

If im hawking you it ain't because I respect you god,  
Its because im trying to find a perfect place for me to sh\*t on  
,  
N\*ggas hear about me and discreetly set up a date to me,  
To see if they can defeat me,  
So I ain't ready to let no motherf\*cker eat me,  
That's why you find little pieces of emcees in my feces weekly,  
You can't beat me you can't control + aLt + delete me,  
N\*gga you can't even shine on a song that features me,  
Slippery saliva keeps my delievery tighter,  
Enabling me to outmanoeuvrer Russian Minky Fighters,  
Launching missles on whack rap artists like they was targets,  
For comming on broader market with that garbage,  
From downtown Newark to South Orange, N\*ggas is paying harmage,  
I'll battle you for anything you own worth pawning,  
Rap snap, get your ass cracked like bear traps  
Contaminate your air sacs like tear gas,  
And I swear black, try to battle me, you won't last,  
I'll turn your ass into the artist formerly known as, you gay a  
ss fag,  
I'll blow you to ashes with tactics,  
Strip you naked, then make you hug a cactus, you bastard,  
From the Halby Knocking Down Conference to the Gavin,  
Whack emcees get slapped in their faces for rapping,  
For abosoulety no Rhyme + Reason I start beefing,  
Spitting words faster than two Puerto Ricans speaking,  
Keys for me to make examples out of someone you respect,  
And That you will discover you for trying to test,  
The weather ain't nice enough to rhyme wit me,  
Should surrender their soul and combine with me,  
Or die violently, I try to be a millionare before the years up,  
Im hungry like a dog with his ears up,  
This little N\*gga with heart from north Newark,  
The only thing faster than the speed of light is the speed of d  
ark,  
With the jaws of the great white shark, I'll rip you apart,  
My state of the art lyrically laser is razor sharpe,  
Slappter the brian matter of my enemies,  
With the same bullet projectory that mudered John Kennedy,  
In the back of the crainal cavity,  
Is what actually what happends for anything motherf\*cker for tr  
ying to battle me,  
90 minutes heat, 90 minutes of lyrics and beats, 90 minutes and  
these brick city streets,  
Mad ball and tad one keeping it tight,  
Canbius with 97' and Im out like Blue Trice