

Silkk The Shocker F/ C-Murder

"Double Back"

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[Chorus: repeat 2X]

Double back, bubble back, relax
Sip the cognac, watch us chop wax like axe
The team leaders, palm readers, mind readers
To yolk MC's we be the, egg beaters (yo)

[Silver Synth]

Behold, the title holding trophy grip
Assess internet access as computer chip
Concentrating, on computating, calculating
what's crammable, plus acclaimable, vintage flow
be understandable, yet untameable, a wild thing
Bumping, triple jumping, the heartbeat rhymeologist
Steady pumping, compelling, propelling
Accelerate like excelling, or gasoline
I puzzle into wordplay for MC's in my mezzanine
Lyrics exquisite, I mean fine cuisine
With a slip of the pen, the track get hot like cayenne
And amped like armageddeon, shreddin, water
treaddin
Insect MC beheadin, the lotus eater
Watch the leader, publish thought like mind reader
With linguistic intermix like egg beater, be the
chariotier, future and yesteryear here
World premier, relay rhyme like Paul Revere
The trickle down theory in your stratosphere
Plus the Einstein theory by Shakespeare in your ear

[Chorus] - 1/2

[- unknown -]

I part the crowd like the Red Sea, the deadly poisonous
rap medley
Feds wanna behead me, allege me to be the criminal
What, subliminal crimes, handled with rhymes
Fortified, with iron and minerals
Street lockin from heat glock and reach prize
to state of mind, object of the rhyme, pried from the
time
Drop it on your mind, men'll explode
What plot unfold, like a glock unload

Yeah paint a fatal picture, story untold
Jewelry and gold, you can catch me tourin the globe
With Moet, do this here, shit as far as it go
Got to be more to gettin this, than cars and clothes
Bars and hoes, only for glory, God and grove
Mob shit, key in the ignition, car explode
To the break of day, real niggaz is gon' make away
Trapped in this game for a minute 'til we can break
away

[Chorus]

[Ice Oscillator]

If you can catch me, you could be me, try and see me
I'll blind ya
They'll never find ya, I clap hot caps from behind ya
It's a cold world that's wet so my slugs burn when they
enter
Hit your major arteries, you're startin me to feel this
Ice the Oscillator, gangland hood, the realest
My bulletholes look like funnels, stuck the {?} pen in
the Tunnel
For some get real, nigga whattup, fuck that
Word to God, if you fuck my whole crew bucks back
And set the shit off, rock the clip off, knock your bitch
off
Get the Hennessy, screw the lid off, and drink
Suck and fuck 'til my fuckin dick sit off
And eat the pussy like I'm tryin to lick the fuckin clit off

Yo, yo, yo

[Chorus] - repeat to fade

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