

# One By One (Revamped)

## Smut Peddlers

I shapeshift  
I shapeshift to a spliff  
Light myself up  
Ignite the mic and felt up Your butter shit get melt up  
Your mic is falling on  
Needs to be helped up  
Snatch your rap belt up Blaze the tron, Eon the phenom  
I'm on par with rap czars  
Fascist dictators  
Dick Starbuck and I'm playin' Space Invaders Standin' so close, made you liable  
Turn your Rap Bible to the false idols  
I been bringin' doom to the groom  
Snatchin' up the bridal I'll hoch paragraphs, invest in ebola  
Fuck you up like Pop Rocks and Coco-Cola  
Tryin' to be cute like Mun Chi Chi Really catch a nut from munchin' on deez  
Hundreds please, honey don't make a peep  
In 2G it's only our word that we keep You 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 one You in the wrong place  
You in the wrong time  
You with the wrong someone  
Smut Peddlers, false poets get done  
Every morning, every evening You 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 forfeit I 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 wallowing Swallowing, woodern crosses, I'm nauseous  
Fourth the pale horses, insect lynchies, dental flosses  
Don't practice witchcraft, I got a craft which shits  
My name stand between MC's lips like clits Threw 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 dead And 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 playmates  
You 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 one  
You in the wrong place  
You in the wrong time  
You with the wrong someone  
Smut Peddlers, false poets get done  
Every morning, every evening  
When 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 soaking  
Think 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 quote  
I 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 does  
You in the wrong place  
You in the wrong time  
You with the wrong someone  
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