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 papes
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
Work ya thang baby, show 'em how to blow up
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Mr. Smith you got the shit sewed up
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
Work ya thang baby, show 'em how to blow up
Mr. Smith you got the shit sewed up
Work ya thang baby, show 'em how to blow up
Mr. Smith you got the shit sewed up
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