

The Rock, Face Off (Tech Nine)

Rumble

They gon' take yo' face off
Spirit of a lion describes my soul
Give it up to Zion, then my fire grows
Wishin' of a riot inside my lobe
Am I trippin'? Is the highest when I fight my foes?
Bip, I'ma hit 'em with this, you 'bouta get yo' ass kicked
My technique is so sick, I'm 'bout to make the hit quick
Whole lotta muscle (chyeah), you don't wanna be in a tussle (chyeah)
Better than me? That's rubble
You want trouble? What's up, dawg?
Feelings hot to kill a top guerilla
Drop and kneel to pops, I grilled the opp
For real, your clock it yield and stop
Your will is shot, the deal was knock ya 'til you plop
I got the hell comin' your way
You softer than a thing of Yoplait
Never competitive with the better kid, I go cray
Gonna be deaded because I fed it to the mo' graves
When you wake up in that wet blood
Ain't no way you 'bout to get up
How you know that I taxed yo' ass
'Cause you got the motherfuckin' check stub
Always gonna have to pay cost when you steppin' in my way boss
When I build steel and you stay soft, you're gonna punk out when we face off

Rumble

They gon' take yo' face off
They gon' rumble
They gon' take yo' face off
They gon' rumble
They gon' take yo' face off
They gon' rumble
They gon' take yo' face off
They gon'
Rumble there young man, they rumble
Run up, get a combo, quickly help you understand but stay humble
Don't nobody wanna talk about the weight of the world
The weight of the world'll make 'em all crumble
And I might stumble, but I pick myself up, brush myself off, my thoughts of a goddamn boss
I am at they neck like I'm Malcolm X, like I'm Dr. King, like I'm Cornell West
Like I'm Huey P., like I'm Booker T., like I'm Rosa Parks, I'ma need my rest
Niggas know what I'm 'bout, I'll run up in yo' house
Feet up all on your couch, sock you right in your mouth
I ain't after no clout, it could really go south
I'm prepared to go to battle whenever there is a bout
I am Muhammad, Ali, I'm payin' the homage, policy is to be honest
I take it beyond it though, I can relate to ebonics and really I hate to be ominous
All of your hate is too obvious, I am the hustle, the muscle, I play for the audience
I am a gangster with knowledge, if you wanna enter the ring, I would hate to be opposite
Jab with the right, jab with the left, jab with the right, now you got 'em all staggerin'
He gon' come back with the right back with the left
That's when you step to the side, now dagger
You gon' be damned if you do, damned if you don't, bastard, I'm like Cassius my swagger
It really don't matter, pardon, I'm hardened, lawless the Martian, kickin' that jargon (ah)

Rumble

They gon' take yo' face off
They gon' rumble
They gon' take yo' face off
They gon' rumble
They gon' take yo' face off
They gon' rumble
They gon' take yo' face off
They gon'
Barber cape off how I'm givin' a fade

Based off the description I gave
Cut the game off, I'm a Street Fighter
Beat breaks off like the whip on the stage
Hand out, ass whippings my plate
Haters ate off, yeah, get Hitler a steak
It'll be chaos like a emerald chase
When I face off in a Nicolas Cage
Yeah, I'm livin' in rage
Punch a pussy-nigga like I'm fistin' his babe
I was sittin' in the 'spital, goin' mental
Doc had told me they'll forget me, but they didn't, I remember them days
And I don't wanna be Batman, nigga, I'm Bane
Literally how the venom enters my veins
Since a little one, Killa really been sick in the brain
And the more I think about it, my life was twisted (wait)
Reminisclin' on my mom and dad, would wonder
Why they couldn't reach out, like they didn't have my number
Fightin' for my sanity, I never had the hunger
Put a nigga under ground quick, that's a bunker
Shock 'em like I'm Master's brother
Better pick your battles, busters halfway under
Hit more times than acupuncture
When it comes to rumblin', I'm Afrothunder
Really it be funny when I kick it to you dummies
How I'm grippin' on this iron when I'm rhymin' on the mic
Because it really will get bloody like I'm kickin' it with buddies
When I beat a nigga up like I was Iron nigga Mike
I tell 'em they don't wanna tussle when I'm at 'em, they gon' drop
Bet you that he stumble when I jab 'em then I cross
Leave a nigga humble, like damn, when can he drop?
'Cause really we can rumble like Jackie in the Bronx, we gon'
Rumble
They gon' take yo' face off
They gon' rumble
They gon' take yo' face off
They gon' rumble
They gon' take yo' face off
They gon' rumble
They gon' take yo' face off (chyeah)
It's about drive, it's about power
We stay hungry, we devour
Put in the work, put in the hours and take what's ours (ahoo)
Black and Samoan in my veins
My culture bangin' with Strange
I change the game, so what's my motherfuckin' name (Rock)
(What they gonna get though?)
Desecration, defamation, if you wanna bring it to the masses
Face to face, now we escalatin', when I have to put boots to asses
Mean on ya, like a dream when I'm rumblin', you're gonna scream mama
So bring drama to the King Brahma (then what?)
Comin' at you with extreme mana
Thank you, brother, Tech N9ne
Thank you, Teremana
One take, that's a wrap
Face off, mm