

It don't take nuttin to play exclusives man
I wanna see niggaz get down with the motherfuckin skills man
That's what really count man, any motherfuckin body
can play, motherfuckin exclusives man
It's about, the creativity, the blends, the mixes
The skills nigga! Take it back to the essence of this shit man
Let muh'fuckers see what you can REALLY do

I'll give you one clue to guess what my rap gun do
Like kung-fu, I got a steel pallet I practice runnin my tongue through
Ninety extra inches my lung grew, I stun you
And when I'm done a paraplegic'll outrun you
You want head trauma, real soon I'ma promise I'ma
drop seeds that blow up like the the Unabomber's momma
Y'all know what happens when a rapper starts yappin
I'll be bionic orangutan hand back stabbin
I break light speed surge and illustrate verbs
His career was so short his bio was eight words
See I'm admittin the sentence was well written
except THIS motherfucker should have never started spittin!
I'm too triflin to let him life again
I'm stiflin pain permanently by feeding you nitrogen Vicodin
See some of the worst speakers that I know
could vegetablise your flow like pico de gallo
Boy you got a lot of balls, playin with a dude
that can telekinetically extract bricks out of walls
If you come in my zone dissin my curriculum
I chew your ass out like the flavor in a stick of gum

The linguistic league bitches, cutthroat, smeared lipstick
Wrists slit and I suggest you keep the dissin before
you wake up in a tub to only find your ogans missin
Make sure to leave your tongue, with hopes you continue spittin
Dickridin, label providin, your fraudulent image
You the type of silly hoe to have no sense to begin with
Listen hooker emcees, on a mission of death, last breath
Your final rest, baby who got next?
I pop your lungs from your chest cavity
You consider your amateur blow to be challenging well then battle me!
I'll be waiting six feet, beneath the sheets of your thesaurus
Deep defeat, crack your teeth, no AutoTune on my chorus
Distorted your image, while drownin all your hopes and wishes
Revenge is served cold on a set of dirty dishes
Snitches, yeah, haven't you heard?
I'll put my barrel in your mouth and show you what a women's worth

This is the definitive guide, on beats and rhymes
On how to get a black eye fuckin with those black guys
You better listen to what I'm sayin and teach yourself
Or I'll give you a belt and watch you beat yourself
Told you don't make a sound if you do they will put you down
Then all I'ma say is look at you now
Hip-Hop was not based off risk on a primal level
We rhymin with you, not rhymin at you
You better understand this shit or get talked to in Arabic
Banana clip, you don't wanna talk to Canibus
You talk about bars, my upper torso crawl up the wall

in your house through your window boy
Burglar bars get ripped off, bite off your arm
Leave (Jigsaw) scars, that's just a doll
This is Thunderdome hall, decoded like Sean
The laser beam scan the apartment, it's gone
Metaphorical wizard, the Oracle visit every four minutes
Until I finish, you bring me more Guinness
I'm like Devin the Dude, and Mexican food
with some Mexican dude and some gunslingers too
Come through, call the airstrike on your hood
Evacuate every bitch that make love so good
So what you wan' do? E'rybody chillin, we cool
Don't have to rip the face off no fool
That ain't "Lyrical Law" that's a lyrical rule
I ain't did this before, I don't wanna be cruel
I just wanna be loved, but the world wants blood
So we barricade the doors and wait for the noise
Nature boy, my name is deployed, the cave is destroyed
If you mention his name, he gets annoyed
Cause boys should not play with psychotic toys
A boy should not talk with a psychotic voice
Stand before me, don't plead no case
Cause you passed "Lyrical Law", you already great
So take your place next to any emcee that's great
In the Most High's name we pray
"Lyrical Law"