

Urban Dance Squad, Pass The Baton Right

Put sandbags and barricades
Just to protect all
I'm known to be the chunky lyrical shrapnell
Ricochet, - what he say ?, get slain, won't say
It another day
Metaphore impact, chests cave in, big way
Like 'death becomes him or her'
Big hole unfold, unwise to wish the absurd
Rappers can't take lyrical obstacles
Estafette, you can bet my timing is phenomenal
Steeple-chase with the bass, tempo, ain't a turtle
He trips over pebbles, I take rhymes
With the hurdles
The title for grabs
'Cos of my time lapse
Pioneers hear the cheers
Of the bloodsuckin' peers
Got to reach the peak supercrafty like cavalier
He's fronting for conquistador but he's the devil here
Made a perfect start and pass it to an allie
See him on the tracks
'For the finish doin' shuteye

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' One two three four five senses working overtime '
How to freak the wild funk, line by line
Heavy technique, make 'em catch for breath
Rapstrangle from every angle, what's left
Seen weasels fakin' 'cockdieselness' - whacker
Take positions on squares like checkers, I'm the wrecker
You must be down with jimi fakin' castles in the sand
Tidal wave, sneak-a-peek on these whack bands
The funny game's to catch that moneytrain
Wesley plus woody, but you're not that goodie
Go against the grain
I'm a 'trekkie' doin' work like kirk fullthrottle
Got the bends, bust some sense in heads with a bottle !
Cycle running in a threadmill, think that's classy?
Pick up your face from the gravel, so bloody and messy

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