Hyperdermix (Explicit Version)

Inspectah Deck

[Inspectah Deck]
Yo, the bare facts make 'em take Flight like Air Max
Hyperdermix raps, share it and you'll both have tracks
Dope man supply fire to wax, push your wigs back
Hit ya like a tall cat, make ya relapse
Never before have ya ever heard this level of raw
My metaphors touch down like the hammer of Thor
Knee deep into the war, sirens and gats roar
Livin life, ragin bull, life's the matador
I soar, above the law, branded illegal
They still rush my door 'cause I'm power to the people
Sharp as an eagle's claw, certified lethal
Keanu Reaves can't match the Speed I exceed to
Crash the party, make 'em jump like KenEvil
I take cash in advance and blast off on retrieval"Check the bangin sounds that I invent, marvelous...
Check--check, marvelous...
Check the bangin--the bangin sounds that I invent" -> Ghostface Killah[Inspectah Deck]
Yo, yo
I can't, won't, don't stop rockin to the rhythm
Droppin wisdom, for my niggas locked in prison
For those on the streets, rock ir in your system
One's restin in piece, in my heart ya livin
Representin all those who ain't got a pot to piss in
Went from small timer to a top position
I'm not kiddin, so what? Radio's not mixin
While shots whistlin, niggas on my block listen
to the Uncontrolled, mentally hold you P.O.W.
Comin through, ain't no good, ain't no love for you
Cameleons play the wrong side of the fence
Switchin like Clark Kent when the drama commence
Ladies and gent's, my poetry's beyond intense
Find me in the trench, while you hold your spot on the bench
Best invest in me, favored heavenly
I.N.S., address me, as your excellency
Successfully defendin my belt with first rounders
Where close friends get treated the same as out-of-towners"Check--check--check--check the bangin sounds that I invent...
Check--check--check--check--check--check...
Check the bangin--the bangin--the bangin...

The bangin sounds--sounds that I invent" -> Ghostface Killah[Inspectah Deck]
Jurrasic insides, I rise above the norm'
Urban icon, ridin on the eye of the storm
Veteran form, spaz like memories of 'nam
Duckin bombs on the rendezvous with Miss Saigon
Calm assassin, showin my face so they can know
When on Beatstreet, I paint a picture like Raymo
On the lay-low, makin dough, aimin to blow
Got away to go, so I'm just takin it slow
>From the Shao' borough, throwin the thoroughbred flow
Echoin in the ghetto, throughout the metro
'Bout to let it go, give me some room to elbow
Watch bitches stick to a nigga like velcro
Yo, the plan is to grap what I can within my reach
Expand like the crystal white sands that fill the beach
With my hand on the piece, one eye is on the beast
Through the rhyme I teach history class and move the mass..I can't, won't, don't stop rockin to the rhythm
Droppin wisdom, for my niggas locked in prison
For those on the streets, rock ir in your system
One's restin in piece, in my heart ya livin *echo*I can't, won't, don't stop rockin to the rhythm
Droppin wisdom, for my niggas locked in prison
For those on the streets, rock ir in your system
One's restin in piece, in my heart ya livin *echo*

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