

**Sammy Kershaw F/ Lorrie Morgan****"4:30 AM"**

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(Anonymous)

Why don't you get the fuck back to your seat cuz I don't like you!

(Slug)

Hey Spawn tell me a joke  
Hahahahaha  
Hey yo Spawn, what you doing?  
Hahahaha!

(Slug)

I sever heads just to sharpen my skills  
Zoom in on braids like a John Carpenter kills  
Surprise, that's the element, your confidence is delicate  
Never recuperates, I leave your mutant sell of it  
Break the victim down to a jelly consistency  
The brain twisted spits, now tell me who gets with me  
I felt they were listening and the smell of fear amps me  
Sweet tooth, room full of candy wrappers, I get antsy  
Mission activated, attention captivated  
Vocals ring bring the so-called king unstages  
assassinated  
You're nice, where you from?  
That's the question I ask  
Distraction got struck pull their heart out their ass  
To blast this nuclear, when the crew appears  
So sheek shelter, the only helpful advice  
Is that you should steer clear of the exits  
I take reps and make messes  
Broken, when the spot closes we're off to breakfast  
Invested breath, skills, adrenaline  
Refill the guth into my hut to build with the pentagon  
From Henipen to Lexington the first section conquered  
Laid seeds in the soil, preeped to props and on'em???

(Spawn)

It's 4:30 AM, do you know where your head's at?  
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It's 4:30 AM, do you know where your head's at?

(Slug)

Can't expect everyone to see shit the way I see it  
Can't expect anyone to be dope the way I be it  
So be it, atmospherly stew like sunbeams  
To snap you like a bungee when the Sayers takes the  
country  
Hungry, and this emptyness makes me grumpy  
Take an emcee, stuff him between some bread cheese  
and lunch me  
It's just a snack, rely on Ant to thrust a track  
Into the mind as I slip behind the whack and crush his  
back  
Must react, if we don't we have no work  
So I stomp them, let a steam remove remains upon the  
astroturf  
Now who's eager? To be made a believer?  
It wakes the dead when I shake a rival's head until his  
teeth hurt  
Need jerk, when I yank your brain into a beaver  
And melt the weak channels in your receiver  
You need to keep your beaver in your pants  
Fuck your leisure and your plans  
I wear a Van Halen T-shirt  
Bust a stance and crush your plans  
It's all inside the flows balance, we figure well  
Your style has the personality of a speak????  
You need development to reach the plateau I'm at  
So take a fat step back so I don't mistake you as a bat

(Spawn)

It's 4:30 AM, do you know where your head's at?  
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It's 4:30 AM, do you know where your head's at?  
It's 4:30 AM, do you know where your head's at?

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