

# Ridiculous

Tonedeff

Chorus:

When I rhyme just a little bit, Everybody's feeling it/  
Making sure the rhythm is hitting when I be killing it/  
Really, I make a chicken wanna get with this/  
Baby, say my name, "TONEDEFF", that kid is ridiculous.

V1

It is un-fucking-believable, whenever I proceed to besiege beats/  
With a mean streak, lacing tracks phatter than sneakers in Beat Street/  
Seeing to it that each week I've agreed to defeat the weakest of MCs/  
Including G's with Keys, Cheese & Bentley's/  
Guaranteed to receive a high degree of status/  
Due to my steeze using this apparatus, toss rappers like faggots do salads/  
Staggered by the amount of malice that I've managed to average/  
Any MC grabbing this mic after me is needing their hands bandaged/  
Master mechanic, assembling verses/  
I'll be jerking your purse, return with a smirk and a proof of purchase/  
Im verbally perfect, and I'm assertive when I serve who deserves it/  
Y'all coming up short, you've got smurfs in the circus nervous/  
I've been alerted you've heard this, pounding with crazy shit/  
With a tendency to hurt kids... don't allow me to babysit/  
The compounding's amazing it's slated to change the face of this/  
Restoring the fear of skills in you lyrical atheists.

V2

I'm rearranging the game we play with a blazing array of ways/  
To display dismay and decay on the faces of fakes that say/  
They be claiming to turn the page, when they're plainly afraid of change/  
So, like God with a laptop... I'll be saving the day/  
Never the one to disgrace a blank stage or stay in the same place/  
Aiming to lay waste to these snakes that ain't vacating the 48 states/  
And Locating them in the other 2. Making em pay/  
Blatantly taking away their weight and then gaining a W/  
And then I be coming through with a nastiness/  
That ain't been seen since your girl came clean, and really revealed just w  
ho the daddy is/  
Happiness is rapping and splacking chicks/  
I dominate tricks, and turn pimps into pacifist masochists/  
The most tactical activist and Im letting the world know/  
These cats is more half-ass than the award show that the source throw/  
Feats are Herculean like Kevin Sorbo/  
The lyrical Zorro, carving initials into your torso.

V3

Im a man on a mission/  
Skills on the mic don't equate to your paper chase or the hate you place in  
your ammunition/  
It's fact or fiction, I'm acting towards your abolition/  
I'm cracking you ghost just to battle you're fractured apparition/  
Rhythms I map with hand crafted precision/  
No longer will I tolerate these cats that's fraudulent like Darva Conger/  
To be famous for 2 minutes/  
When their whole delivery comes off flatter that a 12-year-  
old female gymnast/  
They have neither the capacity or the fitness... for instance/  
These cats be thinking they're ill just cause they've got syphilis/  
I come prepared with a quickness/

Their boys could testify nude for them in a courtcase and wouldn't bare witness/  
Competition best to be scared shitless/  
I'll sever their legs and toss a ruler in front of em... see if they go the distance/  
This is readily on my wishlist/  
Like, sticking a chick that be sipping the tip of my dick until she's lips  
The gist is it only takes a second to diss ya/  
Bitch, you couldn't match wits if you cloned a twin of Alicia/  
With lesser odds of winning with a militia/  
Blackmailing your bitch, telling her that I'm gonna send you the picture/  
Of me and her playing strip-twister/  
These are the consequences you face when your only aim in the game is to get richer/  
Making intelligence legitimate when I be spitting it/  
You may be hard but you're lyrically impotent/  
And I've been ripping shit since square one/  
Persistence in killing insolence like when women insist to get their hair done/  
I tear the sun out the sky if it's hogging my shine/  
If a track is ill, then it's probably mine.