

“MAKING AN IMPACT”

He's waiting to break out of his cage
Like a frag grenade
He's sick and tired of being thrown off stage
He's ready to go on a lyrics raid

It's because he's different
He's better than the rest
Go ahead he's up for the test
People are scared of what's next
He's getting ready for the quest

It's him
He's ready
Moving steady
He's quick like the machete
He's ready

He's ready to blow up this stage
He's ready to get up on this stage
He's ready to rip this stage
He's ready.

It's time to make an impact
His mind is tight packed
His rhymes are tight stacked
He's in trouble because he slacked
But its time to fight back
And make an impact
But his life is like that
He's ready to turn on his mike that
Started this sound track
Don't push him he might crack

He's having a heart attack
And he aint got no daughter that
Can keep him on track
And soon they won't ask for the mike back
They'll take a step back
I told them don't push me because I might crack

Now look you have one chance to pop
You have the choice to take it or flop
Seize it or not, seize it or drop
Once you have it, its caught
So you're standing tall while the rest are not

One can change the world forever
So if you think it is a pointless endeavor
You're wrong keep your ideas out of the shredder
All it takes is just a few letters

All you need is a flow
All that you need to know
Is hard wired
Into your brain
To your heart and your soul
But spit the rong verse and pay the toll
Ya you rap like at troll
Extra slow with no flow
Acting like people are gonna show up to your next show

Next thing you know the world is in flames
And everyone is calling your name
They're all trying to shift the blame
And just when you needed it your moment, it came
No longer will people hang their heads in shame
That's all it took to make a change

Now it's time to exchange
The position of the game
Your lyrics are lame
I'm hitting this fame
Your lion is tame
Mine is ready to mame
Like rat-a-tat-tat im on my way to fame

You rappers just talk alot of smack
Like yall jst stepped in a thumb tack
But what all you rappers lack
Is the ethics, the power to get back
Up and make a brand new rap
Now i have to take out my mike and whip you like im holding a strap

Now these lyrics are mine to decypher
The way i make other rappers act i must be playing the pied phiper
I got these rappers tied just like a
Puppet made to act like a

Crack job
Wack job
I think they need a smack job
It's like a movie Attack of the crazed dog
And the sequal return of the attack dog
The only thing you lack dog
Is one good rap dog

Now I'm braking my chains
No longer will I feel these pains
My soul is set loose like a bunch of great danes
No more am I stuck in the slow lanes
I have made my thousand paper cranes

This is my time
This is my rhyme
This is my line
Just look at the signs
And let loose the chains that bind

My emotions are tight packed
My lyrics tight stacked
It's time to fight back
I'm making an impact.

By Salvaryus Partan

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