

Mayday

Quarashi

Lyrics i got em' you need em' you need em' I got em'
(11x)

Lay it on ya I'm gonna I'm gonna lay it on ya.

Look bitch I heard around the corner that you thought
you was the man,
Still them cats said that you were my biggest fan,
You don't admit it, you wanna turn up the heat,
Step on your face like a nickel on the concrete,
Sweep take you off the floor throwing out a bomb,
You threw it back said you didn't want no scum,
I guess I don't know but he was lookin' mad ill,
two eyes lookin' at you with a cost to kill,
I see you bustin' rhymes with no sign of fear,
As I start off, you start to feal queer,
Your hear stops tickin' as I rip out your spine, you
out along with your half ass rhyme,
Battling Ciphah, without protection, yo the only one
apon that is my own reflection,
Snap snap wake up, back to reality,
Your one motherfucker with a flawless fatality.

Lyrics i got em' you need em' you need em' I got em'
(7x)

Lay it on ya I'm gonna I'm gonna lay it on ya.

Yea, you're probably the greatest, the best there ever
was,
but this rap brag bull shit makes me wanted over
you'll,
I don't give a shit about your ivy league bustin',
'cause your brain needs air and your big head
adjustin',
To me your just a little girl that wants to be a man,
but you hide behind your pride because you know that
you can,
so what you say to this that you can be the best fool
but your never gonna never gonna be cool.

Oooh, mayday mayday I'm under attack by this one little
bitch in' who he thinks he's all that,
I fight back, 'cause all your talk is bull jive, talk
to your finger 'cause you ain't worth five,
Comin' against me is like a fillin' kamakazi 'cause
I'll slap you around bitch,
and call you Susie, my rhymes be fatter then a sumo
challenger,
psss, hotter than tight which lyrically I sprinkle,
Ya your MC skills, are worse than pathetic,
When you try to work the mic, I getta fuckin' headache,
Should of ran away when you saw Ciphah approach,
I'll step on you like a filthy cockroach roach,
La cucaracha motherfucker now I gotcha,
Now you look uglier than the bitch that won't touch ya,
Smokin' when I split lika Rastafara, but those burnt
out so, sayonara.

Wait, wait wait wait motherfucker you ain't off the
hook just yet,
Lay your money on the table we are goin' to make a
little bet,
On your rap skills and whatever, 'cause fuck with Mr.
Cool isn't all about clever,
I'm goin' to teach you a lesson like I taught your
mother,
She was so-so I'd brag her but then she hit your
brother that's right,
You better believe it, 'cause that's how I am, the bam,
you know the game it's all a scam.

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(7x)
Lay it on ya I'm gonna I'm gonna lay it on ya.