

# Choclair, What It Takes

## CHORUS

what does it take to make it  
what does it take to make it

## VERSE 1

my style will lock you down and get your brain stimulated  
decapitating people while my pen orchestrated  
mad flavor on the paper  
and Ill Behavior be favoring some sky scrapers  
I be looking over sides like snipers  
watch the crossfire  
when my shots ring to bust up a cipher  
and lighters be flicking  
so fluids on empty, indeed  
my style rolls like a stampeed  
causing mad casualties  
mics smoked like (inhaling)  
so the second hand from the M.I. got you high  
and made your doves cry  
so people check my slang  
the Borough Side Representative's who I be  
styles be nice-ly spreading rhymes like jam  
people, I'll strand y'all  
for all your propaganda  
talking trash about this flow-er  
without knowing the ramifications  
I'm staying harder then ----- or before some penetration  
with Kid and Supreme  
conceited for the fact that all these people around town with  
blown heads got depleted  
by me and Ill B.  
I be what I wanna  
shut your stinkin' mouth child, I'm that one, that persona  
finds the illest lyrics, having breakers on the floor shaking like they're  
pileptics  
fresher then some chloroseptic or a squirt from Banaka  
a raw chief rocker  
check the Chiz-Chiznocka

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## VERSE 2

the Choclair comes back, my eyes are closed  
so rappers running for the back, Choclair don't care  
yo, it's realness  
forget the nonsense that ain't real  
about "keep my face screwed, how many caps I like to peel"  
I don't talk about no guns because guns I do not carry  
never advocate no violence 'cause violence don't become me  
just talking about "be chillin' with these ladies that be sexy"  
you don't like it, well I don't give a..... my brother  
I roll with the force like Skywalker  
understand this fly talker, Chiznocka  
yo, you try to get with this man who has four eyes  
yo, you die twice 'cause I be Choclair  
(yeah, you know my rhyme )

you know my style, you know sometimes I be complex  
when lyrics hit my brain, all these people run over  
to their urinals to leak out that nonsense they're dropping, man  
it's Choclair  
yo, the Ill B. be representing enough hits  
(yeah, we break it down like that  
Chocs, what you got to say about those who want to roll up)  
I don't care though  
cause when it comes down to battle emcees  
they die with ease  
they pass like breeze  
or maybe leave like trees  
some rappers wonder how I do it  
how I - how I get into it  
my breath be leaving  
but I still come back  
'cause they're just receiving ill rhymes  
and ill raps  
like Artifacts  
they try to be on the wrong side of the tracks  
but got licked by the train  
understand the ill-sane  
Choclair for your brain

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