

Teflon, Rise Up

(Teflon)

Only escape is the relentless hip-hop, rap apprentice out for blood
All you wannabe thugs keep your distance
What's the matter, my insight might shatter your windpipe
You now ignite it and recite at shows I bend mics
The man (behind the man) behind the man (that stand beside the man)
That make the man that stand in front him piss his pants (damn)
Now let's dance, who wanna get blowed up
You had the balls to call my name in battle when I came you never showed up
I'm here, and ain't stoppin 'til I'm on top reppin
And if you think I'm half-steppin you niggaz, must be poppin pills
Instinct say, let the pen sink, poisonous ink into paper
To take a live nigga and leave him dead and stank
Now, who runs through mad crews of bad dudes
With one shot, spreadin niggaz most quicker than bad news
Teflon, {?} representative, Firing Squad
Niggaz back the fuck up and live

(Chorus 2X: Teflon)

We on a mission, rise up, size up - the competition
Don't be gettin bust down, who ready to die, what?
We on a mission, rise up, size up - the competition
Don't be gettin bust down, who ready to die, what?

(Teflon)

I post to death nigga, where you at? Hidin
Slidin in the depths uncommon to mankind I'm glidin
Over tracks with mo' facts than fiction
Who that nigga that splits 'em raw ways down to riddle with the diction
Givin cardiac arrestses, to pestes
Who try to follow my rhyme flow style to find out, who Tef is
Who can break the secret, the simple chemistry
If you don't lose your memory, verse'll reverse my penalty of death
WAY before dishonor, get your armor
If you foul late, I'm a shotty your body then embalm ya
Who can figure this nigga would hijack, the airwaves
My raps are {?} hearse the K K, K to buy black
I'm in this, with flows that's endless, it's that triple gold
frame nigga frame knock the do' off the hinges
And now, it ain't no surprise, these brothers recognize
the M.O.P. profile, kid we on the rise

(Chorus)

(Teflon)

Without practice my rap shit done turned Jesus Christ into a baptist
Tef can make the whole world flip backwards with his tactics
For real, all day, always the raw way
I'm raw dickin without a kiss so, dismiss the foreplay
This goes out to Wall Street brothers from Brooklyn
To my rocket launchin packin Bronx niggaz keep it thorough
Aiyyo we bumpin heads with all the big boys back in the keep
Rollin we deep, that pack streetsweepers and sick swords
We makin moves, I want it all, a hundred come, a hundred fall
And Teflon Don, rawest you ever saw (the rawest nigga)
Aiyyo some brothers be seein me comin up out of D&D
with a crew, that roll more harder than TNT
We be, M.O.P. the bumrush, click with dum-dums
to bust more fools up in my section when my gun bust
Aiyyo, listen G, list your squad three best gun niggaz
And I'll put them niggaz on Unsolved Mystery

(Chorus)