

# 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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