Koto Chotan

Rza

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Yo, yo, Ruler Zig-Zag-Zag Allah, I'm not reneggin'
I don't fuck with dead pigeons or the pigskin
You fuckin' fake 85 percent snake
Derelict ass bitch, your class in dead weight
Ain't no fire escape from hell, every devil ain't pale
I blast like H.G. Wells, 'War of the Worlds'
Allah is Lord of all, you sure to fall
Collapse like the Berlin Wall, while I'm just hurlin' y'all
Lightin' bolts by writin' quotes
Strikin' jolts that frightenin' to adults
A to Zig-Zag you get smacked, all in a shit bag
Bust like the sperm bag, because your germ had
You on some ol' fake thug shit
Drunk from the drink, gassed up by the drug shit
Wrong analysis, kidney shot cause dialysis
While the Gods rebuildin' Jerusalem, golden palaces
Babes in Wonderland wonderin' where the fuck Alice is
While you're jerkin' your dick catchin' mad callouses
Slave labor steel drivin' like John Henry
Layin' down underground tracks for nine pennies
Huh, get you amped off the anthem
Yeah, I get you amped off the uh
Yeah, look, another smash hit
My niggas from the Boulevard
East New York Squad in the yard gettin' ripped, at least 25 a clip
A 100 men stompin' your face the wolves barkin'
Careful, you might get trampled, caught flashin'
Wrap him in the maskin' tape, Jimmy Baskin
Murder was the case when the crowd break fool
Iron Mic Duel, held down by the poolside
Along came a spider spun spools in the cipher
Swing with all your might, lead spray from the sawed-off pipe
Stenographer type, the ghetto hype slang
Flow like water off the brim in the rain
No escapin', Iron Maiden, check matin'
Grandmaster Flash spinnin, P.F. cuttin'
The sticky Ave. gooey, roll in the frontal leaf
Jamel Irief smash teef in be

Some people lyrics ain't hot
My delivery is ill on the mic and I rock
So hot, this stage should be a stainless steel pot
Leavin' burnin' pains Neosporin couldn't stop
On cats who couldn't rock would shook 'cause I drop 'em
Fear is a problem in this game if you got 'em
My mic I carry the heat for rappers playin' possum
'Fraid that I'm a see 'em, spit a rhyme, lyrically drop 'em
Just to say I got 'em, but it's realer than that
I'm about more that what you see and what I speak in my rap
So be conscious of that grand told you
"Watch the quiet ones, you didn't get it?"
You think that you could rip a chick who spit her lyrics
Pretty rhymes so tight my lyrics did it
Got you open and it worked it and you won't admit it
Hopin' that we both forget it
These ain't no one night stand lyrics
I'm never really finished
Got you duckin', tryin' to pivot, beware
Next time, come wit' it
Koto Chotan

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