

# Beatdown

Virtuoso

[Virtuoso]

Yo, I be attestin' bad you soon discover I'm the best around  
Virtuoso omnipotent medulla rule the extra crowds  
Step in battles weapon-rals give ya chest a pound  
'til ya breast is ground meat  
Pharaohs Army sound fleet  
Snatch ahold of half ya soul make, casserole  
Crack a pole on ya back and roll you in the blackest hole  
The winter brewed, enter nude Amazonian jungle warfare  
Silver back guerilla I'm covered in more hair  
than four chairs in a barber shop  
Vocals hard as rocks and the beat's on smash  
Make ya veto, jigga weak foe  
Cause my machete unique flow fuckin' beat yo ass  
I got the key to sense or hear a deer sharp as fox  
Sound as when carver chop, galaxies and stars'll drop  
You know Virt, run with ogres who throw dirt  
Stomp ya ass 'til ya bones squirt like yogurt

[T-Ruckus]

Aiyyo rush extreme pervert, I'm undercover covert  
You need to put in work, and get ya games out my face  
Let the flames in the place, you fuckin' wid Ruck's a fatal move  
You stand in disgrace yo my brain's in outerspace  
Taste the toxic, improved reflexes like shadowboxin'  
Sternum crack, extreme force applied to ya back  
Pick ya torture that's the rack  
I'll scortch ya with the lift  
And word style I clash like, (woof) with full clips  
Guerilla war I killed ya core  
Atilla the Hun don't want none  
I rap shit, into the floors  
Spittin' shots through ya door, and kick that bitch down  
From the bowel, where Ruck throws the mic to the ground  
In discussin' Ruck you trust, word to us  
You spittin' the shit we flush time to bust  
And crack the earth's crust with one thrust  
Nasty as shit, toxic the hazardous, analyst

[Hook]

"I got it locked from the 2-1 pound to beantown"  
From Philly to Boston we tossin' cats to the ground  
"Then some clown jumps up to get beatdown"  
Virtuoso, T-Ruckus, Jedi Mind for the crown  
"I got it locked from the 2-1 pound to beantown"  
We cats that speak growls to blast ya weak sound  
"Then some clown jumps up to get beatdown"  
Big Virt, Ruckus, Jedi bring the beatdown

[Vinnie Paz a.k.a Ikon]

Prepare for the blitzkrieg, ya wrist bleed into six seas  
Ya veinless, my stainless will split trees  
The fist need to smash through the brain  
Soul of the chauvanist cast into the flame  
You'll come to learn that my flesh is unslashable  
You damn coward ya man power is laughable ya chest blastable  
The chaplain'll smash you in the adam's apple

for not doin' what's asked of you  
That's the last of you, I'm a sick bastard  
I spit gases and split rappers wid pick axes  
From Illadelph Shambala to Los Angeles  
Rappers are mummified from the number of bandages that I inflicted  
With guillotine swiftness  
We mean vicious and fiends can get they spleen shifted

[Jus Allah a.k.a Megatron]

Jus Allah and Vinnie Paz, leave ya flags raised at half mast  
Let the fuck off wid less crimes than fuckin' cats  
The wrath, leavin' you outside and jacked  
Then we drop more shells than pregnant crabs  
The glock make motherfuckas bow down in hell  
You opened immediate, like priority mail  
That's my dog and I clean up after his tail  
So the evidence can't pin the god in jail  
Leavin' you peeled, buried in an underground cell  
While your family still hopin' you alive and well  
Call the Reaper, tell him I got, lives for sale  
I'm paid for each motherfucka supplied to hell  
I can tell y'all can provide work for me  
Motherfucka like Hercules first friday Mercury  
Virtuoso pass the blunt  
And let Megatron smoke these trees down to skunks

[Hook x2]