

Promoe, Off The Record

Whether outdoors or indoors the crowd will endorse
My show and end yours, that's natural loss
I get crazy applause, they Buju like Banton
I chant down Babylon, it's the countdown.
We're livin' in the last couple of days
That's why I never kick wack rhymes, 'cause ain't no time to waste
No time to fake, no time to chase the papes
Time to get it straight in nineteen ninety hate
That's the number and the mindstate
The only way you fuckin' with my style is if it's rape
But I got the mase and the pepper spray in my purse
After the battle one of us leavin' the hurse
I don't care if it's me, but it's probably gonna be you though
But I'm chillin' like Blue Note's played on pluto
I won't get mad, if you say, you took out Promoe
I'd just relax, sit back and watch ya nose grow

Suckas step up
You wanna battle
Don't even try it

Yo, my style's off the record, but don't turn off the record
Cause then it's off the record, how I'll off you in a second
My style's off the record, but don't turn off the record
Cause than it's off the record - Suckas!

If I cross you, I will diss you in a rhyme
Take it as a compliment: I think you worth the ink and the time
Who me, Promoe, with the messed up hair
Don't mess with me though, cause I bust rhymes in pairs
And fuck with dead emcees like necrophiliacs
But I can't dig 'em, they actin' like maniacs
Thinkin' that the Promoe could ever get beaten
That's like a Danish guy gettin' drunk in Sweden
Not very likely, cause when I step on stages
I get props from smoke spots to internet homepages
See my show as a sermon on the mouth
Givin' MSs god's word and what it's all about
It's about this I'm in crisp on the mic
To me all ya other clicks sound alike
So fuck you, plus your weak producer
Don't face you, you better face Medusa
I'll turn your weak flesh into solid stone
Simply because I rock on the microphone
And it don't stop, it goes on and on
Like havin' sex with Erykah Badu till the early morn'
Check it out, it don't stop
I keep on, 'till the neighbours call the cops

Cause my style's off the record, but don't turn off the record
Cause then it's off the record, how I'll off you in a second
My style's off the record, but don't turn off the record
Cause than it's off the record - Technic

You wanna battle
Suckas step up
Don't even try it

MCs talk a lot of shit, I make 'em eat every word of it
I'm from the Looptroop crew, I bet you heard of it
And still you wanna face me - not even the man in the mirror can
Who you? A Swedish kid tryin' to be American
Couldn't take me out if I was the track
You wanna battle then you better bring some caps

Cause I'm takin' all your stash even when I'm drinkin' back
In the soundclash on yo' ass like a rash
Really rational lyrics, spit like ammo
from the lips of P-R-O-M-O
The mindstate scientists ain't figured yet
Your style compared to mine is niggarettles to cigarettes
You illiterate, I'm educated
The university of hip hop you never graduated
I heard some decent MCs rhyme from the top of they' heads
But I rhyme from the bottom of my heart, 'nuff said

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My style's off the record, but don't turn off---