Semi Automatic: Full Rap Metal Jacket

Inspectah Deck

Yo, yo...Chorus: u-godYou can't hack the tactics
Of a semi-automatic full rap fanatic
You can't hack the tactics
Of a semi-automatic full rap fanaticVerse one: u-godI make mean lean when I pump my spunk
And hands of chump, of machine gun funk
I bliss, like the fist, of the mantis
Those who oppose get dropped and hit the canvas
With rigormor', I hit you in the core and
Pop your legs well in the figure four
You can't stop the force when the blood is coursin
Extortion, I'm comin like the headless horseman
Enforcin, tortureous slang from a fortune
Swordsman, throw your rap corpse in coffins
Don't pop glocks at me then cop a plea
A hundred thousand leagues beneath the sea
Deep depths makes rappers salted
Weak rappers asses I cracks my foot, off in
Lay down them lines with them hard hits
And I'm harmin, bombin, with heavy bombardments
Pushin, poetry, like weed by the pounds
Underground railroad rza track lay it down
I'm hard as pavement, you gaze from amazement
Knock you in the head you wonder where the days went
It's golden bangles, microphone getting strangled
Five-star general, scars you want to angle
Bizarre thriller, war scar for a killer
Sheisty mic device got my hand-piece throbbin
Slice mics precise on down to ice carvingsChorus 2xVerse two: inspector deckYo
I set the mic in flames, bomb like fighter planes
Mc's are shot down long range with sniper aim
No question marks, the session starts with sparks
My flows explodes like hand grenades through your parts
Universal soldier, mo's the holder
Globe in both hands, born to be sole controller
Hit the world full blast, my crime pays cash
Slip past these cyphers and the flash from the photograph
Best-seller compose a rough draft
Razor sharp vocabulary cut glass
Actual facts crowds of thousands collapse

You can't catch my style with bugs and phone taps
Whether rhymes or crimes, I want mines regardless
Hard targets, underground like black markets
Pirates of the darkest water feel the aura
Importer of rough raps that's snuck cross the border
Semi-automatic attack'll spray y'all
Liquid sword swingin slay all, I'm awolChorus 1.5xVerse three: street thugWu-tang be, killin you softly with this song
You won't survive the outcome I bring def jams to your eardrums
P.l.o. hits the hardest, regardless
Felony offenders catchin murder one charges
Open cases, got me smoked out in staircases
The dark crusader jackin cats in elevators
I strike back like the jedi, from n.y.
It's I illifyin, dope rhyme supplyin
I be all you need to rock these mic devices
Projectile shaolin style exiles your juvenile freestyle
I'm not your basic street entrepeneuer, crime tour, packs the luger
High pursuit for the cream like the bodyguard from bejing
Inject you with the morphine, then I flee the murder scene
On your facilities, the penalty, doa
Bomb shell your burrow like bombay
Opposites attack that's why these thieves stay strapped
As we, travel the glove to put shaolin on the map
I show loyalty, to my fans fully
Operational raps, that bust through your skully
I'm rated second-to-none I be the top gun
From the land of the slums spittin blades from my tongue
Park your slug slinger, hit you with the sleeper
Hit-seeker, sounds that be a-ttackin your speaker
Watch me bang the headpiece kid there's no survival
My flow lights up the block like a homicidal
Murder, underground beef for the burger
P.l.o., criminal thoughts you never heard of

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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