Anatomy

Azedia

Madame of ya illness
Red-1 and the Misfit
Diggin up the dreaded fist from the northwest
And this is how we go like
Well let me run down the bio
Of the Misfit
Burnin pyro with victim much whackness
Im def with sickness
A pound of vicks
Aint makin it more clear
As I kicks this
>From my inferno
Internal organs
To do with more hits
Watch me
Score the bullzeye
On the target
As I hard hit
And crush the metal back
Like a linebacker
Watch the diplomatic Illness
After the sacker
Bag a buda
Knew the word laws
Ever since the day I was tossed
Into this world
Hurl another rhyme
More spice than time
With persistance
And no assistance
Watch me get my
Astronomically be my anatamy
Has got you starving
Misfit tryin to escape will only bring that ass for the blaze
So check it up
Next up to mention is the Red-1
Kick yo styleTo break Down the anatomy of illness
I get myself equipped with realness
And hit the trail with

A knap sack of essentials
Shakin ya mental
I kick that cell wall down
The membrane gets dead ????
Just imagine the surprise
When its emphasised
Your imunity is due to me
When you're emobilized
By the unity
And ability
Originality
No frontin on the mic
When I arrive by the liberty
Live and direct
Wits a bit intensity
The density is thick
No say you cant touch none
A we the
Sick in the brain
Lunatic Campaigns
Through ya sector
Eject ya
Instead my proclaim as the protecter
Connected to a ill cortet
My radiation got ya ballin like
Mots in tibet
They lost sex
Your allignment
Whenever I rhyme with
The never miss
Very intullect you will with this fits
Who commits to the front line
At your time
To show rhyme
Body baggin into nickels and dimes
With the devine
You will find prophesy has to be
Fullfilled with the illness of my anatomy

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