The Sylla Squad

Drapht

Check, as soon as I've animated the track, contaminated the listener,
Mr. D-Rapht the man that painted the picture.
Spit your criptic codes to split the roads and
quick to throw a hit if you stick your nose in.
Like dicks I'm chosen to unload and bring life
into a world that's turning into hell by night.
Sell your light (Cellulite) to the darkness like Oprah's backside,
but sticking it to em harder than Ron Jeremy's Jap's eye.
Capsize your vessel you're wrestling with the great white.
Rock a sharper set than Danos Direct steak knives.
Take life for granted and you're branded for slaughter,
take flight but landed in hot water.
I'm borderline, but brought up with nothing,
but tough enough to never be caught up in anything
that's gonna be falling short of
my vision of how I'm gonna be living my life.
Better make the right decision is never given it twice

You can't flex
Or even step to this kid
But I seize ya (Seizure) like an epileptic fit.
Cats caught amnesia,
forgetting that mortar stepping
on stages like Nicholas cage
brandishing the weapon.
We could face off or I could rip your face off
and spit shards of steel while your bitch kneels and tastes cock.
Make of it what you want.
I take what I will.
Drop lyrics like acid.
Here's a jagged little pill
that's hard to swallow.
Tough act too.
Drown out your whole crew like the day after tomorrow.
Ice age flows.
I change weather patterns.
Re-arrange the structure of the earths crust,
shatter atoms.
Smack you back to the dark ages with one verse.
Snap your head back like a car crash with one word.
Shit verbally.
You whack try-hards and Richard geres gerbil
I mean your act died in the ass

Unleash my anger in the form of a scripture.
I paint a picture with words and emerge the victor.
In a gladiator forum.
Picture which you rip to bits before you tabulate the warning.
I'll force-feed you humble pie
and wash it down with a cool glass of sour grape juice.
You wanna rumble try.
It seems I've developed an appetite to devour fake crews.
Make no excuses or question how we work.
Clandestien drops and you react like a knee-jerk.
I get it cracking like Guy Fawks right.
Step to the mic and watch the stage lights blacken.
Witnessing only swift flashes of chrome

and glare of eyes.
Verses to make the hair on the back of your neck rise and stand up
at attention, now mention
Deststien new banter.

Prey and hell follows with him.
Who'd you expect, Robbie Williams?
Nah cunt let me entertain you.
Guarantee nothing but a totally insane view.
Back with the main crew who hate you.
The last Syllabolik says who, now say you.
Make me ill.
I take a sniff of a chopped proton pill
and go for some overkill.
When I puke nukes, spewing.
If you realise the power of local shit
till you're blowing it out or proportion like a bloated bitch.
TV views, hate them more than before.
All you act like you're zombies and board your doors.
Brains, brains.
Did I say its insane?
Jump on the bandwagon like Michael Jackson
to make a change and heal the world.
Sue him for a fraction.
He's a child molester.
Fuck you TV boy.
Fuck it.
It's the end of my lecture,
get out.

Yeah, yeah
You step back as I enter the track
and the spot's so exact.
Its as if im attached, locked and latched.
Words be the perfect match.
Aint just hatched.
You'll unscratch
and I got the type of flow to leave you satched.
To catch a glimpse of my blueprints and get the hints.
Came through the door in ninety four been rapping ever since.
Who got the nerve to even step to this here crew?
You sweat when we're near you.
And left with severe bruise.
Appear through transparent fake MC.
Verbal jabs with the head will make em weak at the knees
and then they'll buckle like a can in the fire.
You're still stuck at the knuckle better plan to retire.
We on a standard that's higher.
Take you to another level on stairways.
Potent shit we're tokin bound to clog up your airways.
Fair to say,
we ain't the type to fuck around.
When its time to get down,
you know who'll bring the real sound.

Synchronise.
Burn turns truth to lies.
The crow flies straight in the Syllabolik skies
I'm a big Hislop to Aussie hip hop beats.
Get battered like shark flesh at the fish and chip shop.
The rip off.
We serve your type here,
not with beer but a burning and a swift kick to the rear.

Show no fear.
Show no mercy at shows.
Since the rhymes of the nursery I've been ripping the dope flows.
Hope grows, but is soon dies off
Cos like a pie in the microwave you're too fucking soft.
I Stand aloft
and me dropping my burden
is something you'll never see like Ian Paisley in a turban.
I'm wording crews up.
Herding yous up.
And yous get chewed up like a pokie does to your two bucks.
Some crews jump
and any rapper talking shit,
will drown in the rivers of the words I spit.

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