One By One (Revamped)

Smut Peddlers

I shapeshift
I shapeshift to a spliff
Light myself up
Ignite the mic and felt upYour butter shit get melt up
Your mic is falling on
Needs to be helped up
Snatch your rap belt upBlaze the tron, Eon the phenom
I'm on par with rap czars
Fascist dictators
Dick Starbuck and I'm playin' Space InvadersStandin' so close, made you liable
Turn your Rap Bible to the false idols
I been bringin' doom to the groom
Snatchin' up the bridalI'll hoch paragraphs, invest in ebola
Fuck you up like Pop Rocks and Coco-Cola
Tryin' to be cute like Mun Chi ChiReally catch a nut from munchin' on deez
Hundreds please, honey don't make a peep
In 2G it's only our word that we keepYou in the wrong place
You in the wrong time
You with the wrong someone
Smut Peddlers, false poets get done
One by one, by one by oneYou in the wrong place
You in the wrong time
You with the wrong someone
Smut Peddlers, false poets get done
Every morning, every eveningYou in the wrong place
Seen the stupid look on your face
Get done, Dunn like Warrick, but never even saw it
Yo Cage show em how you go
Inject the raw shit, MC's gonna forfeitI was thrown in this life form wit basic essentials
Like screamin' over other cats' rhymes like they instrumentals
Sacrifice mics, in front of my following
You shit your insides out and go barefoot wallowingSwallowing, woodern crosses, I'm nauseous
Fourth the pale horses, insect lynches, dental flosses
Don't practice witchcraft, I got a craft which shits
My name stand between MC's lips like clitsThrew you off the roof 'cuz you thought your ass was fly
Till I bungeed off the top and stuck needles in your third eye
Wild shit like this comes from boredom in my forehead
My cousin in Serbia said there's more deadAnd there's even more dead livin' upstate
Middletown New York where young girls and dogs procreate

Call your local agent up for a fix
If you outta cake, I'll take duct-taped up playmatesYou in the wrong place
You in the wrong time
You with the wrong someone
Smut Peddlers, false poets get done
One by one, by one by oneYou in the wrong place
You in the wrong time
You with the wrong someone
Smut Peddlers, false poets get done
Every morning, every eveningWhen the weakest of the foodchain steps it up
You might come complete with a lot of bullshit
Witness legendary tales as opposed to clones
They like microscopic versions of Indiana Jones[Unverified] lost, Temple of Doom the chorus
Goin' out like the Last Crusade against the Source
You know my name like the blonde flame tryin' clone it
What opponents? Those are kids I spit on last year
Still soakingThink about the battle before you start em
You'd be better off with a John Rocker jersey up in Harlem
Shitted on the Tidybowl man, left his boat
Left him fuckin' drownin' in the trek that I quoteI turn your tranquil land into a savage garden
Eon run through New York like Curtis Martin
The shit talker, the spittin' litterbug
I'm watchin' you little children like a babysitter doesYou in the wrong place
You in the wrong time
You with the wrong someone
Smut Peddlers, false poets get done
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Smut Peddlers, false poets get done
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