

# Mr. Smith

## Odonis Odonis

Uh Mr. Smith, Mr. Smith, Mr. Smith  
Mr. Smith, Mr. Smith, Mr. Smith  
Mr. Smith, Mr. Smith  
I'm goin' to the top leavin' smoke in my trail  
Bitch ass gangstas put that ass on sale  
And even if I'm twice as expensive as the rest  
When I go for dolo you ain't checkin' for nuttin' less  
My strategy is splittin' brain cavity's  
It's ya majesty bringin' you a tragedy  
Yeah, on the butcher block slice her like a ox  
When it's time to get down, nigga, I jam like a Glock  
I bust through all types of red tape and sue papas  
Niggas come old but they always wanna infiltrate  
I'm cuttin' snakes through the belly witta icepick  
And scoopin' hotties, a strong aisle of flip trips  
It's the rebirth of murkin' niggas once again  
I drain with ink and put your blood in my pen  
I'm breakin' ribs till somethin' gives  
A nigga got to live and Mr. Smith is power God, kid  
Mr. Smith you got the shit sewed up  
Work ya thang baby, show 'em how to blow up  
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What you wanna do, what?  
You lack the vitality, originality, so face reality  
I'm on some ole wild shit, ya niggas can't get wit  
Matter of fact, mornin' yawn and suck a dick  
Nah, hold up, what the fuck is goin' on?  
All these cartoon character MC's gettin' airborne  
Takin' off like a hot air balloon  
Goin up up up, oh no kaboom  
Bring your heroes down to ground zero  
Shotty grippin' ya grill like Pesci and DeNiro  
I'm on some shit, throats is gettin' shit  
Scoopedin' New Jacks and kick 'em in the fire bit

Tell them ole Jap niggas they need to go and stick it  
'Coz when it comes to this rap shit I'm mad wicked  
The grand sire bringin' flavour to the whole game  
Mr. Smith is my motherfuckin' name  
Mr. Smith you got the shit sewed up  
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Work ya thang baby, show 'em how to blow up  
To the bridge  
Mr. Smith  
Talkin' 'bout Mr. Smith  
Talkin' 'bout Mr. Smith  
Talkin' 'bout Mr. Smith  
Talkin' 'bout  
Time's up, your rhyme's up, mix the lines up  
I'm about to blow the spot up with that divine touch  
I got the magnetic energetic lyrical calasthetic  
Ya, better call a medic 'coz ya look pathetic  
Guan boy it's the champion Mr. Smith  
Your niggas couldn't raise up with a forklift  
Cocked the hammer, peep out the grammar  
It's hard like Bacardi and hot like a house party  
All your so-called flavour niggas is deaded  
Your next step is where ya headed so don't forget it  
Your rhymes is beat, your steelo's scarred to scrape  
When you scream you sound muddy like a bled teeth  
I get'cha open like f-lay, 'tack you when I spray  
Lethal compositions around your way  
I'm the maniacal murderous Mr. James Smith  
Rippin' ya ass out the frame with my verbal gift  
Mr. Smith you got the shit sewed up  
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