

Mic Stance

Afu-Ra

Yeah, Afu-Ra, the Body of the Life Force
Yo, you know how I do son (yeah)
Yeah, so why don't you (yeah)
Get on this mic and represent one time
Some MC's you know they artificial
Some get straight chewed like gristles, I blow like missiles
Lyrics run right through your tissues
Afu-Ra reformed serial killer, it's so much iller
How my sound rounds could bill-a
Straight up bodegas of thought ya come across
Rhymes so dope, one'll make you somersault
Intertwinin, alignin wit the timin
Enterprisin, uprisin surprisin
Perverted linguistics came to rip shit
Strapped for life word to mom's carry ten clips
My ink hits from backyards to basements
Loose lips sink ships, ya drown this quick
Superbly, my words be, like third degree
Word to me, thoughts higher than planes be
It's funny to me, how my stun shines the jewelry
My symmetry, follow me, wherever shadows be
Lyrical elixir, turntables and a mixer
Bust ya shit like a blister, yeah, one, two, how we do
"Afu-Ra"
"The Body of the Life Force"
"Rough and tough"
"Lyrical warrior"
"The Body of the Life Force"
"Microphone check one two"
Mic stance, starts the illustration
As I dive into creation, wit so much patience
Split my drink up your nation, but never cleanin it up
Stainin it up, molecules, my energy melt the cup
I'm usin fake MC's for target practice
To usurp your experts, will be my best work
I'm takin stripes, might snipe ya, cause I'm hyper
Will incite the shit too loose, I'll make it tighter
Flowin on and on like I was nylon
Sounds gong, check ti, Brook-nom to Saig-gong
My chord sweeps, from off beat to on beat
Lyrical symbolism, peep the visions
I make incisions, fabric of ghetto rhythms
You couldn't hold me, if you wore gloves or mittens
Lion of Judah type style, and you're forgiven

I set it straight, my jade pen obliterate
You titillate, chop you up for my shark bait
Incinerate your presence, scatter your ashes
And breeze by on the mic, like EZ passes
I'm kinda killin a, willin a, instillin a, billin a
Yo, yo you talkin MC's, ain't nothin similar
Scatter ya, batter ya, internally ratter ya
Even through your dental records, they'd never notice ya
A dope style, so pure you couldn't touch it
Couldn't nudge it, diesel men, couldn't budge it
Terroristic type tactic, get your ass kicked
Never rested, jah blessed it, never test it
Undrownable, unsoluble, prolific
Lyrical typhoon crossin the Pacific
Chosen by the mystic, mic ways, I rip it
Usurp it, sharp enough that it can hurt it
Depth wise, wise, ensurin that the surge hits
Words hit, I do work like arthroscopic
Surgery, now my rhymes lacked the masonry, kinetic energy
Thoughts cause the imagery, natural disaster
Earthquake type telepathy
Yeah, one, two, how we do

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>