Maniac? the name is Swift Homicidal the title, to take a life as a gift Cold crush, rhyme, rhyme, lady, scratch, and even music maker Bounce an' MC on the court like a ball player Proven by the lyrics on the mike as I extend the cut Making music, as the girls move and shale their butts Suckers with the heart, try to battle even cheat me They can't compete, nor they defeat, or even beat me With the silly dictionary rhymes they spond When the mike catches fire, it will melt and bend Then I'll use the court as a whip, as I teach this lesson I'll whipe the knowledga in your head, so you can't stop guessing Who's the best MC upon the MIC, SWIFT Executed lyrics by me, will leave you violated Make your body get the shiversq, eyes dilated Suckers perpetrate, and try to dis me That's why the suckers watching me like TV Survival of the fittest, is very vital Got my weapon on auto, boy, I'm homicidal

Dangerous, mike packing and ill My poetry is my ammo, and it's ready to kill I'll put your head out with a quickness if we battle you know I'll make you wish you were in prison, sitting on death row Chrome plated, highly polished, and I'm running the joint I penetrate, like a hollow point Homicidal, is what I feel in my mind I have 100 ways to kill you while I'm saying this rhyme Perpetrators, can't even compare to this I cock the hammer, pull the trigger and dis Sucker MCs biting rhymes like these I'll point my weapon in your face and then I'll start to squeeze Your mind get's nervous, your face is cold sweating because a butt-kickings, what you're getting I lived a rough life from kid to a man When I think of things I've done I say "Damn !" What's the deal, you know it's real Always feeling illy ill, my mind just says kill I'm never wrong, then again I'm not right ya'll Menace I'm homicidal

Swift the name, dissin' MCs the game, To dis a sucker MC is the claim of my fame I like to grabthem by the face, punching them in the neck Burning up their stale rhymes, 'till they give me respect Cold destruction is a code, causing rapper's commotion Setting world on fire like a TNT explosion Rhyme, not a song, I neither sang nor I sung I can cut a man to shreds, or break a tree with my tongue Got my face on a poster, wanted dead or alive Reward tall "duckies" four thousand or five If you want to take the "duckies" wish yourself a good luck 'cause I kill in cold bood and I don't give a fuck Come along or bring your posse, play brave and the bold I'll be rocking, cold shocking, 'till I'm 80 years old Proud and I'm black, giving squeezers no slack I'm even deadlier then PCP caine and crack

I'm the mercenary, killing punks at will I hate it when the brothers are acting ill It's time to get busy, and fight ya'll Word, I'm homicidal