damage

Keith Hampton

Peace, peace!
Dirty, ol dirty bastard
The Genius!
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I'll grab the mic and now I damage you
Cut your whole stamina, here comes the medical examiner
One verse then you're out for the count
Bring the ammonia make sure he sniffs the right amount
Wake him up and then I ask him, "Why did he intend this?"
Competition to get an ass kickin' so tremendous
Boy you shouldn't bother this
Leave me alone like the son said, G or he'll be fatherless!
I got the asiatic flow mixed with disco
Roll up on the scene like the count of Monte Crisco
And MC's start to vanish
I stepped up to a jet black kid, started speakin' Spanish
Yo he wasn't from Panama
I asked him how he get so dark, the nigga said, "Suntama"
He responded so fast, you made me laugh
Ha ha ha haa, then I scared his ass
Kick the hundred strongest rhymes, I brought out the punk in him
Caught him with a strong five deadly venom
Told him enter the Wu-Tang
Witness the Shaolin slang, that'll crush the shit you bring
I watch your ass take a big fall, why?
My main source is like a friendly game of stick ball
And as you step up to bat mana dn I play the riddler
You try to do me for a rhyme then I'll change to Hitler
Go out like Nazi, you'll be wishin your fuckin' ass stayed
Home and played yahtzee!
Or watchin' 'Happy Days' sweatin' Poxie
With Ralphie and Richie Cunningham, Joni and Chachi
Wu, who? Me gettin wreck so I'm through
Like a ten and a half foot, gettin' in a seven shoe
Now picture that with a Minolta
Have your ass doin' some 'Night Fever' shit like John Travolta
I come strong I make knowledge born, I flip the script
And rock on from p.m. past the fucking dawn
Pass the hammer you're broke down, niggaz grab my what, what

Can't understand it, here's the panaroma
A complete view of how I defeat you
Should of stepped to those fuckin' kids who tried to beat you
Yeah I bust that ass before
You ran to Texas and came back but forgot the chainsaw!
And want to perform a massacre
Better be coming with some motherfucking shit that's spectacular
Crush the person who did 'em, well you just better
So I'm stepping to your raggedy ass jetta
Put the pedal to the metal
You and your DJ change your name to Ma and Pa Kettle
As I pass the bone, kicks your every measure
It's not a Newport but it's still live with pleasure
C'mon don't be silly, just a bag of sensimilli
Rolled up in a Motown Philly
I used to write all the time when I smoked
Grab the mic, then I kinda like went for broke
With visually concepts strongest rhymes and biceps
Lyrically speakin', three to four rhymes then choke
Some think they be harmin' this, claimin' they be bombin' this
But they still remains anonymous
I pull strings like Jimi Hendrix
Ride more beats that go backs to the days of Eddie Kendricks
I teach the truth to the youth, I say, "Hey youth
Here's the truth, better start wearing bullet proof"
Arm yourself with a shield
Before you get trapped up just like the children in the cornfield

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