

# Mr. Lif, Enters The Colossus

&quot;Yo, you listenin'?&quot;  
&quot;Yo no doubt Lif what's the deal what's happenin'?&quot;  
&quot;Yo, basically we just had to break out the heavy artillery on those cats  
an' hold it  
down, you know.&quot;  
&quot;Yeah, true that.&quot;  
&quot;So I'm thinkin' we laid them all to waste so I step outside thinkin'  
everythings peace  
There's a couple stragglers talkin' 'bout they wanna take me to war.&quot;  
&quot;What, yo son, wha'd you do?&quot;

(Mr. Lif)  
I ran behind some trees  
Gave my lyrical trigger a squeeze  
Five rappers fell to they knees  
I got a rhyme grenade  
Pulled the pin out  
Blew them men out  
First one and from Lif has been sent out  
Who the fuck pulled they pin out  
Look how long the rapper waited  
Is incovaporated  
He got slapped and faded  
I'm nice with nouns, pronouns and adverbs  
If the crowd can't feel what I say  
Add nerves (?)  
With no buffas  
I've had enough of  
This is ridiculous  
Jack them niggaz up like Nickalaus  
Stick 'em like licorice  
If you can't get hip wit this  
Hot, stop  
It requires thought  
From the concious  
My rhymes are missle launchers  
Aimed at those were dishonest  
About the opportunities in the land that they promised  
Come to the show if you want this  
I blow up the whole crowd and walk away the comments

The lyricist is fatal  
Colossus (scratches)  
(?)  
The rap philosopher (scratches)

(Mr. Lif)  
After that  
The guard remained natural like habitat  
I go to the studio  
Grab a dat  
Put it in  
Let's begin  
Gimme the cue (one two)  
Package it up and send it overseas and rocks  
Over mass hustlers and over Gs and spots  
Such as Johannesburg and Belize  
I bring apocalypse to earth and shake off the trees  
And if you've ever seen me rhyme, you know  
I'll drop a cool flow then flip like Kujo  
And list yo' wack ass in the mile file  
Niggaz need to go back and watch Wildstyle  
Hip hop has arisen  
Mr. Lif is livin'

And not dead or in prison  
Givin you powerful thoughts to envision  
Open ya mind up and listen  
I'm on a mission

Listen gentlemen  
The lyricist is fatal  
Stand like colossus  
Fatal  
Colossus  
Fatal (scratches)

(Mr. Lif)  
So let the shallow MCs wonder where the park is land at  
While I'm telling Indians to take they land back  
Yo plan that  
Coup D'etat I'll be Rex like Rawhead  
Leavin' more dead wit my warhead  
If you're seemed level here's more red  
Looting battle quotes in my catapults  
Let's see if these if these fly money having nigga's data floats  
When I splatta moats  
If you think you got fatter troupes I got battle groups  
Who've been down by parachutes  
Send yo DJ back to find fatter loops  
Oops  
Those ain't the right ones  
Ya sike son  
Ya might run  
But your whole squad'll get quite done  
Whether it's nighttime or under bright sun  
The fight runs for 2 years  
That's 24 months  
104 weeks and 65 blunts  
Daily  
You can fuck with Mr. Lif, oh really?  
Your label's paralyzed  
Your camera maker see bailey  
And he fear me  
He see me lose my calm  
Do them niggaz mega-harm  
Mega-bomb  
I'm mega strong  
Roll my troops to Megatron  
What you wanna broke yo leg or arm  
A mega arm  
With mega rhymes  
Short circuit your brains to Sega-luzz  
(.....mmmhm!)