Food For Mic Skills

Gym Class Heroes

Travis been known to spit lyrical backflips on tracks with skate kicks
Osiris had the flyest but I'm all about Axion, Verbal bigspin
I Crooked grind your melon for not listenin',
I'm beyond regular, you stuck in fakie position
The funny thing is I don't skate but I'll deflate your whole ego
Manipulate your face and replace it with something uglier than
The product of Sha-nae-nae and Patrick Ewing havin' a baby
(Damn Travis you crazy) Nah just a little misunderstood
I got the planet in confusion, for the simple fact my vocabulary lacks the word losin'
Contusions are placed across the bodies of any challengers
I'll leave my mark then disappear like J.D. Salinger,
As whack emcee's continue scuffin' their knees,
Suckin' the dicks of A&R's just to get their platinum chains and cars,
I'ma keep on doin' my thing,
Broke as Macy Gray would be with a regular voice trying to sing,
Who wanna bring it to these Crab Apple affiliates,
Act silly and you'll get split down the middle like a Philly gets,
I've had enough of all these silent menaces,
I'm for peace but you'll get quickly deceased with violent sentences,
The only witnesses will be later notified to come identify the dental records of a kid offended mine,
you ain't a friend of mine so I suggest you call me Mr. McCoy
Hot shit will burn and blister you boy
We manifest through tape decks and prisma colored markers,
Invade your space like feathers from down parka's,
We legends in our own times and every rhyme is living proof,
We drinkin' forty's from the fountain of youth,
And when we done we're pissin' innocence,
Cause in a sense, everything your mouth dispense don't necessarily pay the rent
Or the phone bills, you can't trade food for mic skills,
But if you could I'd be eating lovely, believe me.
Travis McCoy be like the influenza, flow sick,
These other rappers on some old common cold (SHHH),
I'm sicker than that, and plus you always suck (YECK) quicker than that,
And H20 aqua we be thicker than that, and if at
Anytime shit gets to hard to handle I'm going out raw,
Chainsaw and all like Bruce Cambell,
Steppin' out the darkness with an army of creeps,
Caffeine ain't allowin' Travis to get no sleep,
Cause cat's speak soft, and quick to front hard like Charles Bronson,

Shoutin' out Brooklyn, knowin' that they from Wisconsin,
That's why I'm always concentratin' when I'm puffin' cheeba,
We down with New York State and the city of Geneva,
G-Town's my residence that's where I stack my dead presidents,
And in my mind it ain't no time for irrelevance, come on now

I thought you knew better, my rhymes are nines and my mouth's a lyrical berretta
But better...YET...I make you Sweat like Keith,
And have your whole crew fallin' out like rotten teeth.
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Who start it like us, rip a part it like us,
who you know jump on the stage and get retarded like us?
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who you know jump on the stage and get retarded like us?
GCH will make it happen regardless of the element,
From breakdancing, beats, graffiti shit, to straight rappin',
Who got your mama's hands clappin'?
Zappin' cats like the third rail, these rappers soundin' sweet over stale ass beats,
Come on get serious, you're making me furious with these lame clich

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