

# Hush, Get Down

(Verse I)

(Hush)

Chicka, chicka, get down.

This is one of those songs, when people hearing this  
Will try to judge me, demoted from being a lyricist  
That's why I put the MC before Hush, because I insist  
Of being in control of the mic, a specialist.  
My nemesis, being myself is venomous  
Because sometimes a foot in ya mouth is dangerous  
Sharp on the edge in ways a razor is  
Slicing thru any red-tape or plagiarist  
Backhands to many for grand stand and win it  
When demands ask for bands of the bland man you dish it  
Infinite, all of my words with quickness  
Like a deck hand with a bad stomach, I see sickness  
Crazy like a kid with his hands slashed and slit it  
Till his parents have to come have his quack ass committed  
And any emcee that I can't stand, I'm shittin' on  
Any mother fucker that backstabs, forget it

(Hook)

If you ever hear my sound in the street, it goes - blow!  
Get down!  
So if you ever hear my sound in the street, it goes - blow!  
Get down!  
So if you ever hear my sound in the street, it goes - blow!  
Get down!  
So if you ever hear my sound in the street, it goes - blow!  
Get down!

(Verse II)

(Hush)

Yo

I'm a bad ass lieutenant, who can't stand a gimmick  
The ones we all just like to laugh at and mimmick  
The ones we all know that just can't rap a bit it  
And I still suffer heat from a backlash of critics  
Wack ass with synical slaps that can split it  
And anybody saying my raps trashed is finished  
Whoever said that having a backpacks permitted  
Its just raps that you can't grasp or grip it  
I'll blast back on any one jackass who give it  
Any nim-witted upperclass ass that doesn't get it  
Understand, not every rap fans exquisit  
Or has to live it, every track thats explicit  
I must admit it, that fast cash will limit  
A vast cast of vivid emcees that really live it  
You couldn't blow up if you had gas and lit it  
When I blast fast cats hit the fast dash and split it

(Hook)

If you ever hear my sound in the street, it goes - blow!  
Get down!  
So if you ever hear my sound in the street, it goes - blow!  
Get down!  
So if you ever hear my sound in the street, it goes - blow!  
Get down!  
So if you ever hear my sound in the street, it goes - blow!  
Get down!

(Verse III)  
(Hush)

I can't be fucked with like broken dildos  
And I spill flows, that beat you to death like steel toes  
Swift blows to any emcees that can't rhyme  
I'm so dope I'll cut ya, then snort your flatline  
Obscene writer, my team remains finer  
The main liner, feeding your veins a pain liver  
Chicks with dicks, or bitches with no balls  
Or glisten to blow, big mouth cats with no paw  
I misplaced ya album right next to P.D.  
I only bought his CD just to hear B.I.G.  
I hold it down like tape on toupe's  
Put a condom on your tongue, and then fuck what you say  
I move crowds like fights at rap shows  
And handicap foes who vow they can flow  
I'm after your soul, and after that your platinum  
Catch em' in the track with my gat, just to strap em'

(Hook - Repeat 2x)

If you ever hear my sound in the street, it goes - blow!  
Get down!  
So if you ever hear my sound in the street, it goes - blow!  
Get down!  
So if you ever hear my sound in the street, it goes - blow!  
Get down!  
So if you ever hear my sound in the street, it goes - blow!  
Get down!