

## **Sway & Tech f/ Crooked I**

### **"Hit The Deck - Outro"**

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Let loose on 'em, yea, let loose on 'em  
Hit the Deck. Crooked I and King Tech

(Crooked I)

I spit impossible rhymes, full of philosophical lines  
My phenomenal shine, is leaving everyone of your  
opticals blind  
Run you over when it's Apocalypse time  
Half nigga, half feral like Optimus Prime  
Cockin' this nine to pop ya  
Permanent disfigurement  
Have you rocking half a mask like the phantom of the  
opera  
My three is how fast I drop ya  
Walk fast, that bothers the speed they clock to  
Hatchet, acid, delivery chopped ya  
You thought you had a win here  
Like watching porno flicks with six chicks  
I'm the hardest nigga in here  
Straps under you here, we blast like every night's new  
year  
Seribal hemispheres get blue here  
No need to cuss and fuss, just  
Hop out of the bushes scratched up from the brush ya  
bust  
I make the angriest athiest praise me, if not  
He's feeling the simultaneous pain of a shot  
And the shank in his pancreas, maybe it's my  
instantaneous clots  
The craziest nigga couldn't face me if an alien gave  
him his thoughts  
Us kamikazees regulate  
I strap a bomb under my trench coach  
And hug you 'till it detonates  
I was brainwashed by NWA and BDP  
I'm the year two-thousand versin of the D.O.C  
When Crooked I spot these fake clicks  
They better be able to dodge bullets like the Matrix, I  
take six  
I'm so ominent, it's in dominant, improminent, hip-hop  
conglomerate

On this continent I'm BOMBING IT

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