

# Spit

Saigon

On your mark get set go  
The rest flow is just S-O S-O  
So am I the best I guess so  
I rhyme like my ribs and my stomach touchin  
Gain pounds on these clowns like a hundred somethin  
Behold the prophecy peep  
The mold in my philosophy deep  
Contemplate crime playing for keep  
Elevate and reconstruct got rhymes that erupt  
From my brain and then they drain right into a cup  
From which I drink then I think deeper in and it'll sink  
From a dark hall in my skull and then into ink  
That's a old school metaphorical phrase  
I shit, shower and shave  
Then it's time to get paid get out of the way  
I'm like a bat out of hell how I'm hitting these hoes  
You swear a nigga just got out of jail  
I'm a MC slash stick up kid  
Ask Bishop all the shit I did  
I ain't playing with'em

(2x)

When I spit the room temperature change  
I am what many consider a spitter of flames  
When I spit the room temperature change  
What niggas done did to the game the shit is a shame

We could discuss disgust plus lust and what it does to us  
Not only bust cause I must I bust cause I love the rush  
Plus checks that I collect to bust techs at suspects  
Marksmen in the linen we don't come off as roughnecks  
Sick sick sick sick sick shit  
The flow is flowing fluid like liquid  
Even jamaicans be saying my shit wicked  
Ya'll should believe me I shoudln't even have to kicked shit  
But look you still lying in your raps and  
Always acting like you dying for some action  
But we really know you not though  
You not no vato loco you a twat bro for sho  
I'm a get rich or die tryin like fifty  
Even if I gotta do something that tight risky  
Pass me the hen bitch I don't like whisky  
My gun snap crackle and pop like rice crispy

I flex on your entire set rhyme in nine different dialects  
Fire techs aim where your knee and your thigh connects  
I contracting like isometric exercise  
Let's collide last nigga that tried molecular fried  
Beside I can see in your eyes you petrified  
I'm a let you slide without a lyrical hex supply  
Let's decide niggas fall short like a midget on a ball court  
Coming with that wack rap that store bought