I circle my opponents like a bird of prey, in search of a vertabra Just to curse your day, and make blue sky revert to gray Tryin' to work my way back to where the purpose gave birth To the perfect way to quench my thirst to slay rappers Penatrate your fragile brain matter Stand glarin' at you with command, and frame, and stature Actually mastered the talent it takes to seize the rep Out of your chest and leave em shakin' These heads never impressed us, I credit the best cause I Accept the rebreath[?] with respect from my predecesors To die the best of deaths is meaning gunfire Blessed with [?], testin the opressive This dimension inside your pain is my domain By signing my name I solidify the rain In an instant I will drain em, get em out the game Itsisted upon bickering with death until the quiet came Then silence remained, touched him with his lights out and I'm in his veins, ushering his life out him He cried when it came, at that moment he froze And death pulled his soul through the hole in his nose

From the moment I sight em, decide I don't like em
I evacuate the little bit of life they got inside em
Somebody gonna get dead tonight
Bad Motha Fucka gottta split heads tonight
From the moment I sight em, decide I don't like em
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Let em watch the Brother rip, they need to fuckin study it Have the missin pieces like they tryin to make the puzzle fit Its some other shit, nothin like when we discovered it Fools rappin like they tried to suck a dick and bust a lip Half asshole and ain't mastered to grab the shit They pacifists and ain't nothin bout them passionate Never had a pay a bill, spent a day in jail And hold mic's like they're scared as hell to brake a nail You ever hide inside your seat, eyes upon your feet Need to keep riding the dick instead of tryin to ride the beat I come from a time when rhymin is too self defining Ain't no time for whining, protecting your little homage If your crews really the shit, prove it in your set You really should get off the stage, you're too pretty to sweat If hes not in alliance, beat him in the compliance Somethin to do while I'm feeding him to the lions Keep being defiant, ain't nothin I can say to you Except you better stay out my range of view, a day or two Your friendly neighbourhood Rhymesayer, I lay a Asswhoopin on you thats one of a kind, playa

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You live in a world of artificial turf past the sky Got the nerve to stay up nights and askin why I'm fuckin your shit up, you're forced to pluckin your lips up That gets ripped up, you could kiss your own ass goodbye You don't understand me, I don't have Plan B I don't have a mom and dad to help me land on my feet I don't have the luxury of livin where the grass is green Ink pen victims and ten of their friends with them Ive been kickin, scratchin scrapin for respect Since knee-high, believe I will take it to your neck I release my, venomous sentiments at the drop of a hat You motherfuckers got a problem with that? I scratch through all possible tracks Once you walk with your bones fully exposed its hard to look back And I gotta react, not for nothin, just to cuss you There ain't nothin soul about an old fashoned "Fuck You"

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