House Of Games 2 (feat. R.A. The Rugged Man)

Locksmith

Locksmith]
Stick a fork in his corpse, cordially courting
Sourcing his portion for organs, give metaphors an abortion
A portrait of poor sportsmen, endorse and remorse towards him
I torch his vocal cords til his course is the four horsemen
Your core's forcing, they roar but I'm board snoring
A smorgasbord of endorphins, I'm dwarfing your dwarf swordsmen
I retort but of course no recourse for it
I'm more of a moor, that's why my rapport discourse for it
I'm forming a fort, forcing proportions that pour forward
Sort of a four-fifth to your orifice you poor bitch
Forfeit, tryna spit with this nigga, I forewarned him
Waging a war, dÃ©cor of Muhammed or George Foreman
Performing vocal expressions that questions the status quo
Inhabit no sense of worth when you barely can pack a show
Distracted by the fact I was too rabid impacted by
The shit that people said, but instead let amplified
And niggas want a response, my response; "Keep waiting"
Fools rush in, smart niggas keep patient
Chasing the next man, the best plan developed wrong
Fuck rushing a freestyle my nigga, make a better song
I don't know what to say
R.A. the Rugged Man]
Yo, Yo, one round Roger Mayweather, Rocky Lockridge
Who better to rock with than the Locksmith, stop it with the gossip
Sweat when the clock tock tick
The plot got thick, the bomb like the rhyme that I kick
Body bashing, bruised, broken bones, bloody mosh pits
Truth telling is labeled hate speeches, these poisonous brain leaches
Smack the principals and rape the fake teachers
Hypocritical Hollywood hoodlums that make features
Political pandering preachers that desecrate Jesus
Dumbing down the society, everything is over-simplified
Cowards are put on pedestals and heroes are villainized
My organization Untouchable Force, Ice Mix Master
And life's shit baffling, fight bitches staggering
Towards this white dick javelin, dispatching 'em, every lyrical diss catching 'em
Distracting 'em, pistol packing click clacking 'em
You can't claim title with no win first

You're a bigger pussy than the pussy when it give birth
Keeping the poor in the prison
Rhyme like a 90s cat from Rawkus was spitting
Reflection Eternal and Nas in the source It Was Written
Not influenced by any corporate decision, I ignore your opinion
I'm the GOAT above Fraizer, Norton, Foreman and Liston
Locksmith]
Laws of religion cause the hoards of division, doors of admission
Causing the friction, inscription like the walls of Egyptians
Paint a portrait like the Lord of the Christians, taint and altered his pigment
False depictions got us all in a prison
But it ain't no God in this system, can't evolve in conditions
Where they write me off as being off and left my thoughts in perdition, bitching
Often would grapple, tackle this road to no progression
Claiming you atheist but still worship your possessions
Ground broke with a down stroke and a noun spoke and the town folk scrounge for an abound rope but they found no amount floats
Sex trafficking out the Vatican rather than found hope
Profound smoke from burning oaths you thought they found a new pope?
Black chemicals signify the simple lies, the masses rally
Screen shot of a rap blog, saw the image of Alex Crowley
Amass the tally, I pass it barely, I'm Makaveli
That's strong as the purest dope or this rapper from outta Cali
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/