Uncle rippin the microphone and blowin the stage apart. These MC's ain't got no heart they need to quit before they start. Shakin and breakin 'em down best at least f\*\*\*in 'em up up at least smackin 'em in a pilek now have a stomp and a smile G. Raisin replacin like Jason when I be chasin these rappers machetti style choppin down their petty style's bassin All in my face you got the mic but I gotta getcha off it you got my rhyme now cough it brother sweat the tip and forfeit. You're nada know nota I'm hotter You're a slow trotter. Karate switch the e into an a and it's karata. When I come on I'm rippin it up just like a madman. I fly your head chop off your legs and make your head stand. Tax and wreckin these chumps all of them I rub out. You know the time what's on your mind you know I never go out. I be breakin bouts ya boys your block is full of bums see. You never was too clever stick the fork in you you're done G. The instrument'll rip with the ultimate of all the rappers. Toe to toe whenever I go I guarantee the flow will smack ya.

Pumpin ya full a lead

just like a 9 kickin it off in half the time takin a break and makin mine you're way behind. Ya needed a title and all the uncle made your title for ya hopin and prayin and wishin that I can't rap but I rip all a yall in half look at me laugh Ya hee-haw style ya kick it Mmmmm I see goodies gimme the mic and hoodie now I'll dick it. Any the every the his the hers of those of theirs of them. I see your title around your neck just swingin loose I take your gem. I'm takin it off you neck with every line that I select and rappin it up and cuttin while I'm starin with disrespect. Bustin off yeah squeezin like a vice grip blowin ya off the stage into the crowd so have a nice trip.

I'm takin control I hold the microphone is good as gold fly so many heads I built my twenty-fifth totem pole. Turnin it out and gettin wrecked is just a understatement. How special to rap a flat puttin his head inside the pavement. Burnin 'em up just like a flame thrower rippin 'em with the cool flower. Takin 'em out in pairs like the man, Noah Holdin 'em up just like a trophy

for the world to see. You really ain't superb you see you're goin out like a girl to me. Takin your little boo-hoo baby tear drop cryin style breakin it down until there's dust and I'ma vacuum up the pile. Showin and provin and groovin and makin a movie on the mic. slappin a Marlboro in his mouth just like a dirty little tyke. Master of the murderous maniac mad style amazin man mackin the mic since I was just a mere child. Props and props more props than Terminator 2 with pen and pad I play to you and on the cross-fader too. Endlessly with energy undefeatable lyrically expandin my empire you don't wanna test me.

Wizard of funkadelic every album's like a relic bite the line chewin on mine but ya never live to tell it. Bustin it off quick flippin the script that's in the bushes then walkin around the jam I'm handin out pounds and mushes. You're makin a face you wanna test my slick manuever? Your best to rock a break beat or somethin you can groove to. Even if every rapper in the world was makin jams as soon as I set this off their mic's are slidin out their hands. rockin the junky's world with the release of every single back in the days I told ya

I need a beat to make ya jingle. Overlord droppin the sword and choppin off the mic cord. rappers are dead all over the street in every state I toured. I'm dealin the truth with living god that's right before ya eyes. And I'll be rollin in hoods and sneakers you can keep the suit and ties. No sell out bet ya uncle never dies. Gimme that microphone I'll rip it up until sunrise