

## Spanish Song

Tonedeff

Ayo, I'm playing knick-knack patty knock a beat the fuck out  
Rejecting cats faster than gay kids bounced from the cub scouts  
Tossed from the front door of the clubhouse, like, "What's up now?"  
Scour the grout off they feet and making 'em walk the rough route  
I'm sick of niggas wearing Sean-John, always puffed out  
Hogging mics, acting retarded, just like Forrest Gump sounds  
So, if these rappers want to bust rounds, I'll have a field day  
I'm always in-zones when I touchdown, Compton to Bucktown  
Pounding the scrubs, How in the fuck your stuff counts?  
When Verbs is on witness protection, after hearing how I snuffed Nouns  
Stalk a circus and hunt clowns... If you're smoking  
Tonedeff causes Emphysema, and will ultimately turn your lungs brown  
And that's my recommendation, I'm saving ya' from deterioration  
By making replacements for inferior baseman  
Players that never could play at the game they were placed in  
Checking the roster for their names, just to discover that they were scraped  
in

Yo, I cross cultures like puzzles of words  
All y'all nickel and dime MCs are better off smuggling herb  
The minute I mutter a verb, I spark infernos  
I should be locked up for fucking kids like I was Mary Kay Latourneau  
You saying there were no... Witnesses  
Quick... If this hypocrite fibs a bit  
Kick his shit in and just get the whip and a hypnotist  
I'll finish him with a little lyrical hit and then stick 'em and spit in his

Liquor with gin in it till he's admitting it  
Y'all whack rappers are just effeminate  
If eating dick's la vida loca, y'all niggas is living it  
So, Come on! No need to do the arithmetic  
This kid is just sick, so, heads up, peep my single ridiculous  
I inconspicuously wow brothers, without stutters, leave sounds smothered  
You couldn't come to grips with cow udders  
Like proud mothers, I brag with the best of 'em  
Ask your man what score he got after Mr. Deff tested

If you're the champ, hand over the fucking title now  
More rules than a Cider House  
Pay me the proper respect... Just close your eyes and bow  
Its show and tell ya better hide your style  
I'm trying to separate the whack from the weak and I can't seem to divide the pile  
Stop grinning or I'ma strike ya smile  
Like lawyers strapped with time bombs, you'll never survive the trial  
'Cause I'll defile ya name, card your ass and swipe ya file  
Bitch, I'm the river of venomous flows that spiked the Nile  
Despite denial, some rappers are never happy  
Yelling and shit with no email address talking 'bout get at me  
Dog, I'm serious, with hand-helds I'm shouting out, like Nextel  
Don't need a copy of Microsoft Office to Excel  
Word. I'm making these power points like Bill Gates  
'Cause yo, if tone is recorded on chrome, its instantly the ill Tape  
You know Domingo makes the real breaks  
Your mother said "Guanabana", when I asked her how the dillz tastes.