

The Bad Seed

"100 Bars"

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Yeah!!! That's the beat right there.
I'm about to black out with 100 bars on some
professional shit.
So don't try this at home, yo.

Yo, yo, yo
My style of rhymin is ancient like Aztecs and Mayans
Because I recognize its all about timin
Me and my freestyle alliance practicin African voodoo
science
In front of 20 ft. bonfires lookin skyward
Calculating May 5, 2000 the nine planets'll be in
alignment
The arrival of the prophet in the cockpit
Of a starship the size of the Hale-Bopp comet
With mercury ion rockets
And a big ass "Canibus comin soon" poster on the side
of it
I'm known geographically and intergalactically
That's why I got extraterrestrials that wanna battle me
They even tried kidnappin me
And they would've snatched me
If their craft didn't get trapped in the Earth's gravity
Engines stalled and failed. Crashed into a farmer's
field
And that's really what caused Roswell
Undercover operatives workin for COM 12
Disguised as a nigga signed with a record deal
Lyrically I'm off scale
So all hail or get tossed towards Hell, whatever y'all
feel
Briusin niggas, confusin niggas like Chip Fu from the
Fu-Schnickens
Hit you with nuclear cruiser missiles
Hear the wild wolf growl
Styles stockpiled for miles from the ground to the
clouds
Wack niggas wanna be down but its not allowed
Interrupt the cipher unannounced and you'll get
punched in the mouth
With the southpaw southern fist

I'll bust your shit. Swell your lip and get the Bubba
shrimp
Back the tougher shit. What a wimp
You giant Goliath. Niggas get shot with a rubber sling
I'm an experiment gone bad.
My brainwaves on an encephalograph show that I'm
stark ravin mad
Your whole scientific staff'll get killed in a nuclear blast
When I throw the formula stashed in my hand
Flammable liquids in the lab explode
And you get stabbed with all the flyin glass
Trained to blow up commercial aircrafts
Trained in chemical weapons class
Just to see how long a nigga's breath'll last
I put him in a leather mask
Spray his ass with a can of pepper gas
Then watch him grab his neck and gag
Watch the nigga choke to death as I laugh
"You wanna battle?" is the type of question you should
never ask
Nigga, pick a tougher task. See who the fuck'll last
Whoever lose'll get a solderin iron up the ass
You need to recognize
My hand is quicker than the eye
Quicker than the 5 speed Jamiroquai drives
A lifespan longer than 9 lives. Infinite rhymes that can't
die
A nigga with a divine mind
I dedicate this to the wise. Dedicate it to dames
Dividin myself into 100 ten times
You can't deny the offerin's an offer
Flows that glow with aurora's the spark of light
Water fly like a saucer
With the torque of a Porsche
Murder a million MCs then autograph all of their coffins
Been gettin it on since I been born and I'm a live long
And I'm a be gettin it on till I'm gone
Look at all the stages I been on. All the songs that I spit
on
I took an oath to rip everything I get on
A nigga like me should have Carpal Tunnel syndromes
In the wristbones from grippin microphones this long
I'm just a small fish in a big pond
And gets pissed off whenever I gets picked on
Nigga try to flip and get flipped on
My army march a million strong
Like the nation of Islam with suede timbs on
Extremely hostile
Fully armed troops dressed in frog suits and night
vision goggles
A lyrical lynch mob

Shittin on niggas drawn to a hideous form with horns
and a mink on
Duckin down low like Vietnam fightin the Vietcong
Screamin "incomin" when I see a bomb
Speak to your leader. Surrender your arms
You need about a million more soldiers to even the
odds
Plus 800,000 to even consider a war
And 200,000 more to even look hard
You better drop your flag and withdraw
My cavalry charge accompanied by a blizzard of
wicked metaphors
And smash y'all. Attach y'all to the back of my horse
And drag y'all across the motherfuckin asphalt
9 out of 10 niggas is frauds
You know who you are always talkin about your bitches
and your cars
Your jewelry and your girls. It's like we from two
different worlds
You motherfuckers really get on my nerves
Cause I'm beyond them, on some futuristic cyborg shit
I close my eyes when I freestyle so I could read what
picture crossed in
Then raise my arms like a sorcerer and cast a fireball
into the audience
To barbecue your brain organs
You feel like you've been thrown in a microwave oven
I flame broil suckers and hit 'em with some more shit
The raw shit. Call my reinforcements, the four
horsemen
Take a big piece of chalk and draw a line across the
stage pulpit
I dare a motherfucker to cross it
I'll even call my man Black Rob at two in the mornin
Tell him it's important. Tell him to call Sting 3 way and
sing a chorus
Break your camcorders so you motherfuckers can't
record it
Call the news, I'll kill your reporters
Start a lawsuit, I'll kill your lawyers
Fuck the soft shit and fuck what y'all think
My album's gold cause my album was the bomb, shit
Y'all niggas got your ass beat cause you asked for it
Got your picture taken and put in a tabloid
Cause you a man and you like to touch little boys
You fuck 'em in the ass, then you give 'em cash for it
That's some sick shit homeboy
A hundred years ago, they'd have took you to see
Sigmund Freud
You fraudulent. Feminine. Fragile as a feather is
With an effortless blow, I'll crack your whole skeleton

You think you're better than Canibus, where's the
evidence?
You got below average intelligence and poor
penmanship
You need to shut the fuck up cause your breath stink
Take fifty cents and purchase a pack of peppermints
Battlin me you never win
You thought you was the only nigga that could sneak a
weapon in?
Nigga guess again
Cause after I'm finished wreckin this shit
I'm a drink a whole bottle of Henney and go fuck a
lesbian

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