Slayed

Overseer

I declare war on stupidity
We're dropping beats and a lyrical fluidity
An attack with pace and ferocity
Built on bass and velocity
I'm taking you and your crew on a mission
We're cutting rhymes with digital precision
Your music's messed-up, old, outta shape and fat
So rewind, punch me in and lay it down to DATI declare war on the fakers
The piss-takers and the sucker money-makers
I reflect and elect to reject
Well, what the fuck did you expect
I'm hyped and I'm psyched
And I was put here to wreck the mic so
I grab a fistful of plastic
Not the real deal
No steel but it feels fantasticWe'll bring the house down
We got the stack up, the beats are backed-up
We'll bring the house down
Big boombastic beats are getting busyWe'll bring the house down
We got the stack up, the beats are backed-up
We'll bring the house down
Big boombastic beats are getting busyWar on them all and all that they stand for
So step back 'cause I'm a fucking handful
Tearing up the beats that we rocked on
And if you look into my eyes I'm getting locked-on
Now you see I'm stoked-up
You think I'm coked up
But you know I'm fired up
Not because I'm wired up
You see we're spreading ryhmes like a virus
But I'm just playing with the rythms that reside inside usWe'll bring the house down
We got the stack up, the beats are backed-up
We'll bring the house down
Big boombastic beats are getting busy

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