

## Youngbloodz F/ Lil Jon, Ludacris, Bonecrusher, Jer "Check My Vernacular"

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[Maestro Fresh Wes]

My rhymes are stinging like a killer bee  
My cometition are wishing that killing me  
For my similies and solioquies  
They garbage, but I'm the largest  
With the hardest style to disregard  
Check your cartridge, on your tech-niques  
Wes speaks, over the best beats  
Fresh until the next week  
I'm outlandish, I bandage the mic bringing anguish  
I'm sturdy when doing the dirty language  
And, it's time for me to raise my velocity  
No animosity, my philosophy's a prophecy  
Hipocracy, no that's the cameleon  
How old are you evein(?), they rhyiming like comedians  
They make me laugh because they styles are  
scrupulous  
My body is my temple, my brain is my nucleus  
A great exapmle of Allah's perfection  
You're moving to the sounds of my fat selection  
I'm simply spectacular, smooth like an Acura  
Yo, check my vernacular

You need to devote more...  
Time into rhyiming if you're hoping for dope scores of  
folklore  
Creating a style and grow with it  
Be prolific don't solicit  
Be scientific, if it's wack go visit  
The department of labour, the harder flavour  
You can't savour, do rap a favour be a waver  
In the front row, where the stunts go  
'Cause the chumps know you can't flow  
Plus, you're too gun ho  
My rhymes are bionic, far from demonic  
My phonics are supersonic, you're embryonic  
I spray you like insecticide or pesticide  
Let's decide the best vibe for Wes to ride  
Cool, time for me to synchronize bass and highs (for  
my enterprise)  
I'm simply spectacular, smooth like an Acura

Yo, check my vernacular

Break it down

I'm smoother than the Philharmonics with my killer  
phonics  
And melodic, shit I'm fucking iller than a fill of chornic  
On the streets I'm known, I use a sheet to bone  
On the sneak, Dominique Simone  
Thicker than Hagan Dasz, bitches stop and pause  
Niggas stocking yards, pass me cars, I'm knocking  
jaws  
Biter flee, recognizing me  
Wrecking title gee, 'cause inside of me is like Hepatitis  
B  
I'm a whirlwind, fireballs I'm hurling and swirling  
No discussion, I'm crushing walls of Berlin  
Seen many thesauruses, pleny clitoruses  
Ready to score with this, huh, packing punch like Terry  
Norrises

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