Antelope

Diagrams

Well, my, half bread, might be, warm a little to low
You're too slow, what the fuck do you think that you know?
I do so and every rhyme that I spit is just so crucial
Like metamucial I kill some rhymes that I'm used to
You park so high and mighty but I'm not mighty high
Dirty smoke, you out with weed and leave your mouth fuckin' dry
'Cause some of them rappin', clappin', laughin' always beer tappin' Fuckin' dorkette slappi' be ridiculous at how
I'm trippin' is all I'm thinkin' is this is the best M.C.
That can you can find
I shine like some moon through the pine
Yo and even if you were wine I'd still stay dope up with my line
Well, if you general brealbre? Then roll with the style the
Dirty smokin' cali green leaf till I die B
Leave me alone when I'm chillin' in my home
Yo, I'm smooth like a schwin' and I shine like the chrome
Of it's fender, remember this microphone defender
Return your shit to sender 'cause no one wants to hear it
Yo your lyrics' are weak and yes your spirits meek
And you're an ignorant mother fucker, yes, it shows when you speak
Your wicked disappointment, your rhymes need some ointment
The crowd at your shows always laughin' and pointin'
Leave and blew it my boy has been groovin'
And I'm still back stage just smokin' and boozin'
Confusin' the sets, save the best for my choosin'
I'm choosin' the rest so you're loosin'
Well, don't forget about the down and dirty southern cali flow
Just open the melody and let the rhythm go
I'm hoofin' up the track just like a bouncin' antelope
And soften up your skoal just like a ripened cantaloupe
Because the west coast knows how to kill it
Yo and y'all know when it's time to feel it
Yo, we make it right
So we up all night yo, until it's tight, until it's tight
A bohemian rhapsody, these syllables after me

With lyrical chastity, and verbally blaster me
The illest we have to be, with musical masterpiece
So come on and clap with me, so come on and clap with me

So come on and clap with me
Just come on and clap with me
So come on and clap with me
Yo, just come on and clap with me
Once upon a time in the neighborhood
There was a little dirty boy that was up to no good
He had a chip in his tooth and a mic in his hand
He had a dirty ass head from the beach and the sand
He said I just got out of the water
And I'm late for school I asked dirty to skip and he said, that's cool
So we went to the liquor store, got ourselves some magnum
Rollin down the street ya you know we brown bagged them
With the 50's on top and the 20's on bottom
Said we rollin' through my hood ya you know we got 'em
Sucker M.C.s wanna battle me but that's okay
I tell 'em don't fuck around because we don't play
I sang rock out with my cock out I got balls of steel
Hear me clankin' down the street like a bag of beer
Said the dance off session gonna start right here
Dirty B grab the wheel 'cause I can't steer
You got 20 inch rims and they spinin' when you stop
Said I don't give a fuck, kill it when the beat drops
'Cause that's what I respect to all you knuckle heads and derelicts
Just jammin' down the sound with the syllables and intellect
Maybe not the intellect but syllables are clean
And I leave you in the desert with an empty canteen
While I'd be rippin' Trojan and in the gallapagoes
And I'd be pickin' foes like id be pickin' the fro
And all you chicken head hos that come to pick at my shows
You got to go

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