

## My Introduction

Hush.

I put my life in this game and vow to always kill it  
Make you fuckin' feel it with blood I gotta spill it fo real  
I got a lifeliine of thoughts up in a lifetime  
A beast of burned words that blazed just at the right time  
Heat my own fury and spwak with no worries  
No trial fuck a judge I can be my own jury  
In no hurry I'm raw like porn scenes with no rubbers  
And I'll rip like torn seams  
A cursed bastard on wax and not plastic  
I'm here to shake the world with a verse that's so drastic  
Go spastic with mics beats and sarcastic speech  
Til your parents scream "That kids fanastic!"  
Went from the corners in hoods with slurred words  
40 bottles, white girls in suburbs  
Now I'm here to reach out to anyone with an ear  
The new Johnny's in town I'm taking over this year

(I'd like to make an introduction)  
Motherfuckers!  
(I'd like to make an introduction)  
(I'd like to make an introduction)  
It's the H-U-S-H  
(I'd like to make an introduction)  
Bitch ass!  
(I'd like to make an introduction)  
(I'd like to make an introduction)  
It's the H-U-S-H

I'm a Detroit villian from streets  
Where the cold can crush a man in just 0 degrees and emcees  
Can spit sick flows in the streets to sick beats  
We get dirty in the D and the dirt is discreet  
Rub me the wrong way and I'll spark and cry pain  
I'm a walking matchstick with gasoline in my veins  
I'm known to shape shift on rappers that ain't shit  
Put ya best emcee to the test he can't spit  
I come from the city of boom and Motown  
When the shit gets thick in the D it goes down  
It's like the wild wild west and I'm Billy the Kid  
Silly of kids to go against the realest at this  
For all you other motherfuckers with nerve can get served  
Or come to a fork in the road and don't swerve  
Bitch I'm not your friend this time you met your maker  
Not the butcher, the baker or the candlestick maker

I can't stand it when I think to much  
Sick thoughts drive me drunk and I start to lose touch  
My thoughts turn into homicidal poetry  
Every time I murda these beats you gotta know it's me  
I step to the plate with a sense of hip-hop  
Cuz it's kill or be killed when I rhyme or get shot  
Don't talk the talk if you can't walk the walk  
Cuz you know phony rappers get outlined in chalk  
I'm the king of my own throne the rest are bystanders  
Walking the streets with a grudge like Highlanders  
Where I'm from the smiles are just frowns

And when the guns go up somebody comes down  
Dark clouds cover my city all day  
And the sun doesn't shine in the spots that we play  
We rip mics and turn verse to presentation  
So you can see in our world exactly what we facin'