

# 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, torturous 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 awol  
Chorus 1.5x  
Verse three: street thug Wu-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 beijing  
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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