IMC

Spank Rock

Bad slim brown skin Disco Jet
Techniques cheats the angles, the higher he gets
Collects harps and halos and wing sets
Earthlings guess cherubic and nothing much less
Such stunts leave the heavens upset
And they plot his quick rest the more clever he gets
Jet caused wrecks that he deeply regrets
Defects in confidence keeps him set in spiritual debts
Still the best at worst, demigod at best
Beats will make you sweat like Russian roulette
Spin the revolver baby, BANG!
Bring my shit we need a grave
Your sound is dead
Can you dig it
Can you dig it
Can you dig it

Your sound is dead
Your sound is dead
Your sound is dead
Your sound is dead

I emcee don't get it twisted
From back spins to tight black fisted
Neo-griot, ice grilled, spinners
Backpack rap, white cats from Denver
Fitted cap, throw back, thug ass nigga
I seen a lot of shit, my scope is bigger
Hope got bigger
Knock knock, peep out
Creep back, unlock, enter
Enter...

Your sound is dead
Your sound is ...

Welcome to my humble home
Please pin on your microphone
Excuse the mess we're always rushing
Only settle down for f*cking
All the art was meant for touching
Sunday morning Beatle brunches
Church bells ringing, cap guns busting

Damn these guns won't chill for nothing
Jesus children kill for nothing
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