

Mr. Lif, They Made It That Way

It started with two turn tables and a mic
Lightning strike, electricity
MC rip rhymes DJ cut the wax viciously
The combo, maliciously brought, ingenious and precise
Mad nice, soon to be subject to mad heists
Niggas talkin bout they bought mad ice, livin the mad sheist
In the battle of art versus trends
Poetry ends when money contends the recipe blends and becomes diluted
Polluted in fact, but check whos been recruited
Intact with rhymes for your mind
Everydays a struggle 'cause society frames you
But raise your head and walk with pride because i came to...

"Make It Better"; -> (KRS-One sample) (2x)

The only place I can find justice is deep inside of these lines
That i designed to explain situations of the times
People in general are targets of big money markets
And are all disposable unless you come ready to work
Fully posable with suit and tie
Ready to buy into the bullshit images
Of people claiming that money is what there religion is
Filthy females that are visionless
And foes that are precisionless
Let me be your mind's eye and vision this
Rise above, your power is limitless
The ghetto's designed to leave you spiritless
Living from day to day dodging AK spray
Niggas doing anything for pay
In streets that spite the light of day
The fallen gods been led astray
I must retaliate
"Why?"
Because they made it that way
"Word"
Fully educated rhyme spray
My way is to give you something to cling to
So you can survive dilemmas that you live through
Then exist through your light
And focus on being in search of what's real
Instead of just relying on the steel.

"Make It Better";
"Remember?";
"Make It Better";

Check it,
This is the new lyrical selection
Red, black, and green protection
Motivation and pride connection
Moving the focus of your perception away from nice cars with fuel injection
The lesson is often taught, but never heard
Leaving your vision forever blurred
Killing for wealth in a world thats absurd, with hate in killing the fate
Delivered by your villian(?)
Fucked up from skunk and malt liquor and now he's illin'
'cause he hasn't had a meal in three days
Chop your neck in three ways, common occurences these days
Soon to be locked in a cell for raising hell
Looking back upon his life wondering where he fell
But martyrs tell of many uncivil nights
While battleing for civil rights
Niggas die 'cause ignorance plights
And ignorance fights progress

In all shapes and types
By blocking the lights of success from niggas sights
So one nigga snipes his brotha who he claimed he never likes
And snatches his adiddas and nikes
So I drop knowledge on mics until apocalypse strikes
Atomic blast blowing niggas off dirtbikes
I mold the soil into dirt spikes
And jump straight from the top of the chart
And drive 'em through the devil's heart
Its time to revolt and restart
And live our lives from the heart
And bring this music back to the art, rip it apart.

"Remember?" & & "Make It Better" (scratched) 3x

(scratches and fades)