

Food for Thought

Necro

(Check The Dragon)

Get served like a restaurant, follow my orders
Your style gets taken out, 'cause you're a bite swallowed with water
I think I'll eat into your mind instead
Poison you with M.S.G then crack you with cans of soda upside your head
It's free delivery of flavour at it's foulest
You could get beat down all day, I stay open for hours
Fly like chicken wings, what I prepare kid
Will leave your stomach full of knife wounds, you'll need some spare ribs
You're fish, you're chicken, my recipe
Requires me leaving your gizzard scissor'd, my specialty
Is an apeterizer, you're hungry? I'm starvin' ya
'Cause you're souped up, my evil's won ton, get burnt like barbecue
Shrimp, anybody that stepped to me lost
'Cause my steelo is cold like noodles with sesame sauce
Now eat your words as you shoot your bladder
Cause you got no guts in you, them shits are onn my poo poo platter
Yo it's food for thought, these fightin' rhymes
Hit every street corner like chinese take-out, vitamins for the mind
Nutrients for the brain, lyrical fluid
Is dirty like the chinese food in your hood but you're still addicted to it
You're lost in the sauce as it clogs your vessels
I'll undo the blouse of your spouse and give her my house special
My raps are hot and sour, they choke you
You make no moves like a vegetable, you're fake like tofu
When I rap to my customers I'm nice
But if you're not you'll get porked with a fork 'cause my brain's fried like
rice
You're vegetarian, you don't want beef
You won't bite with no more teeth, you're a crumb like 4C(?)
Your whole fuckin' character's dead
You're plain like fried rice without the pees, carrots and egg
I'm white like rice without the soy sauce
And if you hate me for that, kid step up and end up a destroyed corpse
You're chopped like suey, the slang I drop is chewy
Mad hard, cats can't digest
The food is fat packed with lard, too much gives you a bad heart
You're so gassed your ass blasted out a gastric fart
I start cookin' with a low flame then increase
Till you're deceased with your brain on the floor lookin' like lo mein
Torment you constantly, serve you broccoli
Mixed with Clorox to see if you plot, my menu's an atrocity
Here's a fortune cookie, my generosity
It reads: "Very soon in the future you'll vomit green"
Your mom cries from her eyes when you're cut up like onions
Then your body's reincarnated in the form of dumplings
Take my advice, try a quart of
Boiled rice, dandruff, oiled lice, here's your side order
You got lobster on your plate ready to be chewed
But you're going to starve 'cause you're blind and can't see food
You're sweet without the sour
So I force you to devour sauerkraut raw for about an hour
Chicken, I'll leave your breast cut
Sauté it with as-bes-tos, 'cause I'm water chest-nuts!
[Chorus]