

# 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 alignment  
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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