

## Z-Man

### "Z-Mutiny"

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[Z-Man]

I don't think so rellie  
z-dazzle, goin' mutiny  
dont y'all get in his way  
whassup man  
he's lethal, bustin through people  
get the fuck up out of his way

[Z-Man]

give me that motherfuckin black n mild  
so I can break it in half  
and shove it up your ass  
with a genuine draft  
and ride off on a giraffe  
till its legs is broke  
sit alongside of the bay and watch those legs float  
wit' a message in a bottle but instead its a rap  
you tryna battle?  
recieve this one and float me one back  
you thinkin too slow, you got peanut butter for brains  
my brain look like terrain wit' airplane stains and it  
don't stop  
'til my veins poesy strange  
I'm always in your pockets, my name is spare change  
no tattoos, my skin is too, pretty for that shit  
my permanent paint job and california accent is catchy  
the flow is like jumpin onboard  
there ain't enough o's in smooth to describe the art  
a frisco vet, please don't give me an acapela  
i'll explode like a seagull that swallowed and alka-  
seltzer  
and touch anything beauty queen, I might behave  
you can stick your newborn inside the microwave  
Cause I'm afraid it might grow up to be the shit  
and right now, I'm satellite and I refuse to quit

[Z-Man - chorus]

z-dazzle goin' mutiny  
dont y'all get in his way  
you know I'm sayin  
he's lethal bustin through people

get the fuck up out of his way  
whassup man

[Z-Man]

never tuckin' chains, duckin' flames  
go ahead and bust, your freestyle sucks  
I ain't buyin' you lunch plus  
me and - the only project cats you kick it with  
yea you are what you eat and you eatin chicken shit  
call me the last letter (last letter) full of anthrax  
relaxed on a bed of thumbtacks  
here to catch these halos  
fallin outa heaven I'm collectin by the box though  
cut the circle and then stretch 'em, errrie  
sharpen up the edges and sell 'em as horns  
to anybody rappin, so the cycle goes on  
I'm in your project, pissin on your bellbottoms  
helss got 'em 20 below, in the chokehold  
- - -, don't you tell on em, memorize your freestyle trick  
I need a new drug to help me forget you exist  
you was crooked as I and I'm fly, I might fall out the sky  
and so high, full on heron, I might just die  
keepin it natural, pushin sheep, wine out the pisshole  
and never do a show wit'out a bottle of cisco  
catch me, I'm mutiny  
lookin serious writing these lyrics  
about rappers and dead bodies, I'm holdin they spirits  
waitin on payment

[Z-Man - chorus]

[Z-Man]

hangin the wax, relaxin is not on the agenda  
you can tell what the eat jack its on the antenna  
not even trippin, you do a lot of squashin and squishin  
the ghost of every roach still haunts your kitchen  
ooh shit, shoulda been on lyricist lounge  
but no, you cats is stuck in the tree afraid to get down  
wit' z  
scrapin' off your makeup bro  
you don't need caffine, I'm the wakeup show  
without the sways and the techs, I'm respected on  
beats  
I used to be stiff on a beat now I'm sick on a beat  
recording at elon's, call it the 12th planet  
moss laced the track and I'm z-dazzle god damnit

[Z-Man - chorus]

