

Competition Is None

Tonedeff

V1

Through the pages of tall tales and short stories/
I was systematically given by Dewey my own category/
As surely as it was written the chapters were satisfactory/
I'm booking niggas that's claiming they've got a stack for me/
My raps are purely worded with allegories inserted/
Fuck with your hearing leaving one of your senses perverted/
Make sure you heard it. Rarely averted my verbal array with slay the barely
assertive/
So get Judy to judge and spare me the verdict/
No matter how you interpret the letters, regardless of translation/
You're illiteracy shows like Babylonian aggravation/
From lack of communication, sound barriers get broken/
Whether written or spoken, I turn-styles without a token/
Cause the way I coin a phrase will rapidly anoint the stage/
or vocal session, in every direction, let me point the ways/
By way of my index, I pretend like I'm in text/
So, I stereotype 6 rappers, and interject 5 spaces to indent/
Then I backspace to erase the last trace of niggas whose tracks waste/
My time. You'll be last place to the line, due to the fast pace of my mind/
And it takes more than a snake or a swine/
To place me within a backbrace - cause I'm fat, ace, check the weight of my
rhyme/
You diggin the slap bass? Trying to figure just how this bitch's ass tastes
/
Was headed for third base, the minute the bitch delivered the gas face/
Like Ants to acid, I burn slower than butter on a tepid gun/
Yo, cause competition is none.

V2

Now, you can bring it if you want it. But, be sure to keep the receipt/
Cause when I freak to the beat, you're bound to get returned/
I seek the heat and set to burn your tape, to let you learn your fate in ad
vance/
But that depends on if you tend to urinate in your pants/
I place demands on small bladders and weak podiatrists/
If there's a reason I get pissed, then 5 MCs can die-per-diss/
And that's a quota. You stated that you know the amount/
But you can strike it off the record, cause that shit don't count/
I end quotes like double apostrophes, put commas in comas/
Make you dash to the doc, while checking your semi-colon for melanoma/
Revoke your diploma, low marks to question me/
Bastardize the alphabet, and ask him which parent he sees/
I use analogies and context clues on occasion/
Find my name's in tune with Tonedeff, minus the hyphenation/
See, my inclination's to slash forward and not return/
Cause if I come back, I'ma light you up twice like burned urns/
And pound ya. Cause what you make up is cakey/
I'll leave you so flaky, you'll be trying to hit the escape key just to eva
de me/
But you can't quit out to safety/
So pay me with your pin-
number to sway me away today cause maybe an 80 will dissuade me/
I've played the nice guy long enough, I'm charging late-fees/
Can't fuck with the rhyme, so you're hiding behind the 9 just like the 8-ke
y/
I create divisions like space bars when you press me/

I'm like a hooker with her period - Fucking with me gets messy.

V3

Competition is none, and Tone said it with authority/
Cause competition nowadays is a majority/
Of undereducated niggas delivering horribly/
Swearing they're more complex than their own inferiority/
And right behind them, There's sure to be some whore at the local sorority/
Who's wack, yet her shows are packed formidably/
Now, baby got back, but she's a bore to me/
Cause she's a front, like New York bottled water that lacks purity/
My aura be tapped straight from the stream of consciousness/
It's not often that I'm impressed, so I'm popping your confidence/
At every given opp I get. All I'll need'll be a needle/
Some custom instrumentals and just over 30 people/
I'll surely hurt your ego if you go that route/
I take the low road, but I don't bow to no man's clout/
No need to be way-high to express ways to enact this/
I planned the fastest path and ran McNally off the atlas/
And this I'll practice, even when I be 95, I'll still be at this/
Globally off-axis, hip-hop madness/
Regardless how the demographics are stacked/
Cause I'm the legend that never got on the map.