

[V1]

It takes a punk motherfucker to brag, but go figure
Flow nigga? I'm leaving your bitch with more just 3 holes in her
Stuff woodchips into your corpse and torture you with a soul splinter
Blowing over you into the net, like you was a 4 foot goaltender
Hold ya pen up, I'll swipe it off with your hand attached, Imagine that
Your faggot ass is the poster girl for Vagistat
You're braggin that you defeated me with a battle rap in a hear me chat
Stop riding my dick...gimme the fuckin saddle back
Fast to react, I'm certain to, FACT
The only pat on the back you ever got was when mommy was burping you
I burn shit up, give your father a nervous hug
This shit is just like TLC at dinner the way that I serve this scrub
My words are much more elaborate than a Persian rug
Cause I'm more of a novel writer than the author of "To Sir With Love"
I twirl a thug impostor into pasta; you got the look
But you ain't worth a fuckin word like a speech from Laetitia Casta
This'll cost ya much more than a loss, I want your life force
Tonight, you're going down for sure, bitch, like a dyke whore
These high purity viruses, I fight off
Cause I'm dousing the chronic plague with industrial Lysol
Twice as raw, cause I pen a sonnet a day
Richard Simmons told me this commie kronic plague was atomically gay
In the most astonishing way, I be taking the the fast route
Battling me, You're like a frog in a bathhouse, ass out
I'm reversing the last doubt, that I can smoke you in a conflict
Amputating your arms so I can poke you in the armpit
With the sharpest of objects
You should take immodium AD, because you need to stop that soft shit
Im encoding the proper topics to cover
Even started a non-for-profit organization to kill you under
I chop prison's in half, and split cells
Bitch you rhyme like Ricky Martin just stuck his dick in your shit-well
I wish to dispel, any notion you spit well
Strap zarbon to a car bomb, spark the engine and excel
I watched your head swell from your sweetest moment
With Glamour Shots with an airbrushed t-shirt saying 'I Beat Tonedeff' on it
I deliver the type of flow components that zone in
Attaching to the weakest host, and then slowly drone till your brain's imploding
Controlling your mind to expose you in public
Cause yo, my style is like a hooker with herpes - Not to be fucked with
Don't even attempt to blush, bitch, or even take a stand
Got you shook, like the Pope and Mohammed Ali shaking hands
This is the way I land, with minimization
I am iller than all the kids in the make a wish foundation
So, fuck a braggin bastard with a massive passion
Your girl said you come up short
With your rhyme schemes and just how fast you've lasted
You bite more than a scrappy mastiff
I drafted a pack of stationary reading 'Plague's a Pussy' on the masthead
I'm giving the medical field a new reason to research
Making your head chatter enough to make your fucking teeth hurt
Revert and I will come and find you
Bitch, I will even produce the beat you'll be saying you battle rhymes to
A lyrical gift that shines true to blind you
I would go back and obliterate your atoms if I had the time to

Everything you're spitting I strike a line through, like it's connect the dots
Fuck a last line, I wrecked your spot - what