

# Lyric Fathom

## Blackalicious

Rappers step to me like I'm a doormat  
Check the format, I pour raps  
It's not your average everyday hardcore act  
Actin' I'm like a mac 10, a Uzi and a AK-47  
Rollin' with crazy kids like Bebe  
Mayday mayday  
I used to listen to KDAY in my heydays  
I ride the bus with a dream of one day  
Lampin' inside of a Mercedes  
Benz with sheepskin interior  
And two fifteens and to rip means to get creamed  
I'm large as a hippopotamus, trip, I gotta dis  
Sip a bottomless cup of brew and I'm getting raw to this  
If a rapper tries to step, I rip and slaughter his ass  
Some shit, he oughta just swallow his pride  
And get to following this  
I'm marvelous like Marvin Haggler in his prime  
I carve kids like a dagger with my mind  
I start shit with rappers who can't rhyme  
I spark spliffs 'cause I don't stagger when I'm high  
But when I'm drunk I do, punk  
I do not acknowledge wackness  
I gotcha grandma doin' back flips and tumbles  
I rumble through the jungle with Ollie and Frasier  
Call me the savior of hip hop, I rip shop and get my props  
Come get with this ak, my style is akwards  
I never mock words, I talk towards the inner city youth  
Revealing it, the truth  
I'm feeling that the proof is in the pudding  
I put men that would end hip hop  
In my shop and I torture  
Check out my lyric fathom  
Check it brothers, really, check it out  
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As I walk through the jungle with a knife on my ankle  
Taking lives, skip will shank you lyrically  
Apparently niggas wanna sleep still  
Keep still, I'm packin' the a heap of skills  
I'm rhyming to keep an ill mind, Saddam type shit  
Your arm might get snapped like a twig  
Rap like a nig-gero possessed thorough  
The astonishing mission, dishing pain  
Fishing in brains, plain lynching niggas bitchin'  
So take a ride, I'd abide by my rules  
'Cause fools I had duels with, I left them in the pool pit  
I rule kids, I'm a kamikaze bomb, drop a nigga  
With an arsenal of drama in my rhymes  
With the tracks and backs and heads is broken to pieces  
Rapture's phat, ya dead, ya croaked  
In fact I wrote this piece as just a little dedication  
To the rappers on the other level  
Budded out and looking into space, a new frontier  
And I could probably bet cha  
That we got anything you want here  
'Cause punk, we're the crew that make you cheer  
The two that make you fear  
And send you back to the rear  
We're here  
Check out my lyric fathom  
Check it brothers, really, check it out  
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Check out my lyric fathom  
I'm flipin' and I rip shit, I'm whipin' and I dip shit  
With the lyrical form I did kick it slick  
I'm gifted, I'm ripping a nitwit to shreds  
Get the Feds to arrest me for slaughtering emcees  
That's right, on my testicles  
Come get a little array of the skill supreme  
Wanna defeat me? My nigga, you should kill the dream  
The noise, the boys, the count, everybody  
When I drop fat styles that ain't your simple blahzay blah  
Lodi Dodi average Joe Simpleton with a average flow  
Have to go after you jugular  
Then shit gets uglier man I hope you take heed  
I'm making brain cells bleed in excess amount of hemoglobin  
I rap, yes I'm out to see you bobbin' ya noggin'

I've been gobblin' niggas talkin' shit like Hagen-Daas  
Stompin' 'em, mobbin' with the ill ass skill as seen  
On individuals who fiend for the real shit

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