

# Dreaded Fist

Rascalz

Dreaded fist from the Northwest...

First before my verse, make Boodah bless you  
Because he blessed me, in form of smoke from a tree  
With abilities to summon powers of the Dreaded Fist  
As a lyricist, to the world as a terrorist  
So from a distance, you see shrapnel and debris  
And in an instant you've got to recognize it's me  
Black Belt, afferent to the eighth degree  
The champion is me, Red One  
Because I be the, a veteran, me all veteran  
I'm gettin' on with the knowledge  
To make moves strong, and abolish  
Terrorizing tracks like Gengis Kahn  
We be the rawest, hardest from the Northwest Side, dun  
And that's, word to the uplifted fist of the dread, clear  
Cutting emcees like McMillan and Blodell, so go tell  
a friend, and so on and so on  
The movement of this Dreaded Fist no longer will be slept on

Dreaded Fist of the Northwest  
Gotta be cautious  
How we exhibit our style to the people  
Lethal doses leaves comatose hits  
To match the Fist, there's no equal to this

A way with words is chosen right to explain  
Poetry in my motion, coasting  
In and out of range, to maintain  
I switch up the timing  
Keep suprising, line by line  
A continous jabbing unto you, into your pressure spot  
I pinpoint with an index finger  
Inject, to let the rhyme linger  
Lyrically, do a number, in the ring  
Physically, the champion of Welterweights in my division and skill  
Aging to get better, somehow, someway  
Maybe this Dreaded Fist will meet it's match someday  
So then I stay, and with my words I don't play  
Though I fate, and patiently wait for made mistakes

"Flip back, get into a fighting position"

Slip me in the chamber  
Cock it back, toss me instrumentals, and watch me bust on that  
They must (be) on crack, wanting they wigs split back  
Cause we run this, and it's a well known fact  
Never miss, all veteran and specialist  
Messing with the best? Please, you can't handle this  
It's too scandalist and dangerous for those trying to be framing us  
Enslave us, lining up our anuses and bust  
But, I don't think so  
Who the fuck you think this is?  
It's the Rascal, Red One, baddest in this rap biz  
Rap with the Misfit, I get the beats off of Kemo  
Stay froze and oppose like we boys of Serrengettai  
Rock like metal, plus we heavy on the pedal

The chosen, to rule over the bass and the treble  
For those and, for those and those who be opposing  
They scared cause they know we eat the mic like erosion

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We are the Dreaded Fist style lyricists  
Once we start to kick the flows, continuous and dangerous  
To be facing us you see, easily pick apart, your gameplan  
It seems to me, you can't withstand the sting of the jab  
I see the stagger, in your step, you cannot fool  
A master of deception, expect the to fall  
I'm going for the sternum, flexin'  
Verbal skill, it is also an anatomical weapon  
I hope I knock some, sense into ya  
Coming way, pay attention to the rhymes that we say  
Representing from this day forth, the Dreaded Fist  
FitnRedi, on the mission

"Flip back, get into a fighting position"  
"Put on a bulletproof, it'll bust your chest"

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