

## 616 Rewind

CunninLynguists

Yo, first I sprinkle a verse  
By adding words, rhymes  
Flippin 'em in to a verse with lines  
Then ima hit 'em with spurts rhyme  
Then ima let 'em and split 'em and add  
Feelin my wrath  
Vagrantly depart to the south so dirty  
You want to be given a bath  
Give it a pathological lie to deny that i'm nice  
And the truth hurts (ow)  
Wearin' a blue shirt the best buy for the price  
Figure, Six guys this live and nice on the mic  
So don't dis us because we're fly,  
Until you try what it's like  
I'm liable to Slice at these emcee bastards  
Leaving their knees fractured  
Needing every peice of their teeth re-crafted  
So don't front 'cause I see past it  
You're harmless like wolverines adamantium claws  
Yhen they're retracted  
The scene's backlit,  
It seems static will wreak havoc  
A beat battered, I'll keep rappin'  
In leech battle, will dreams shatter  
In three nanoseconds (damn)  
Count your patients, One step to Tonedeff  
You're gone in sixty seconds like (?)

I leave you riddled with basics  
There's no need for complexity  
To be beside myself I need God next to me  
Just kiddin'  
I'm patially bull shittin'  
The only time I take a loss pussy's  
When I lose kittens  
I pitch shit past 'ya, no matter who's hittin  
I don't capsize boats,  
But I got crews flippin'  
You catch it? the message needs analisation  
Step and your boys will be pouring alcoholic libations  
I flew sick, you knew this  
I'll puzzle you, doofus  
Fuck mental  
In the stretcher went to a physical (?)  
It will take more than stick to rearrange it then change it  
His language is so strange, how do we contain it?  
You can't just paint this stuff up on a canvas  
You have to get the mental picture  
To begin to understand this  
So, Anticipate defeat, the league chances  
Got your head speared, no lances  
Doing burial dances

I'm giving fourty like with speech imediments  
Each other threat causes confident cats to stutter,  
Step caught a reputation down the sides:  
Too raw for porn, over thugs plates of leftovers

Eat some warm dober  
Thug's a jaded wordsmith,  
Bleeding ghost writer's pen's dry  
Get on other rapper's nerves  
Corroding dead, dried sweat  
My thoughts connect,  
You ought to step away fast,  
It seems I gave cats "hey that's the way they make tracks"  
Forget a scare, I'm not generous, kid  
Split society of (?) and indented in (?)  
Independently sick  
And this is just a quick reminder  
If you was to pick a cipher  
Then I'll bust you quick to write yours  
All expenses paid, no questions asked  
I'll get open in the cut and we can flesh your gash  
Cat, relax. Man, the last time I took a breather  
I got brought up on murder charges  
Start the crooked finger

Yo, I'm not the fella to riff with  
I'm so nice Mr. Rogers sued my ass  
For copyright infringement  
Roll with henchemen,  
Not, we'll switch heads  
From wanna be thugs to 24/7 bitch kids  
I'll bring my shitlist  
Production cat bastards want jiggy beats  
For some whack rappers  
Switch my style if you're tryin' to play,  
My beats will maraud your ass any time of day  
Like deuce Biggalow's chick,  
Whenever your through shit  
People see you and holler "That's one huge bitch!"  
Shit, when the lp rolls out  
The source will be forced to make the quotables  
A three page fold-out  
No doubt, I'm fed up with this whack shit  
Ballin the next gear, wearing abercrombie and fitch  
Any Jiggy rapper acting fly on the radio  
Is getting pulled out of rotation like a firestone radial

Catch the Tee, the hip hop scene I fathom  
Let people know my windows belt keeps my jeans from sagging  
It seems I'm raggin,  
But feinds been naggin' for my next release  
I apply all my expertise to make them extra pleased  
Even get the breaks to peace that make a brother feel this  
All I do is independent, like double helix  
Selling out? well I hope that you're not  
But how else could you afford all the soap that you drop?  
You cant fuck wit me, yo, kid look  
Taking me out aint no small feat, you aint bigfoot  
You should know who the heck you're facing  
'cause my reputation leaves no room for speculation  
Now battle, is that you want to do?  
What kind of man are you?  
I bet you sit on (?)  
Now that it's proven to you  
You got a lot to tell us,  
Them got your heart skipping beats like accapellas  
  
I'll be a mythic author,

Writing poems on tombstones  
Celph-titled and, nigga you couldn't bring home  
I'm at the crib wit your bitch givin' me slow head  
Split you up in more peices than when Jesus broke bread  
My click is raw, be prepared when you meet us  
Kill an unborn baby and you still couldn't de-fetus (ooh)  
I don't battle with rhymes,  
I'd rather battle with nines  
Instead of using my mind  
I'd rather shatter your spine  
The closest you ever came to a punch line,  
Was waiting for refreshments at the prom in '89  
I'm super crafty, super nasty, super rhaspy  
Fuckin' bitches with super asscheeks  
You fucking faggots don't know the wrong speeches  
I beat a bitch untill her whole body turns to cleavage  
I'm hyperactive so I drink decaffinated  
My left jab is fatal, leave your cats decapitated!