project cabinet

Dirty Harriet, increase the fanbases

Leavin non-writin cats stuck on the plantations

Mini-skirts with tights, eatin lunch with whites

Leave the party over here like they Israelites

Got Cali Brooks critics, Ta' Kwe'(??) Xzibit

Gonna rock shit down like he can't get no visits

(All) One, two, three, four

(T) Rock the whole world like the Rolling Stone tour (AH-AHHH!)

Raw your wack set is faker than a bomb threat

by a nervous terrorist who's so scared that his palms wet

(All) One, two, three, four

(T) The stuff legends are made of, urban folklore

Like Jim Morrison we break on through

Before I care about your take on me, we take on you

(Talib Kweli)

Yo, yo, yo

We bring it straight to your face from the start, yo

Rage Against the Machine, break it apart

Might be over your head, but it's straight from the heart

I show my love in the light while y'all hate in the dark

Straight to apocalypse is where I'm takin the art

Givin niggaz battle scars, ALWAYS makin my mark

You fakin the part of gangster, til niggaz break in your spot

You straight bitch whether I say it or not

Shit is hot, spittin flames on the track

Put our town's names on the map

from now until we fadin to black

Where we at? Thug rebels love metal clubs ghetto

when the slugs let go like Frankie Beverly

Forever we stack notes like the treasury, flow heavenly

Get you high on speech laced with obscenity

Niggaz be gassed like CIPHER Sounds, and need rescue remedy

then fall the fuck off like limbs affected with leprosy

(All) One, two, three, four

(X) Why the fuck can't MC's MC no more?

Hardcore til somebody put me under the ground

With a dick in your ear, still couldn't fuck with my sound
(All) One, two, three, four
(X) Takin me straight to the weed spot, then to the liquor sto'
"Gimme Some Mo'" like Busta Bus', who do you trust?
Swingin through, your favorite neighborhood lush

(Xzibit)
I'm i-rate, usin your body for live bait
Xzibit rockin them heavy gems you can't take
Dilate, cock back the weight, spread hate
Heavy metal we settle and set shit straight
Hit gates in my younger days, from the policeman
Me and my clan used to dance thicker than quicksand
Supply and demand the hand is quicker than the eye
Find some chickens to fry, while you find it hard to stick to your lie
I see through the tricks, destroy the facade
Your little lungs is too weak to hotbox with God
Rah Digga, First Lady of the Flipmode Squad
Gotta be hard like a young nigga walkin the yard
For the first time, we ain't the niggaz you let shine
Expect mines to blow lines like coke everytime
I'm an Alkaholik nigga so I finish the fifth
You at the front door bitchin because you ain't on the list

It's like
(All) One, two, three, four..

Yeah (ohhhhhhh) hehehe (aight y'all, aight y'all..)
Yeah (here we go)
(All) One, two, three, four..