Good Grief

Secret Knives

My style is triple, quadruple, damage for M.C.'s
I make 'em huff 'n puff like mufflers for Meineke
Human exhaust, you wanna g-get lost ?
Rhymes plus Exxon ride brains like Alain Prost
M.C. clowns, I blaze towns
I dragwheel skulls, leave with speed 'n dust cloud
All you monkeys, donkeys, alternative junkies
I'm strictly T-rex, 'n my rap just crunch, see
The jive 'n babble, throw heavy scrabble
Sparkles plus the bubbles plus the flavor like Snapple
All you so-called rebels heavy metal cattle
Some horses got force but I simply tame with saddle
Hunt a stunt like 'Red October', ain't crossin' over
Oops ! scud scrub ? patriot makes pulver
The music hits, fierce that it is
Check the brothers in the crowd that 'hiss'
Good griefIndustry check to mac, and wanna know me
I kick against control untamed like wild pony
So holy like tony, attract like Coney Island
My style man, don't need no master, flasher
Test a prankster gangster like a Gat much faster
Get the band aid, kid crunch hard knock
I sport more techniques confidential than Fort Knox
Sort of tool - Glock - automatic on the static
Synthetic - plastic?- you stay ready with the casket
I throw a style, freak wants to test it
It's crazy mega fab, makes your hottie cheer
I crush M.C. jaws who oughta be chandelier
And drop the litter - on the quitter
The survival-rival gets stronger
Much fitter
Worldwide you get served like stinky cheese
More force than a sexual intercourse
So M.C.'s please !
Brothers amaze - keep 'em all in a daze
With the wild funk blaze
Good griefOne time for your mind now, as I climb now
Step by step now, but Wagga Rep now
I write flavor like I was Wes Craven

People under my stairs steal like raven
Black with beaks wanna croak when spoken to
Some shitty nonsense beat, you gotta be jokin' too
The rhyme enforcer, rhythm courser
I 'spect you to respect with the force, well of course oh !
Don't give me the lip
Like he thought that he could
I frown on bullshit like my name was clint eastwood
You come with fronts, stunts 'n poses
I welcome you to my jungle
Like my name was guns 'n roses
I blast the sound, you check the sound
You got to be down, you got to be down, like me, like Charlie Brown
Saying good grief

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