

Serious Rappin'

Inspectah Deck

INS, your highness
He returns, the revolution, will not be televised
It will be taken to your front door
Brace yourself

It's the aura, don't break or take orders
I drink holy water, they follow me like the Torah
Getting tore up, for months, out in Europe
Deck told me, Term, you're up, don't curl up
We making cheddar out there, smoking on some leather couches
Stretching ounces, been about this bread, baking coke mountains
From Law Town to Staten, to Boston to Manhattan
This is what you call serious rappin'
The serial scratcher, murder materialism ratchet
Fearing the blackness, til your soul drift in where you passing
I gotta be a thug angel, smoking angel dust
Who can I trust, I'm a bust til my stainless rust
The devil harm me til my pillow soaking wet and steaming
I see the demons, they creeping in my biblical teaching
So just remember if I'm next to split, catch a clip
Catch a ditch that I wreck the shit with Inspectha Deck

"INS, your highness"
"Termanology"
"Planet Asia Medallions"
"Murder rap, spray at your dome"
"Serial scratcher, murder material"
"Murderous math"
"Catch a clip"
"My turn is right"
"Catch a clip"
"INS"
"Termanology"
"Planet Asia Medallions"
"This is what you call serious rappin'"

I'm cold blooded like Rick in his time, you can see me prime time
At the top spot, sitting with shine
I leave 'em froze like they sniffing a line, while they bitching and crying
You find me always in position to climb
I swing like Serena, hard as Medina, we can be the beast to
Keep mamacitas moy bonita
I breath ether, 103 fever
Spread through receivers, infect the true believers
Murder rap spray at your dome (Killers don't lurk there)
Killa likes hang up the phone
He a gangsta, claiming he bold, real loud with the crowd
But I doubt you can bang on your own
I earn my stripes, I burn for life, I turn your wife
My turn is right, you heard me right
I learn to fight, I work the night, I splurge the price
I swerve on bikes, my word, I'm nice

Yo, seen it all scenery, post-war poison taste basil
Meanwhile, casino we was gambling
Multi cigar scent drench, cake splashing
That's my alibi, to outfits flavors, so taste fashion

Handmade hankerchiefs, bottles popping but I don't drink
f**k it, since we celebrating I'm a take a sip
Black down, couple of killas who never back down
Choppa clappa mack splash, burgundy backgrounds
And stitching a tradition that's passed down
Murderous math, watch me duffle bag a couple of stacks now
At the bottom with mean face, bottling anger
Til I got woken out of that dream state
Reality is a must, my doo-rag dynasty is to gold rush
Gold Chain Military's the soldiers
Low and behold us, the poisonous ring promoters of the cobra
Planet Asia Medallions, the f**king shogun