Infinite

Young Lyrix

Oh yeah this is Eminem baby back up in that motherfucking ass
One time for your mother fucking mind we represent the 313
You know what I'm saying? cause they don't know shit about this
For the 9 6
Verse 1:
Ayo my pen and paper cause a chain reaction
To get your brain relaxin cause they be actin maniac in action
A brainiac in fact son you mainly lack attraction
You looking zany whack with just a fraction of my tracks spun
My rhyming skills got you climbing hills
I travel through your mind until you spine like siren drills
I'm sliming grills of roaches, with sprayed on disinfectants
With some ex rappers till their spinal column disconnects
We disinfect then check the monologue, turn your system up
Twist them up, and indulge in the marijuana smoke
This is the season for noise pollution contamination
Examination of more cartoons than animation
My lamination of narration
Hit's a snare and bass of track fucked up rapper interrogation
When I declare invasion, there ain't no time to be stare and gazing
I turn the stage into a barren wasteland...
I'm Infinite
Chorus:
You heard of hell well I was sent from it
I went to it's surface and sentenced for murdering instruments
Now I'm trying to repent from it
But when I hear the beat I'm tempted to make another attempt at it...
I'm Infinite
Verse 2:
Bust it, I let the beat commence so I can beat the sense of your elite defense
I got some meat to mince some fruit to stompin and two feet to rinse
I greet intensive ladies, I spoil loyal fans
I foil plans and leave fluids leaking like oil pans
My coiled hands around this microphone are lethal
One thought in my cerebral is deeper then a Jeep full of people
MC's are feeble, I came to cause some pandemonium
Battle a band of phony MC's and stand the lonely one
Imitator, Intimidator, Stimulator, Simulator of data, Eliminator

There's never been a greater since the burial of Jesus

Fuck around and catch all of the venereal diseases
My thesis will smash a stereo to pieces
My accapella releases plastic masterpieces through telekinesis
And eases you mentally, gently, sentimentally, instrumentally
With entity, dementedly meant to be Infinite
Chorus:
You heard of hell well I was sent from it
I went to it's surface and sentenced for murdering instruments
Now I'm trying to repent from it
But when I hear the beat I'm tempted to make another attempt at it...
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Verse 3:
Man I got evidence I'm never dense and I been clever ever since
My residence was hesitant to do some shit that represents the M-O
So I'm assuming all responsibility
Cause there's a monster will in me that always wants to kill MC's
Mic messaler, slamming like a wrestler
Here to make a mess of a lyric smuggling embezzler
No one is speacialer, My skill is intergalactical
I get cynical at a fool then I send a crew back to school
I never packed a tool or acted cool, it wasn't practical
I'd rather led a tactful, tractical, track for your fancy
In fact I can't see, or can't imagine
A man who ain't a lover of beats or a fan of scratching
This is for my family, the kid who had a cameo on my last jam
Plus the man who never had a plan B
Be all you can be, cause once you make an instant hit
I'm tense to be tempted when I see the sins my friends commit...
I'm Infinite
Chorus:
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