Reanimation

Distimia

It's the gift, uh-huh
Here to give your mortal mind a lift, uh-huh
Mack rap verbally pimp, uh-huh
Lace another rhythm with my signature
The gift, uh-huh
It's the chief, uh-huh
Tearing up the drum and bringing heat, uh-huh
Block shock, thunderous beats, uh-huh
Blazing on your local ghetto street corner
The chief, uh-huh
Eyes in my mind, pulse signs in my rhymes
Lines are inclined shine, dine in my shrine
Warring time, mortifying, sauna flying lines
Borderline Einstein, horrifying times
Ordered like slaughter fights for the fight-type
Sure to strike, pouring like water might, I
Smoke like a sack of that northern light hype
Swerving off a nitro ice-cold quarter pint
Saw the bright light, rappers caught a night-night
Bona fide nice ice, Dolomite type
Sorta like Border Heights, what a sight, yipes
Showing motherfuckers how to hold a mic right
Photo light images Yoda might bite
Soldier-like stripes, word to Spike, build a vice is
Photo volt bright light, hold the funk inside
Glowing like solar kites, sho ya right quite
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Beats to the rhythm, rock raps in the day
Feast on adrenaline, master the way
I'm the verbal hunter going after my prey

They Running for the highest mountain yelling out, "Mayday"
G-A-B, the great annihilator of the way they
Be all on sacred scepter jocking, like a Pele
Soccer ball, kick 'em all, drop 'em in the Bay say
Fatter than your nigga Albert yelling, "Hey, hey, hey"
Putting on apprentices like Brandy did Ray J
Shutting down your business like 15-80K day
If you ain't efficient you'll be all up in a melee
G-A-B'll bring the richness of the sun into your gray day
Take your AK, put it in a little tray
Lay it underneath the surface of the earth and let it stay way
Out of sight and mind so you can focus on your time in climbing
Rhyming, hey that beat like grime and shining be my pay day
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Slick-slippery, quick ripping these, shift physically
Drift with a kick kicking me
Hickory dickory, emcees are sick of me
Zen trickery, get the gist, sent wizardry
Split-lickety, spit it could be lit
Like this, into me, it is a secret
Emcees pretend to be kin to the gift
I'm mentally shitting the wisdom of centuries
Wit, go on like a centipede's length
Rappers want flames, man, I injure these shrimps
Skew 'em on the barb' with some hickory chips
I'm a level higher than the intermediate
Rappers, I don't care about your gender, descent
Background, police records, history, rent
Unpaid evictions, charge penalties sent
Merciless in battle leaving enemies bent, it's the gift
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