

# 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 horse  
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 niggarettes 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

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

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 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---