

Triangular Warfare

Mr. Lif

This is. Verse. Word. Angle.
Microphone cords tangle, niggas strangle
[Wet] emcees done effed around and caught disease
This is verse one, lesson 3 lepracy
Liftedly, represents the Suns of Zee
Test we you must be out your goddamn mind
Rewind, and find, gems within my M's
Prostectic limbs, and mad scuffed timbs
But whens, your skill go into a rise
My crew prophesize ur demise I spy
So tell congress that I got bomb threats
And when they try to talk back, feel the buster
You silly mustard, just to go for the gipper
Put the mic down Lif ripped ya
Play your crew, lets take a picture
Smile while you wimper, you'll neva test a mic ripper.....
You don't. even. wanna. test a...
Rhyme manifstor, wack nigga injester
Is it the buddha blesser? Something
Got you mumbling, hopes crumbling
Try to flollow my lines but now you stumbling
Running when? You heard lif was coming in
But then again, pack 'em in
Lets begin, bring a friend
Just to pick up the shallow remains of lame frames
You tried you conquer me in a war of brain games
Hit 'em with the hexagon bomb the niggas tron
If you like the main course, deserts napalm
I'm on. The level. Of lyrical master...
Flows natural like disaster
After, I blast ya go and ask your pastor
Why verse 2 gave you asthma
You grab the mic the crowd drown in laughter
I have denied ur aces...
You wondered if I was nice but now you ask less
Caught your ass from filmline to wack fest
Chill while my man slash chest

competition - prepare for war time (4x)

Is you the nigga that said he was winning you a lion
I'll change the tides like poisidon
Now you fighting. I'll rain at infinitum
Clash of titans don't feel ashamed cuz this shit was meant for biting
Custom made serial number 0-0-3-2. Aimed right at you
Mapped you like an interstate you missed it in a date
Test lif and you got ate!...ball in a corner pocket
Got hip-hop locked kid
I hope you make a decision by using logic
Now hypothetically...If you every dreamed of testing me...
You enter healthy, leave diabetically
Paramedics be. Rushing for your support
I makes no sport. Your hole frame contort.
Now did you lose of course you were lost
Nobody told you not to test the mic of the north star
You want to goto war I'll take you to war
Remember my face the last thing you ever saw

So raw your chest will bust within 2 hours
I chill and guzzle ameredo sours

competition - prepare for war time
this is a battle rhyme in case u havent noticed
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competition - prepare for war time
u get replaced u get demoted