

# Homicidal

Magic Affair

Maniac? the name is Swift  
Homicidal the title, to take a life as a gift  
Cold crush, rhyme, rhyme, lady, scratch, and even music maker  
Bounce an' MC on the court like a ball player  
Proven by the lyrics on the mike as I extend the cut  
Making music, as the girls move and shale their butts  
Suckers with the heart, try to battle even cheat me  
They can't compete, nor they defeat, or even beat me  
With the silly dictionary rhymes they spond  
When the mike catches fire, it will melt and bend  
Then I'll use the court as a whip, as I teach this lesson  
I'll whipe the knowledga in your head, so you can't stop guessing  
Who's the best MC upon the MIC, SWIFT  
Executed lyrics by me, will leave you violated  
Make your body get the shiversq, eyes dilated  
Suckers perpetrate, and try to dis me  
That's why the suckers watching me like TV  
Survival of the fittest, is very vital  
Got my weapon on auto, boy, I'm homicidal

Dangerous, mike packing and ill  
My poetry is my ammo, and it's ready to kill  
I'll put your head out with a quickness if we battle you know  
I'll make you wish you were in prison, sitting on death row  
Chrome plated, highly polished, and I'm running the joint  
I penetrate, like a hollow point  
Homicidal, is what I feel in my mind  
I have 100 ways to kill you while I'm saying this rhyme  
Perpetrators, can't even compare to this  
I cock the hammer, pull the trigger and dis  
Sucker MCs biting rhymes like these  
I'll point my weapon in your face and then I'll start to squeeze  
Your mind get's nervous, your face is cold sweating  
because a butt-kickings, what you're getting  
I lived a rough life from kid to a man  
When I think of things I've done I say "Damn !"  
What's the deal, you know it's real  
Always feeling illy ill, my mind just says kill  
I'm never wrong, then again I'm not right ya'll  
Menace I'm homicidal

Swift the name, dissin' MCs the game,  
To dis a sucker MC is the claim of my fame  
I like to grabthem by the face, punching them in the neck  
Burning up their stale rhymes, 'till they give me respect  
Cold destruction is a code, causing rapper's commotion  
Setting world on fire like a TNT explosion  
Rhyme, not a song, I neither sang nor I sung  
I can cut a man to shreds, or break a tree with my tongue  
Got my face on a poster, wanted dead or alive  
Reward tall "duckies" four thousand or five  
If you want to take the "duckies" wish yourself a good luck  
'cause I kill in cold bood and I don't give a fuck  
Come along or bring your posse, play brave and the bold  
I'll be rocking, cold shocking, 'till I'm 80 years old  
Proud and I'm black, giving squeezers no slack  
I'm even deadlier then PCP caine and crack

I'm the mercenary, killing punks at will  
I hate it when the brothers are acting ill  
It's time to get busy, and fight ya'll  
Word, I'm homicidal