

Its the snowseason, you entering a cold region/
fridgit outside, feeling like my toes freezing/
its the snowseason, icy storms create weight
reign knowledge supreme/

9 outa 10 times we takin it over, pass that dosia,
thats that soilder/
tryin to test get cracked like sosa, eyein the best we
react like cobras/
9 outa 10 times we takin it over, pass that dosia,
thats that soilder
belly of the beast stay packed like sodas, 9 outa 10
times, takin it over/

Molek Ular verse:

I bring it postrapedic,
im feelin lost in eden, toss the weed in,
we go'n smoke it till we gosta need it/
gainin with knowledge so we gosta read it,
plentifull rhymesource vegetates growth so we gosta
eat it/
its revolution like da boston tea its
livin inside a hostile region, its pentacostile
teachin
have me compasating for my loss of freedom
struggling within my mindstate, my energy has got to
beat um/
I need a dame and a dutch, plannin a clutch
everyday is enough i expand in a rush

and i move through the air like a hand in a punch
ima strike like cobras, pass that dosia
expand the to these cats that knows ya,
or walk around the city, totin gats like holsta's
ethier way, ima try to see the day
and in a way i can see your done, look at what the
meters say

Wordlife:

get with me y'all, wordlife i move committees really large
we really raw, juveniles just in and out of city hall
tee's be fitting large, silly law, catch the Milli call
no pity god we gritty Gilly move fists like Philly broads/
mo smoke the Philly gods, more smashed then pretty broads/
think u hot but disappointed like da chili small
word brings life after death like I'm biggie smalls
use the gift, got my self my name ain't billy bob
this is real dawg no reason for stunts.
i season u chumps with heaters leave u breathin for months
to seize in a dump, ona school day receiving the lumps.
compare my fist to koolaid the way I'm sweet with the chumps/
the puertorican creepin here to knock your teeth in da front/
do u like the roof of a tree have u leave in a trunk
feed um as chumps, ina legion im the chief of the slums
i rep for Bronx niggas, rest in peace to you pun/

Kraftmatik:

make um jump around like my name is limp bizkit
get a elbow to the jaw and I'm sure they goin limp quick

now get this, walk around black get a ticket/
my interests, consist of weed and music
that's amusement, cause my pockets full of moon rocks
ill use it, and ill be on the track till my tomb stop
when u flop, ill be a hot commodity,
and prolly be the emcee that y'all wanna be/
i spent alot of time and i got alot of nuthin
i ain't frontin i threw my hope out the window
peace to my kinfolk remember we used to play Nintendo
and i smoke so much weed, i swear i see the wind blow
and i fuck with so much snow that i got ashy elbows
and i got three hoes so they call me Hugh Hefner
capa status son see my name in huge letters
its Kraft on the mic now u know who's better
I'm like a trend setter cause I'm fly in any weather
i played on mount Olympus and the gods went crazy
and i do it gracefree so dont think u can trace me
sorry for the mistake b, but I'm high def like H-D/