

Chicago Barbeque

Qwel

UHH

qwel

summer heat stroke
have a heat stroke

so this one joe goes there was this flow that boasts he
totes a gun
dont know his promo caught some fingers up till he saw
both of them
but now his shit is jaded
played himself, hes gonna see me
checked me once, stepped, said whats up, and copped
another cd
me be hell breathing back
he needs to ask to spar with qwel
start to scar your shell toes
i suppose its hard to tell
the battles half the lesson
the cats strapped with automat four sevens
beat you half to death twice
send white light back for seconds
rest when less than me aint good enough
hoods and thugs rough wont cut it
what if all this tough rug thug stuff aint really what
what is
is it my job to own this fucking mic until it starts to
melt
the dark starts to yell
i suppose its hard to tell
start to yell back
but theres not enough mics to rock
he likes to flow
but the dikes are locked
on his writing spot
theres too many mc's
and not enough mics to rock
he like to flow
but the dikes he like to strike with mics are locked a
lot
there was this other joe once
covered in gold front ego
im butter with mics
he stutters with ice
and wonder where that weed go
he showed prose in his time
compose lies his rib cage
hungry not just for my mic
blocked every blow with his face
and now he spits with a limp
and thinks his shits a zeplin
the blimps his head wet to the ground gassed
drowned, and unleaded
found his rep, disconnected
his best shit was pantomime!
jagged his chance to shine impressed

he left a fan of mine
grab the mic for sale
and barter rap to use
but lost to qwel again
who had to snag an autograph for proof ...

just one more time ...
just one more time ...
for the last time ...
caught a heat stroke ...

man second hand contact is cancerous
the trouble with guessin is
doublin questions is
all the answers did
ask your man to spit, shit
we bendove
no shenanigans
brandishin claims you fucked inanimate
nope the pen broke
but aint it grand makin mannequin
canned amusement
and all the while, man
the fans can't stand the music
the producers credits is
with the critics rappin crevices
offensive
get in line
we help design them flippin fetishes
the measurements are evidence aint nobody tight
cuz when he spit veterans bite like, oh but hes right
insight precise incisions witness witty wisdom like
the system bustin out the seams with dreams are lived
in this mind