

V1

24 Hours From Now, I'll be still around/
Digging up potholes, then kill ya sound to fill the ground/
My skill abounds over yours in comparison, Cause you square and It's embarrassing/
You can talk to the hand like Mr. Garrison/
Your strategy is to pass time/
Figured that if I posted first, then you could get in the last line/
Praying that you'll surpass mine, with a punchline and a crass rhyme/
But I be Def with the language without the hand signs/
I put em up and you can't climb the edifice/
Cause I'm phatter than Cameron Manheim with the rhetoric, I'm a Landmine to stepping degenerates/
And I'm bettin I'm even better when edited/
When it gets into repetetive doses, you'll be beggin' for more like I was a medical sedative/
I'll pull your card and leave ya discredited/
You see, my style is like a family reunion, because it's all relative/
You're outta your element, in America with a peso/
You can't deliver your own rhymes, like a pantomime at a stage show/
You gonna need backup. coming up with another production/
You're style is akin is to your site, you're whole flow is under construction/
Been a cartoonist since birth/
Since your sweating my records, go check the package because I dissed you on the insert/
You're better off as a comic/
Cause Punchline artists get framed splattered and hung like a painting from Jackson Pollack/
So, crack your wallet, cause your raps are squalid/
Cause you suck more than porn starlet's mouth in a black hole with a vacuum on it/
So, swallow it whole, nigga, pride & all/
Show the same ignorance that made Master P decide to ball/
And actually since your stal I'll win with apathy/
Cause I'm a threat veiled as your teacher like the aliens in the faculty.