

# Dart Throwing

Cappadonna

Let's get it on Kokomo  
John John Blazeini Donna J Bird  
Yeah  
Another Persian legacy

The Iron Lung

Yo yeah  
Yeah yo yo  
Dart throwing yo aimin' at your nostril Aeropostle  
Sword rockin' halibut steak we choppin  
Militia eight to nine generals at one time  
Fine we blend wine go beyond one line  
Spot the snakeskin, Dunn was scaley  
Chopped his head off fuhrilly, sit back, crack the Bailey's  
Wetter than white milk, grab the quilt - that's the heater  
My nigga drop losses, strike like Adidas  
Shit is deep, the Grant's still burnin'  
The long time earnin', just got snatched by more Germans  
Europeans are seein me bleedin, jet off in  
The Lex skiin, goggles, Louis Rich Sweden

I dig my life experiences, wrap it up  
In twelve inches, keepin' my defenses  
Put it up in raw trenches, holdin' court on the park benches  
In the ghetto servin' life sentence  
Mass confusion in New York, on these city sidewalks  
Busy sidewalks, there's no snoozin'  
Stop actin' like it's me losin', peep my modern day  
Pompeii on city streets, the Sun pack heat  
In Hell's Kitchen, time to get money finger itchin'  
Once again plot thicken, and you succumb  
To the will of the slum bite your tongue  
Burn a bush with the Iron Lung, pay dirt to no one  
Guilty by association, stank bitch  
Want to give me some, nappy nasty -- I pass  
Let them players flash, and trick on they cash  
On your funky ass I only buy shit that last  
A lifetime I write rhyme, chippin' through  
The pipeline then it's flight time, that's when I'm jetty  
In a fifty-seven Chevy, gassed on my own Getti  
Head heavy, with deadly medleys

I opened up my rap bible, then the light came  
Over the children, as it began to rain  
I started buildin', spoke many times before  
But didn't score, my reading was poor  
Injected with the Devil's English, I extinguish  
And approach all homonyms, shit in your brain  
Wipe my ass with the phenomenons, be holy  
Or get shot down with the Moet-o, kid encyclopedia  
Left y'all petrol, my dancehall standoff  
Rap like Peter Metro, echo echo, what?  
Beware my psycho, lime piece tec-o leggo  
Uniform flow, stay strong black my shit is real  
Peace out bro

Tical  
Eyes as diamonds, time again  
Motherfuckers want to battle with the bat or pen  
Give it to em raw, give it to em raw  
Down to the fuckin' floor, up to the roof with the proof  
Meth-Tical mad, god damn!  
Hahahaha, right  
Motherfuckers