

"Half animal, half man" - Eminem
"Half man, half amazin" - Nas
"It seems so amazin", "I verbally burn a nigga" - Canibus
"Check the flows of the major deacon" - Redman
Get close and lose your soul
Dr. ? so the G-version of how this story is really told
Conquerin' Deacon is a silly goal
You're just a common new editon for a Faces of Death videos
Splish splash in your own blood bath
Holdin' your chest bigger than Bobby Brown's drug stash
Bigger than Louie Anderson's belly flop splash
Ass streatch wider than Jim Carrey's mouth when he laughs
You might as well smoke a cigarette while you huff gas
Facin' me is dummer than using fingernail clippers to cut grass
(Your choice) Dozen inch dick or a cocked twelve
Cause playin' Cool J is the only time I'm rockin' L
Death follows me like gunshots and hot shells
The last time I stopped rappin' coffin makers stock fell
Like a seeled water hose I got rap locked well
but your album is an iron raft, that shit will not sail/sell

? questions when testin' me
I got so many punchlines
You'd think I'm fightin' off referees
My specialities is any type of world weaponry
So stop stressin' or catch a hot lesson
You wouldn't be fly ? demonic possessions
I deliever lung shots that cause pneumonic depressions
Jump inside ? of bubonic infections
like poision commuion wine
People can't stomach my blessings
In a battle session
I can blow out daylight
Cause I'm like Shakesphere retired
I never playwrite/play right
Never say shit twice
Give ya one chance to hear it
My flow Godly touches your spirit so ya better fear it
I collect souls and put 'em on clearance
Death's about to make an appearance due to your interfearence
So don't surprise me and start my defense reflex
Cause I'm dope enough to suffocate your weak set with a Kleenex

I've been the truth since the cradle
While most of y'all are so good at lyin'/lion
I thought Simba raised you
Realize what I do to guys with lines
The only Mac you got came Super Sized with fries
Brand me, half animal, half cannibal
Make like Bruce Banner and throw a fuckin' van at you
The rap Hannibal, it takes +Silence+ to stop violence
Undermine my talents and leave you lyin' under violins
My skills are like Bill Gates stock wealth
While half of y'all are fake fur, I mean not felt
I move at speeds that'll make a stop watch melt
Like autofellatio, I'm only tryin' to top self
That's why half of these punks are scared to fight

They talk shit then bleed like dog parasites
But I terror write, out the frame and set fire to the canvas
My deaths is eternal, you'll never understand this