

# Lyrical Molestation

## Da Brat

They can only leave to live the linguistic  
Full metal jacket of the macular ballistic  
Shooting off at the mouth without chap or blistics  
I got hairs on my funk and I didn't flunk diaper rash  
I'm hooked on phonics packing a vicious vocabulary  
Malicious with malice and mayhem straight out of a P-funk dictionary  
Give me the mic and watch me slay them  
Those lame and illiterate poeticistics pisses me off [unverified]  
Be missing me with that shit, putting your petty torched packaged  
Pathetically in front of me I suppress, I'll rest of the best of MC's regularly  
In the beginning I was 'bout it, slid in and we write it  
This shit deplace, y'all bitches wouldn't even thinking 'bout hit  
Heads flipped shittin' hard on niggas  
With a name like Brat exotic, cars and large bank figures  
A high rank nigga shop squat taker, maker of some hot shit lose  
Makin' it hard for all y'all bitches to move around like moose  
Truth whatever touch come through in a clutch  
Bitch beat me never heard of such niggas, say I'm just too much  
Consisted dollar clocker sippin' a daily vodka  
Private chopper live and die hip hopper  
With the platinum touch that's what the fuck up  
And I ain't tryna pack and slack shit  
I'm tryna pack and stack shit, to continue to make phat shit  
And niggas know, the lyrical molestin' is takin' place  
And when Da Brat is in your area, your shit ain't safe  
To live my whole life lavish, I lust plus crushin'  
Competitions a must, every time I bust  
And niggas know, the lyrical molestin' is takin' place  
And when Da Brat is in your area, your shit ain't safe  
To live my whole life lavish, I lust plus crushin'  
Competitions a must, every time I bust  
I'm livin' in high times with a lifeline when the sun don't shine often  
Taught the bandits' testimy was to never let no nigga see me soften  
Coughin' up liph in the morning from choking on dank daily  
Beware my attitude, shady pay me and serenade this lady  
Reach the possible limits, no gimmick lyrics  
Livin' trife and lavish Ms. Harris with 25 karats  
To cherish the iced out Oyster Perpetual Roll  
The swish and burn it slow, cats me know

Never fishin' for roaches or smokin' the hocus pocus  
Once I was the brokest bitch, now I bought the dopest shit  
The poker Chips get place on the misses with [unverified]  
To shoot hits Chi town's windy city creeper weed keeper  
Redrumming niggas like the shining when the molestation begins  
And niggas know, the lyrical molestin' is takin' place  
And when Da Brat is in your area, your shit ain't safe  
To live my whole life lavish, I lust plus crushin'  
Competitions a must, every time I bust  
And niggas know, the lyrical molestin' is takin' place  
And when Da Brat is in your area, your shit ain't safe  
To live my whole life lavish, I lust plus crushin'  
Competitions a must, every time I bust  
If you consider yourself to be a competitor  
The object of the game is to bury ya  
Get the cheddar, the mo', the merrier, 312 the area  
Prepare for my brigade to stay paid and obligated  
To knock off niggas in ways you only saw take place in animation  
Your expiration date is pass due you copied off this shit  
To last you to infinity, finna be multimillion in a minute  
Only solo hope to do more than your average bitch  
Making niggas sick and having fifth watchin' me push the big six  
Admit it I'm Da type to get addicted to like China  
Why you fucking wit pure dough? Tonight's da night, we all get high  
Niggas know Brat take without askin', leaving everlasting gashes  
On you bastards lyrical assassin and niggas know  
Therefore this rap redemption, introduction of competition  
Made some motherfucker before the first admission  
Gets to a centamout and I sipped fout, rhyming at infinite  
And my pee in the fountain then I claw clutchin the cliff  
'Cuz I gotta get higher into the mantic  
Or nabs' sucker geezees going crazy hacking or channel fool  
All the slackin' rappers I pack I pack a bag  
I travel to the peninsula with the posy I peep over the edge  
Drop a rock over your head as you leaving up the ledge  
To lead on leaving your mink on untangling your mic chord  
You mighta woulda been better in battling your [unverified] is bogus silly pose it  
Putting your petty torched packaged pathetically In front of me  
I suppress I'll rest of the best of MC's regularly