

Lyrical Monster

Afu-Ra

[DJ Premier scratches]Pure microphone magic
Carving up mc's, straight up torch their weak embellishments
Getting it
Put it on
Dirty download gigolo with the illest flow
Yeah
Perverted Monk high chief[Afu-Ra]
Life Force moving swiftly
Pitch forks steady miss me
My renaissance, my brother's light eclipse me
My rough callous feet stomping on these city streets
Fuck that turn the other cheek
Unless you squeeze a peach
No parental advisory, so no need for the bleeps
No comin' in my crib unless you wipin' your feet
I hit the street, I feel good plus complete
A lotta hot rappers ain't nothing without their beat
Mark my name, on the clipboard, I gets raw
When I was sixteen, that's when I used to rip for it
Like Jiminy Cricket, hopping over the candle stick
Watchin' my ass, and yo I learnt quick
I'm nifty, shifty with my dirt, G
Doing my thing, put in work, ain't nothing hurt me
I bring it from front to back, white to black
Shoe to hat, use clues I'm doin' thatRhyme skills the dopest, the lyrical style I spit is ferocious
You feel the beat in the streets and get close to this
So while I do my thing, you do your thing
Caress the mic like a baby to make your head bangRhyme skills the dopest, the lyrical style I spit is ferocious
Feel the beat in the streets and get close to this
So while I do my thing, do your thing
Carve my name in your brain, make your head bangMonumental, thoughts flowing sequential
The quintessential mental, tapping into
My focus, take it round like a rental
And if I have to cut you with my gonzo
I'm like a warless sword, I'm digging into
Like you can joust defence
So many strokes and slashes let off
You ain't got not fingerprints
Carve you up with my Rambo, ammo

Looking like leather-face, trippin' on the dance floor
 Too much hypocrisy, up in the market, be
 It ain't about talent, it's all about the currency
 My magna opus, addicted plus the dopest
 Maybe I'll write a line and fara canna quote this
 They got status but can't work the apparatus
 How could a project sell millions
 Talking 'bout millions, when half their buyers ain't seen a thousand
 Rhyme skills the dopest, the lyrical style I spit is ferocious
 Feel the beat in the streets and get close to this
 So while I do my thing, do your thing
 Caress the mic like a baby to make your head bang
 Rhyme skills the dopest, the lyrical style I spit is ferocious
 Feel the beat in the streets and get close to this
 So while I do my thing, do your thing
 Carve my name in your brain, make your head bang
 Times is kinda critical, that's why I gotta keep it lyrical
 Simple and plain, 'cause I don't want to riddle you
 I'm tryin' to black out, 'cause I'll blow your back out
 Pullin' my axe out, do a M.O.P. mash out
 With my dreads out, an' I ain't no type of boy scout
 Mr Life Force, but you call me The Count
 Got so many names, that I can't even count
 Let's see: Paisley, 5th Thaing, Mr How, Dr Intergalactic
 My other names is under the mattress
 Now you can get your grades pissed on
 After your body's been buried
 From trying to get your diss on
 Wax off, wax on
 My calm is bringin' a storm, from the night until the early morn'
 I got so many styles, forget the grape with wine
 Life Force on the mic, an' 'bout to put it on
 Takin' you ass away like I was Kogon
 Rhyme skills the dopest, the lyrical style I spit is ferocious
 Feel the beat in the streets and get close to this
 So while I do my thing, do your thing
 Caress the mic like a baby to make your head bang
 Rhyme skills the dopest, the lyrical style I spit is ferocious
 Feel the beat in the streets and get close to this
 So while I do my thing, do your thing
 Carve my name in your brain, make your head bang

Songwriters

Martin, Christopher E / Phillip, Aaron Ocosice Published by

Lyrics © Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Kobalt Music Publishing Ltd., Royalty Network Song Discussions
 is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>