

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*

Songwriters

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