

Homicidal

Magic Affair

Maniac the name is Swift
Homicidal the title, to take a life as a gift
Cold crush, rhyme, rhyme, lady, scratch, and even music maker
Bounce an' MC on the court like a ball player
Proven by the lyrics on the mike as I extend the cut
Making music, as the girls move and shale their butts
Suckers with the heart, try to battle even cheat me
They can't compete, nor they defeat, or even beat me
With the silly dictionary rhymes they spond
When the mike catches fire, it will melt and bend
Then I'll use the court as a whip, as I teach this lesson
I'll whipe the knowledga in your head, so you can't stop guessing
Who's the best MC upon the MIC, SWIFT
Executed lyrics by me, will leave you violated
Make your body get the shiversq, eyes dilated
Suckers perpetrate, and try to dis me
That's why the suckers watching me like TV
Survival of the fittest, is very vital
Got my weapon on auto, boy, I'm homicidalDangerous, mike packing and ill
My peotry is my ammo, and it's ready to kill
I'll put your head out with a quickness if we battle you know
I'll make you wish you were in prison, sitting on death row
Chrome plated, highly polished, and I'm running the joint
I penetrate, like a hollow point
Homicidal, is what I feel in my mind
I have 100 ways to kill you while I'm saying this rhyme
Perpetrators, can't even compare to this
I cock the hammer, pull the trigger and dis
Sucker MCs biting rhymes like these
I'll point my weapon in your face and then I'll start to squeeze
Your mind get's nervous, your face is cold sweating
Beacuse a butt-kickings, what you're getting
I lived a rough life from kid to a man
When I think of things I've done I say "Damn !"
What's the deal, you know it's real
Always feeling illy ill, my mind just says kill
I'm never wrong, then again I'm not right ya'll
Menace I'm homicidalSwift the name, dissin' MCs the game,
To dis a sucker MC is the claim of my fame

I like to grab them by the face, punching them in the neck
Burning up their stale rhymes, 'till they give me respect
Cold destruction is a code, causing rapper's commotion
Setting world on fire like a TNT explosion
Rhyme, not a song, I neither sang nor I sung
I can cut a man to shreds, or break a tree with my tongue
Got my face on a poster, wanted dead or alive
Reward tall "duckies" four thousand or five
If you want to take the "duckies" wish yourself a good luck
'cause I kill in cold blood and I don't give a fuck
Come along or bring your posse, play brave and the bold
I'll be rocking, cold shocking, 'till I'm 80 years old
Proud and I'm black, giving squeezers no slack
I'm even deadlier than PCP, cocaine and crack
I'm the mercenary, killing punks at will
I hate it when the brothers are acting ill
It's time to get busy, and fight ya'll
Word, I'm homicidal

Lyrics provided by

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