Cheezit Terrorist

Blackalicious

Fee fi fo fum, I smell the blood of a rapper that's wack
as a matter of fact, I smack a back of the style, jackets are now
mellow minced, defeatin the mental
And become Gentle as Ben, but then they stibble and dribble
and bend like a pencil
The only utensil I got, is brain power
And you know it's essential I rock, I rain showers
sleet snow and raise hella eyebrows with my styles
You're wondering how wild
When what where, made ladies so horny
they can't even be showin they butt bare
Look up there, beside the birds the planets the hawk
the rappers who talk the mo' shit
I'm makin em walk the plank they stank I'm takin they rank
they tossed tiddlewinks I'm playin em like that game
I'm gunnin and rackin and packin em up
and I'm runnin this here rap thang
Main, you wanna go to war, I'll take you
I physically break you, when I break through
I'm makin you fake crew, you made a mistake fool

I hate you MC's, I'll grate you like cheese
I may choose to squeeze, my pencil
And write out a couple of rhymes
Whoooooaaaa, whooa my goodness!!!
Are we slaughterin, is this just slaughter MC night?
Or somethin man, what is this?
Is this all the aggression you ever had?
How many MC's must get ripped, before By says don't flip with the Gift
You know? That's what I'm talkin bout
How many MC's must get dismissed
Before somebody says, don't trip with the Gift
laughter
You know, it's all good
KP and SloganMasters in the house, the Cheezit Terrorist
And we chillin at 90.3 we got thirteen minutes left
And then we got Brenda Short, and her records

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