

WWE

"Basic Thugonomics"

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So, you think you're untouchable?

Word life, this is basic thugonomics
This is ba-basic thugomoics
Word life
I'm untouchable, but I'm forcin' you to feel me"
Word life, this is base
Basic thugo, thugo, thugonomics
Word life
I'm untouchable, but I'm forcin' you to feel me

Whether fightin', or spittin', my discipline is unforgiven
Got you backin' up, in a defensive position
An ass-kickin' anthem, heavyweight or bantam
Holdin' camps for ransom, the microphone phantom

Teams hit the floor, this the new fight joint
Like a broken needle kid, you missin' the point
We dominate your conference with offense that's no
nonsense
My theme song hits, get your reinforcements

We strike quick with hard kicks, duckin' ice picks
Bare-knuckle men through fight pits, beat you lifeless
Never survive this, get forget like Alzheimer's
Two-face rappers, walk away with four shiners

The raw rhymer, turnin' legends to old-timers
My incisor's like a viper, bitin' through your one-liners
New deadman inc.and we about to make you famous
Takin' over earth and still kickin' in Uranus

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You ain't advanced enough to process potential

phonetical concepts
The objects are foreign, like blot tests
Sponsored sex, a complex, regardless of your finesse
Or your fitness, it's the condition of business

Your lame vision of a underground, physical image
You're underneath to undermine your whole, typical
image
With the precision of percentages and the collision of
sedatives
Poetry, beats, and mics we untouchable

Like righteous sluts with no crevices
Streets unite, we rock right over dumber beats
Yo' cats couldn't come this hot niggas in the summer
heat
Forget two takes, kill y'all birds the first time

Yo' best shit ain't, worthy of my filler or worst rhymes
I'm better than nice, check the veteran stripes
Leave you beside yourself with fear, I kill you, and bury
you twice
Despite the cover of night, trackin' your flight

Like guerilla warfare, where the grass is dense
Approachin' me is a quick way to get referred to in the
past tense
Dead that, when the light to mic is on
The crowd is dead like the intermission when you on
the titantron

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