Testarossa

Matt Lange

I'm your Testarosa. First gear
Watch me go, keep 'em in fear
Rumble, young man rumble
Brother won't fumble, muthafukas just crumble
Gaskets crank, rappers get spank
Stripes get yank, a superior rank
Won't stop the jock in some American car use a lyrical radar
But I'm rolling, the cartel's tolling
For the D's keep folding
Most Cadillac rappers get look and disturb
By the jet black blur
Me, the Testarosa running like it suppose ta
Don't try to get closer
Cause you might get lost in the dual exhaust
Don't ever try to fuck wit' a boss
High octane there ain't no ping
When I swing on a lyrical speed king
And that's just first gear, listen for the upshift
Who can get wit' this
I'm your testarosa
Second gear, look it here queer
I'm in here, hitting like spears
The rhyme cartel slings legalized dope
Some cope, others get (gunshot noises)
Lost on the boss, it's finish is flawless
12 cylinders listen to the horses
It accelerates smooth
Move or else get move
Run for cover my brother, suckers are getting smothered
I? cutted? you other? smutters? rammed in the gutter
My rep is kept, muthafukas must step
The best get swept and let out to rest
Huuuu, look at that air intake
Second gear, passing fakes
Revolution per lyric get higher
How can I chill when my rhyme's on fire
As I approach the end of my tach
My lyrical horse power blows to the max
Red line is reached to the peak of my speech

And I told ya, I'm your Testarosa
Testarosa
Gear number three, get off the clutch and don't let 'em up
Keep 'em all down on these young bucks
Let 'em know big boss is just a bit quicker
Get the picture
Backtalk tolerated none, son
Left you at the gun when I hit gear one
Now I'm in third and you think that's quick
Huh, wait till I hit fifth
Me and my pack, we keep plenty of snackpacks
You said fat now I'm yo to the max

Want Mix-A-Lot for your next attack
Hey, yo, critical mass, yea, I got your gat
Two hundred sixty pounds of pure pain
Critical mass is my homeboy's name
My personal trainer, taking weight gainer
Got the bulk to crush and contain ya
On the tach, I'm like a wind ax
Cutting up air like Boeings aircraft
Time to shift and let my lyrical seatbelt hold ya
I'm your Testarosa
Up to fourth gear, the speed increase
Police got beef wit the word chief
Move or lose, I excuse the wack dudes
You light my fuse and clear out or get used
I go 100 in a 55
No need to lip synch, I'm straight out live
So I'm rough lust who wanna be tough
You fuss and cuss wearing that Raider's stuff
Fake fools from around the way
Knowing damn well, you ain't from LA
Ashamed where you come from son, so you rattle
Like it or not, I scream straight up Seattle
Rip up streets wit a lyrical sweet
Don't peep or creep or you lose your freak
The cam's growl, engine loud
My tongue keep beating 'em down
Rev it up, get ready for fifth
Just hit 'em wit a maximum dis
I roll ya, fold ya, mold ya, I told ya I control ya
And I'm your Testarosa
I'm your Testarosa
Yo Punish, show 'em what time it is

Gear number five, you're eyes get wide
So realize that I survive and I rhyme for mine
I rope the dope and is he coming up, nope
I ain't the joke so don't hope for my throat
There it is, the whiz gets his
The word quiz is what it is and Mix don't give
Sight to the wack who act like Max
And try to jack a pop rap to hit the map
That ain't like me, it ain't cool
To rob another fool them claim you rule
You boot but not me, troops, you like juice
So you hit the stage wearing my boots
Uh, uh cupcake, I ain't about to get rape by fake
Just look at the tail light shrink and then think
How I left you pink in a lyrical kink
Time to drop to my gears and then stop
'Cause I lock the box on them clowns that jock
Turbo cone is 230 up on ya
I'm your Testarosa (3x)

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