

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 Dayton's, 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 chronologicalistically 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]