

# Rampage

## The F-Ups

Slow down baby Cause you can get rugged, tough, hard like P  
Tried to play my man but you couldn't touch me  
You faggot, no comp' rapper on a quest  
To get your head flown boy, you must be loc' on sess  
Cause many often wonder is M.D. paid  
You're God damn right punk, stay outta my way  
Cause I clock G's while you clock Z's  
And I don't smoke crack, I smoke MC's  
So pick up a pen, cop a squat, and take note  
A rapper suffered from bleedin, sprains and slit throats  
Cause my style, deadly psychopath schizophrenic  
A rapper choke like a carburetor, freeze up and panic  
Cause I clock pesos, don't sell llello  
'Nother word for cocaine mi amigo  
That's Spanish, terminology for friend  
Now sit back and ride my bozack as I send  
Bass funk, with beats that thump  
For speakers and amps, cold lined up in my trunk  
My system's crankin my headlights are blinkin  
Brothers ridin my tip L, at the same time thinkin DAMN  
How could a brother be so nice?  
Cause I'm the capital, P-E twice, M-D-E twice  
I choose to squeeze, some choose to fight  
I like to write but then again some bite  
And while you was bangin on tables;  
I was bangin Snow White P! Slow down baby The Ripper, the master, the overlordian'  
Playing MC's like a old accordion  
I get the inspiration from unnecessary station  
Them sayin I was vacationin'  
You can't quote with your weaker throat  
Tryin to sneak a peek at how I freak the notes  
Major MC's become minor B-flats  
So retire the mic, get your chains and your bats  
Here's your chance to advance, get in your stance  
I shoot the holster off your cowboy pants  
Pure entertainment, tonight's your arraignment  
You're guilty - face down on the pavement!  
No holds barred, it's time to get scarred  
You and your squad better praise the real God

The undertaker, droppin' thunder on fakers  
When it comes to lyrics I'm as freaky as Seka  
So lay the mic down slow and careful  
Cause mine is fully loaded and I got another handful  
A clip to slip in and start rippin'  
Divin' and dippin' and givin punks a whippin' (aww shit)  
Just in case you wanna go a few rounds or so  
I'm down so that you clowns'll know  
Me gettin burnt or hurt won't be tolerated  
I got rhymes up the huh forget it I'm constipated L!Slow down babyWhen I come around homeboy, watch your  
nugget  
A master on the beatdown, my style's rugged  
When I attack the microphone, close the zone  
Rap sees danger, can't roam  
Security's packed and wall to wall can't fall  
A rap tank is full so I can't stall  
My microphone is filled with premium  
Any whack MC that flexes, I'm creamin' him  
Not with lotion, bust the motion  
Flotation when I rock on the mic, I'm like coastin'  
I'm unique, fatigued at my peak you still seek  
A style cause yours extra weak  
New method, to rip the stage at my age  
And get loose and kick, like Bruce in a rage  
I'm on a rampageSlow down baby

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