Rampage

Jim Dooley

Slow down babyCause you can get rugged, tough, hard like P
Tried to play my man but you couldn't touch me
You faggot, no comp' rapper on a quest
To get your head flown boy, you must be loc' on sess
Cause many often wonder is M.D. paid
You're God damn right punk, stay outta my way
Cause I clock G's while you clock Z's
And I don't smoke crack, I smoke MC's
So pick up a pen, cop a squat, and take note
A rapper suffered from bleedin, sprains and slit throats
Cause my style, deadly psychopath schizophrenic
A rapper choke like a carburetor, freeze up and panic
Cause I clock pesos, don't sell llello
'Nother word for cocaine mi amigo
That's Spanish, terminology for friend
Now sit back and ride my bozack as I send
Bass funk, with beats that thump
For speakers and amps, cold lined up in my trunk
My system's crankin my headlights are blinkin
Brothers ridin my tip L, at the same time thinkin DAMN
How could a brother be so nice?
Cause I'm the capital, P-E twice, M-D-E twice
I choose to squeeze, some choose to fight
I like to write but then again some bite
And while you was bangin on tables;
I was bangin Snow White P!Slow down babyThe Ripper, the master, the overlordian'
Playing MC's like a old accordion
I get the inspiration from unnecessary station
Them sayin I was vacationin'
You can't quote with your weaker throat
Tryin to sneak a peek at how I freak the notes
Major MC's become minor B-flats
So retire the mic, get your chains and your bats
Here's your chance to advance, get in your stance
I shoot the holster off your cowboy pants
Pure entertainment, tonight's your arraignment
You're guilty - face down on the pavement!
No holds barred, it's time to get scarred
You and your squad better praise the real God

The undertaker, droppin' thunder on fakers
When it comes to lyrics I'm as freaky as Seka
So lay the mic down slow and careful
Cause mine is fully loaded and I got another handful
A clip to slip in and start rippin'
Divin' and dippin' and givin punks a whippin' (aww shit)
Just in case you wanna go a few rounds or so
I'm down so that you clowns'll know
Me gettin burnt or hurt won't be tolerated
I got rhymes up the huh forget it I'm constipated L!Slow down babyWhen I come around homeboy, watch your nugget
A master on the beatdown, my style's rugged
When I attack the microphone, close the zone
Rap sees danger, can't roam
Security's packed and wall to wall can't fall
A rap tank is full so I can't stall
My microphone is filled with premium
Any whack MC that flexes, I'm creamin' him
Not with lotion, bust the motion
Flotation when I rock on the mic, I'm like coastin'
I'm unique, fatigued at my peak you still seek
A style cause yours extra weak
New method, to rip the stage at my age
And get loose and kick, like Bruce in a rage
I'm on a rampageSlow down baby

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/