

# Terrorists

X-Raided

Blinded, by the way of the Locs, the haters hold to  
Extinguish the flames, and blow the roof off with smoke  
Whether or not it's West Coast, it's Mad Man fa sho this  
Notice the raw talent, technique, but not no hits  
Critics crack frowns for holdin' the town down  
I'm mad now, just so sick of the same sound  
Formed a method and kept it, use it as a weapon against you  
Bionic issue, to raise above the role of officials  
Chronic fatigue  
Flossin' for nil, innate hatin' chromatic emcees  
I'm chasin' faces of Satan  
Waitin' on Daytons, debatin' whether or not to shoot for the stars  
You know who you are, but you can't keep on jabbin' the jaw  
I worked too hard, everyone carries a bucket of blood  
From the sweat glands of a Mad Man, there ain't no love  
So bizarre, drownin' in a lake called "Hate"  
Shaka Loc and Nefarious without a debate  
Right before I bark like a mastie  
With lines harder than mastic  
Spit rhymes like bullets, swell up your chest like mastisses  
I've mastered this rap scene  
Blasted every wack cat I've seen  
I've got the best flow, no match for this West Coast rap King  
And that's fact, not fabricated  
Black Market advocated  
With rhymes to substantiate it  
It's fine, avidly hated  
When I rhyme tragically premeditated raps should be segregated  
Wack emcees and emcees with skills should be separated  
Debated in Hip-Hop Senate  
Empeach all Record label Presidents releasin' as many wack acts as No Limit  
No critic is bein' critical of their pitiful releases  
I'm Siskel and Ebert, two thumbs down, rippin' you into plentiful pieces  
Spit this thesis to the drug pound, flood the mic in a receptacle  
On stage, holdin' my testicles, speakin' in tongues like a processional  
You're facin' inevitable spectacles steppin' to me  
Your mid-section'll be crampin' like it was stretchin'  
When a professional wreckin' the beat  
Tears second to me, we all for total domination, COMPLETE  
Vocal abomination can beat  
With niggas like shootouts in the streets  
Verbal automatic release at least a hundred rounds per discharge  
In hordes, who else you expect to come this hard?  
Shaka Loc they playa hatin'  
And we's aware of this  
Cuz what we spit is devastatin'  
And we's aware of this  
Beware of this, Shaka Loc and Nefarious we terrorists  
Fake killas be hesitatin'  
And we's aware of this  
Dispicable scrutiny, interrogated and major hated  
Strapped across a table unable to illustrate it  
Certified Mad Man, made man, the script, the blue prints, the big hits  
Yearly annual licks  
Get my driver to stop it, the Planet must burn first  
Shatter Earth with terrorist acts, it's the block or the turf  
What makes it worse, is I ain't gotta lay down to hurt you

The verbal tec shells full of virtue (you better feel me)  
To kill me, all slowly while we sleepin'  
So watch for the heat-seeking scuds while you're creepin'  
Been peepin' out the wicked ways on how you be handlin' business, Midget  
Done focused in on how to get the digits, and did it  
I broke down my heat in pieces  
Now chronicalistically speaking, you should have no liking for this thesis  
Point blank, the bottom line not to understate this project  
Cuz where we at you'z about to wreck  
We deadly, quick to perpatratre like they want to confrontate  
DJ's honor Raided  
I serve emcees to get exonerated  
It's on to me, that rap that your Mama hated  
Cuz I created rhymes about jackin' and comin' after ya  
Doin' things that's crime related  
I'm related to all killas, all thieves, and G's  
Got lyrics in my genes, my Grandma breeds emcees  
Like Dogs, say "Sic Him", I hit him, and split him at the seams  
Go for the jugular, muggin' ya like a New York City scene  
I smother ya like a Mother that doesn't want her kid to inhale  
Tortorous abortion, bodily forcin' you into Hell  
Snortin' and exhale fire like medieval dragons  
We evil Mad Men, for hire we leave people in trash bins  
Leap with ferocity, X-Raided will shock all these trash rappers  
Leave your track with gashes like it was attacked by velociraptors  
I'd be at them platinum ones  
Like Old Dirty Bastard I'ma get a Grammy  
If I gotta run up in the ceremony with a gat and a gun  
Understand me, I make your balls split  
I make your dome shiver  
Split your throat, with a sliver of my platinum plaque  
I slither over tracks like snakes  
Deliver raps with no mistakes  
I'm a cobra spittin' venom in your face  
[Chorus x0.5]