

Issawn

Tonedeff

V1 (16)

Slack fucks, back it up, Act rough, smash cups/
Crack thumbs Catch a lump, The mad rush anthem
Jab Guts, Slap Cuffs on hands of strapped thugs/
Flap Gums, Tap their Mug, Catch slugs? Bad luck/
Clap guns? I've had enough, Stack ones? Pass the buck/
Amped, Son? Examine the last punk who's trap's shut/
Wack chumps, & fags duck, in the back of a packed club/
We stand front, snatch em, and vanish once the cab comes/
Fast Love? Shag sluts, ass hump, stab muffs/
Women grab studs, show em upper class Tantra/
Now Dance dumb, have fun, I'll rap till I collapse lungs/
Chickens flash juggs if you wanna have your man sprung/
Dash, crush in the fashion of Mack trucks, that's crunk,
Leave your hat spun, bash drums, after the band's done/
You're trapped, stuck, throw a mass tantrum! You can't front/
We bout to light it up, tell em where you snagged the match from.V2 (24)
Monstrous, stompin shit, without the risk of consequence/
Watch it kid, outta respect, learn how to use your common sense/
Rockin it, shock your system out with this atomic kick/
Ominous, sound that picks you up to put you down again/
Dominiant, confident, troopin, on without a hitch/
The QN slaughterhouse 5 like Kurt Vonnegut/
Ironic, is it not a bit? You cocky pricks, wanna bitch?
You must've lost your noodles like you dropped a pasta dish/
Preposterous! Shout at kids, blockin 'em with a hockey stick/
Your fosse click, gets sent back to the dot com, with lots of hits/
It's obvious, geologists with documents, have proven that we're toppling/
The continents by the amount we're hopping and/
We're proud of it! I'll Allow the crowd to vent/
Hip-Hop to politics! No matter what the topic is, we're squashing it!/
The clock is set! Tick-tick-tock It's about to get/
Brolic, yet, we always got ya gawkin in astonishment!Break:
Tear this bitch down right now.V3 (16)
I got the lethal lingo - with a street flow, to keep more/
People eagerly breathing, fiending for the repeat dose/
But there be no sequel, or cheap clone of the team known/
As Deac, Kno, Elite, Tone and beats grown by Domingo/
From the East Coast to Reno, We swing bows and Meet hoes/

With freak jones, and leaves holes so they're wide enough for free throws/
Now, Reach throats, squeez hold, but freeze though, police hope/
You do something illegal - like deal coke - you seen blow?
Like Deep snow, we shut em down - Peaceful/
Bring your pea coats, if you thinking to drink more, with the chug of a steamboat/
Wanna beef, yo? You bleed, so, don't leave home with clean clothes/
We "Plink!" Bones, like fink Joe Pesci's role in Casino/
My speech holds diesel! Heats coal, Please don't/
Sleep, or your bound to wake up screaming with your sheets soaked/
Fuck a c-note, this here's free show/
Cause tonight, we're all millionaires, like the ATM machines broke!

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