

# Safety First

Tonedeff

CHORUS

Slow ya roll, potna! Just! Hold Your horses/  
'For you go starting mess, Know your role, bitch/  
Tonedeff's, your papa! Sesh owns y'all whole s hit/  
Remember that you may get hurt. Safety First.

V1 - TONEDEFF

When I start to strike with thoughts that you ain't have the heart to write  
/  
The following scars are sponsored by Spicasso & The Archetype/  
Your squad is not as nice as ours is, we amount to twice the artists/  
Y'all just get discounted as often as prices down at Target/  
I ain't have to split profits to get a bid on the market/  
I just spit for the art and word caught on quicker than SARS did/  
Start picking your coffin; Your chick keeps a dick in her pocket,  
And commands that you remove your shoes before licking the carpet.

V1B - SESSION

It's Session, Spicasso I walk on the third rail/  
Spark till I turn pale wit narcs on the herb trail/  
You only served jail for ya failed crimes/  
My dick is one mile, I use it for a sundial, it's how I tell time/  
Stale rhymes like yours dont deserve to be quoted/  
With a flow you can not see [Nazi] like someone in Germany wrote it/  
Till then to home ya limpin, shoot hands out/  
Make ya lip stand out like you're Homer Simpson.

Chorus

V2A - SESSION

Tonedeff, create grooves, everyday heat/  
Break dudes when we play beats, and make moves like NBA Street/  
QN5, you cant outbuy us, man dont try us/  
We pan out fires, so just hand out flyers/  
BITCH! you wack, even ya beats suckin bad/  
I'll tell you who the illest producer is, my fuckin dad!/  
Puffin bags, still got stamina for slammin ya/  
You say you was up north? Then you must've meant Canada.

V2B - TONEDEFF

It's Bananas, Eh? Tonedeff & Session,  
Are so fresh in essence, we both lent our scents to fill up cans of spray/  
Endorsements through Bowflex and Mennen, You're whole set's fe-minine/  
You throw fits like women. Push Kotex and bins of Vaginaid/  
Go fetch an entrance for your next profession, in a coat check  
or dressing room - Don't mess with testing mics or think of flippin' a beat  
/  
If you ever get bigger than me, It isn't a bitter defeat/  
But did you get your receipt? Cause now, 'pay your dues' is more than a figure of speech!

Chorus

V3 - TONEDEFF

I'm a veritable monstrosity! Flip incomparable-parable bombs, constantly/  
Possibly perrenial, plenty of flow ferocity/  
Vocal velocity, againt any posse accosting me/

Not to be sonically swapped with quality atrocities/  
Bitches are gossipy, Niggas exhibit hypocrisy/  
Talkin' seedy behind my back but give props to me optically/  
Verses are sloppily constructed, Incompetant carpentry/  
Sucked at monopoly - I switched cards to charge you a doctor's fee/  
Stopping the monotony is the prophecy I shot at the industry novelties  
And punks that don't put their heart in the artistry/  
It's hard to see our cultural freedom philosophies/  
Get tossed to sea, for the cars you need, pretty sluts and the cost of weed  
/  
As I rhyme, I see the scars recede, whenever they start to bleed/  
Pressure's promptly applied to the beat's properties properly/  
Proud of my soveriegnty, cause I'm baggin shit like colostomies/  
If I gotta spell it out, you'd best to double the F and cross the T.

#### V3B - SESSION

The mic abuser, makin seven holes wit six shooters/  
And make it seem like you dove face first into a juicer/  
Before I think I close my eyes and access my computer/  
Type the password and login Session as the user/  
You loser, but I never sleep, I realize theres/  
Always challengers, so my eyes stay open like I died scared/  
We ride here, NY, you rep were you are not from/  
Get dropped son, body stretched out like a dachshund/  
I got some cash and hash man, pass grams/  
And I cant be got, Im E. Honda with the fast hands/  
Knuckles crash land, make ya nose runny/  
And make ya side split like I said somethin funny/  
Sonny, how that sound? Im that down/  
We could box, but you'll get beat half an hour before the last round/  
Quick fast down, trash clown/  
You couldnt put up ya dukes if our gloves were half pounds.

Chorus