

## Cheezit Terrorist

Blackalicious

Fee fi fo fum, I smell the blood of a rapper that's wack  
as a matter of fact, I smack a back of the style, jackets are n  
ow  
mellow minced, defeatin the mental  
And become Gentle as Ben, but then they stibble and dribble  
and bend like a pencil  
The only utensil I got, is brain power  
And you know it's essential I rock, I rain showers  
sleet snow and raise hella eyebrows with my styles  
You're wondering how wild  
When what where, made ladies so horny  
they can't even be showin they butt bare  
Look up there, beside the birds the planets the hawk  
the rappers who talk the mo' shit  
I'm makin em walk the plank they stank I'm takin they rank  
they tossed tiddlewinks I'm playin em like that game  
I'm gunnin and rackin and packin em up  
and I'm runnin this here rap thang  
Main, you wanna go to war, I'll take you  
I physically break you, when I break through  
I'm makin you fake crew, you made a mistake fool  
I hate you MC's, I'll grate you like cheese  
I may choose to squeeze, my pencil  
And write out a couple of rhymes

Whooooaaaa, whooa my goodness!!!  
Are we slaughterin, is this just slaughter MC night?  
Or somethin man, what is this?  
Is this all the aggression you ever had?

How many MC's must get ripped, before By says don't flip with t  
he Gift  
You know? That's what I'm talkin bout  
How many MC's must get dismissed  
Before somebody says, don't trip with the Gift  
\*laughter\*  
You know, it's all good  
KP and SloganMasters in the house, the Cheezit Terrorist  
And we chillin at 90.3 we got thirteen minutes left  
And then we got Brenda Short, and her records