

# Rape

## Acylum

I'm obsessed with multiple nude photographs  
Of the beat in my room on the wall  
Ponderin' the verses, fondlin' my balls and  
Witness a nigga who will take rap and chase it  
Through unoccupied dimly lit staircases and rape it  
Grab the drums by the waistline  
I snatch the kick, kick the snares and sodomize the bass line  
Never waste time, I give the verse rabies  
Cum on the chorus, tell the hook to swallow my babies  
Maybe I might switch, let the witch live  
The original plan was to kill the bitch on the bridge  
Ditch the body parts off somewhere near the crescendo  
When my innuendos elapse, my mental window attacks  
The instrumental elapses  
Perhaps that's the only reason that I spared her life  
You could solo my fuckin' vocals and I still get trife  
Slice the rhythm, disfigure the face of the groove  
For any fader that flies or knobs or button that moves  
Consider this, the loops are similar to clitorises exposed  
On your miss is a hole, a vicious cycle of sin  
That doesn't end 'til I stop fuckin'  
A million emcees and they ain't sayin' nuttin'  
Ain't fuckin' it right, they ain't fuckin' it right  
They ain't fuckin' it right, they ain't fuckin' it right  
They ain't fuckin' it like me  
Yes, yes  
She had the nerve to take the case to court  
Knowin' I rape for sport, took the stand cryin'  
Denyin' her whole involvement lyin'  
Why would an ex-cop lie in a sex shop, fly linen down grinnin'  
With my coat over my shoulder sittin'  
Browsin' pornography, the stenographer smilin'  
The whole time while jottin' verbal photography  
Her eyes mahogany, I flashed to a photo in my mind of a body  
Bludgeoned with slashed arteries  
Pardon me, back to the case, slap in the face  
Examinin' the jury similar to crackin' a safe  
What happens to bass? It was anistic, I would inhale eighths  
Sniff that, sat her ass all over my face to taste it  
To hell with 1980 remixes, fuck disco  
Turned on the 3000, stuck my dick where the disc go  
Yokonaz, ripped the sexy MPC 60, buyin' a ticket to hell  
Verbally dickin' the 12 down, sound shitty  
I knew she used to be gritty  
Too many impotent emcees in this God forsaken city  
Ain't fuckin' her right, ain't fuckin' her right  
Ain't fuckin' her like me  
Consider this  
(What?)  
Loops are similar to clitorises exposed  
On your miss is a hole, a vicious cycle of sin

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