

Extended Famm, Line Drop

(Chorus)

At the top with rhymes, when we droppin lines
The line drop...spit it at the proper time
Cause if it's wack, it's yours, but if it's hot...it's mine

(V1A - SUBSTANTIAL)

Battle rap bastard raw beat heathen
Wack rappers suck so much they bleed semen
You bare bitch feeble we scare rich people
Your best verse worse than the Blair witch sequel

(V1B - PACK FM)

We're so lethal, You're see through like peep holes
Your style makes no sense, Like whispering to deaf people

(V1C - SUBSTANTIAL)

Yo the fags talking all that jazz like Duke Ellington
Smack'em so hard my fingerprints are on their skeleton

(V1D - PACK FM)

We're much better than all of you wannabe felons
When we'e done, you'll use the ice on your wrist to calm the swelling
Take your life by scaring you half to death twice
EFAMM IS MAD NICE Now who the fuck are you telling?

(V1E - SESSION)

Props to cats e-mailing. Throwing us compliments
Spitting confident, make you wonder where your mama went
Cause we're rocking it. Rhymes in perfect rhythm
Diss? You don't wanna go there, like Turkish prison
Your mom? Bitch on her knees like she works for Jism
Have her lips looking like some bird shit hit em

(V1F - TONEDEFF)

Get him? Your snippets make a better circumcision

I'm certain your missing the illest lyricist if
If you've never witnessed a 4-Family nigga burn a victim
I turn a rhythm on it's side, verbal with the homicide
Cause our words are heavy, whenever we drop lines

(Chorus)

(V2A - TONEDEFF)

I'm commencing to wreckin' this setup with plenty of recommendations
Outta frustration, Alotta brothers be sending for reparations
So, hot, that niggaz be checkin the ventilation
Invasion! Make 'em say HOLD UP, without a second of hesitation
We Check our medication

(V2B - SESSION)

Like, damn yo, I don't feel shit... but we still sick
Eat a wack cat to take pills with, but we spill spit with the ill shit
I write flows vexed
Stepping is crazy, we beat nuts like Psycho Les

(V2C - SUBSTANTIAL)

Give me the mic don't test better fight your best
Styles hang heavy like size O breasts

Fuck So So Def let a homo test
Watch how I let a nigga know slow death

(V2D - PACK FM)

Damn! Efamm, we're the wicked MC's
Switch the beat and we kick it with ease
when I'm Some What Vexed, you'll be weak in the knees
Tried to stay away from beef and got mad chicken disease
Got a tendency to go back and forth
You can't fuck with our style so you're jackin' off!

(Chorus)

(V3A - PACK FM)

When my lines drop, it'll make your spine pop
My lines drop jaws, make your shorty drop drawers
So cold - drop temperatures, Cop this when it drops in the stores
HipHop, Drum & Bass I got the soul
When I heat shit up, stop drop and roll

(V3B - SUBSTANTIAL)

Battle mad crews but none will win

(V3C - TONEDEFF)

Got niggaz like dice that's tumbling
We like cracks in the sidewalk, you stumbling
Makin you strudder when I talk, bumbling
We humble men, the flood comes from within
Your show's all talk like Ed Sullivan

(V3D - SESSION)

We come to win
Under your breath, like short folks that be muttering
When we uttering, we're thundering
Rhyme juggling while you're sputtering

(V3E - SUBSTANTIAL)

A fair fight's me and a hundred men
Abort them wack rhymes you motherin'
Slap you so hard - need Bufferin
Keep these bitch niggaz sufferin'
Just like the U.S. government
Pull strings like a republican
Keep you wonderin' where your mother been

(V3F - TONEDEFF)

Style's old like Donald Sutherland

(V3G - SESSION)

Your corny style needs buttering

(V3H - PACKFM)

I should've wrote for this, duhduhduhduhda (mumbled)

(V3I - SUBSTANTIAL)

Ayo, Pack stop mumbling!

(V3J - PACKFM)

Man, fuck it then...the hook's coming in!

(Chorus)