

V1

24 Hours From Now, I'll be still around/  
Digging up potholes, then kill ya sound to fill the ground/  
My skill abounds over yours in comparison, Cause you square and  
It's embarrassing/  
You can talk to the hand like Mr. Garrison/  
Your strategy is to pass time/  
Figured that if I posted first, then you could get in the last  
line/  
Praying that you'll surpass mine, with a punchline and a crass  
rhyme/  
But I be Def with the language without the hand signs/  
I put em up and you can't climb the edifice/  
Cause I'm phatter than Cameron Manheim with the rhetoric, I'm  
a Landmine to stepping degenerates/  
And I'm bettin I'm even better when edited/  
When it gets into repetetive doses, you'll be beggin' for more  
like I was a medical sedative/  
I'll pull your card and leave ya discredited/  
You see, my style is like a family reunion, because it's all r  
elative/  
You're outta your element, in America with a peso/  
You can't deliver your own rhymes, like a pantomime at a stage  
show/  
You gonna need backup. coming up with another production/  
You're style is akin is to your site, you're whole flow is und  
er construction/  
Been a cartoonist since birth/  
Since your sweating my records, go check the package because I  
dissed you on the insert/  
You're better off as a comic/  
Cause Punchline artists get framed splattered and hung like a  
painting from Jackson Pollack/  
So, crack your wallet, cause your raps are squalid/  
Cause you suck more than porn starlet's mouth in a black hole  
with a vacuum on it/  
So, swallow it whole, nigga, pride & all/  
Show the same ignorance that made Master P decide to ball/  
And actually since your stal I'll win with apathy/  
Cause I'm a threat veiled as your teacher like the aliens in t  
he faculty.