

01) stay tuned

### **INTRO**

paradox got the vocab, e.b. the sound and music,  
so know that's some dope rap you're now in tune with.

### **Verse 1**

yay, though i walk through the belly of danger,  
i stay cold-cocked, rock a shell in the chamber.  
lock, stock my boombox, knocking elliot bangers,  
it goes, spit on beats, hit these streets, sell it to strangers.  
listen and i won't have to tell you it's major,  
but if you dismiss us, then you do yourself a disfavor.  
took help from my neighbors to develop this flavor,  
forget hooks or chains, look, maing, we fell off the hanger.  
gotta get my crooked straight to welcome the savior,  
holler back, hallelujah, let me yell at you later.  
me and biz left 'em catching the vapors,  
so when you see the kid, the only weapon is paper.  
i ain't a bread maker, but man i need dough,  
though reaping these acres will teach me to breath slow.  
the fruit of our labor requires the heave ho,  
this music is paydirt, i'm watching my trees grow.

### **HOOK**

made moves, though with each seed we take root.  
paid dues, speaking on beats in plain view,  
call us underground, but the style's a breakthrough,  
don't touch that dial, wait a while and stay tuned.

### **Verse 2**

turn it on (turn it on), tune it in (tune it in),  
bump it up to ten, cuz soon we gon' win.  
tune it in (tune it in), keep it locked (keep it locked),  
bump it up a notch, best believe we won't stop.  
we up jump the boogie to rock shock the melody,  
young guns and rookies turn hot shots developing.  
pop lock for jealousy, chop block the celery,  
raw dogs with sawed offs and God talk to Elohim.  
flex the technique to sound bomb the frequency,  
stay catching wreck to outlaw these weak emcees.  
mouth off to speak unique, lacing the airwaves,  
i know it's open season and the stations are fair game.  
players rape the movement, every scheme's hair-brained,  
pay for fifty's two cents, i'm keeping my spare change.  
watch, kid. eight ball, corner pocket,  
straight calling shots like i was born to rock it.  
black top prophet, preaching twenty four, seven.  
blast heat from the backseat, so anymore questions?  
ask me who i'd like to see in the same crew?  
e.b. and paradeezy if i had to name two.

## **HOOK**

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paid dues, speaking on beats in plain view,  
call us underground, but the style's a breakthrough,  
don't touch that dial, wait a while and stay tuned.  
we keep our aims true, so please just stay tuned,  
we need to thank you, so please just stay tuned.  
call us underground, but the style's a breakthrough,  
don't touch that dial, wait a while and stay tuned.

## **Verse 3**

none other than, p-a-r-a,  
one bad brotha' man like "three the hard way."  
these suckas say they butter, to me it's parkay,  
invite little minnows for a swim in the shark cage.  
bright nights meet blind mice trying to star gaze,  
me, i rhyme nice to shine light in these dark days.  
no hindsight, living life like they scarface,  
the only car chase they've seen is in arcades.  
an arm and a leg is a bargain to pay,  
cuz we keep the roof on fire like an arsonist's blaze.  
my squad rocks the spot with every bar that we say,  
that's why even in your city we treat it like our stage.  
boom bap's in the heart of the fray,  
that's true rap's place until it's carted away.  
so we're a match made in heaven, spark to the flame,  
i'm ready to strike and e.b.'s armed to the fangs.

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