

MattDaMutt**"Coins"**

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yea i'm feelin amplified, hey hermaphrodites,

pass the mic, all you fuckin swag packin wack rappers,
leave you plastic faggots wrapped with gauze, that's
swag backwards,
half as nice, as the antichrist in afterlife,
i'll have your life, flashed in front your eyes like
it's your last chapter,

half cracker, smack ya back in time, to the black and
white,
saddle rides then laugh at ya, just cuz ima mad
bastard,
rap master, fuckin wanna beef? come and talk with me,
i'll knock you out, like the whole row of kanye's bottom
teeth,

i'll leave you screamin "stop it please", but i aint fuckin
finished yet,
i'll kick ya head, till you loose all higher form of
intellect,
never lost a fight, yo i whipped mr miyagi's ass,
but then he got pissed, and kicked me out of his karate
class,

"sorry man", didn't mean it, yo this fuckin kids a
genius,
spit the schemes that make you turn ya head, like a
bitches cleavage,
since i was just swimmin semen shot out of a jizzin
penis,
i already had divine traits, like a twin of jesus,

mixed with an inner demon, cold heart bitter freezin,
shivering just like the fuckin winter season see,
cuz i believe in me achievin, dreamin big, is what i
condone,
the future of your life's unknown, and in my mind i
know that it'd be,

kinda dope if i could hold a microphone and be a

rapper,
give the type of shows where hos just like to blow my
penis after,
but cuz i strive for those unlikely goals and dreams to
grab,
you think my mind i slow like i've been diagnosed
cerebral cancer?

"what the fuck?" ima give it all i got with raps,
like olympic sprinters haulin ass to finish quickest on
the track,
until i'm sittin on the top and rippin with a flawless
craft,
not for dollars but to win the witnesses' applaudin
claps,

so be quiet and listen while the messiah of rhyme and
rhythm,
lights the mic on fire by spittin a lightning strike within
it,
and if you think im wack you prolly got a broken dome,
or maybe your retarded with an extra pair of
chromosomes,

kinda like them butt fucking young money butt
buddies,

when i come by, they just run from me, cuz they aint,
hard as can be, shit they far from my league,
they hardly mcs, the carter 3's bars are just weak,

you fuckin faggots are the reason rap is partly
deceased,
with a faltering beat in its muthafuckin heart cuz its
weak,
you targeting retarded teens with your marketing
schemes,
so that you have they hearts decieved to buy your
garbage released,

but i worked hard for this, a lot of trouble it took,
my first bars were written in a colorin book,
and i aint claimin i was fuckin raised up in the hood,
i live in forests eatin squirrels takin dumps in the
woods,

but if you wanna come and battle me, i'll kill you wack
mcs,
even when my brain lags and freezes off to many
grams of weed,
high past saturn's rings, eye balls japanese,

glassed nd pink, bars still clean like lysol, can't you see?

ima be the platinum status rappin king,
and still keep it real, with out changing just to match
the scene,
and make a couple stacks of gs, cuz im real,
and you can't deny skill that grabs you damn attention
like a dire shrill fire drill,

but most rappers weak as hell mang,
so i suspect that they have a single cell brain,
wack mcs rankin in the back, like a tail gate,
but when i spit, i can feel the wrath and heat of hell
raised,

cuz i go hard, like a dude jackin off,
plus i go far, like an astronaut blastin off,
all you other mother fuckers over hyped like
macintosh,
i'll serve you like some nutter butters or just like some
apple sauce,

cuz i'm sick as fuck, yeah im on a different level,
while you spit your simple stuff, i just killed this
instrumental,
but nobodys seeing how i got this big potential,
so i'm pissed enough to grab a pencil, swing and stab
it in ya temple,

pissed enough to make the fuckin weapon spray so
step away,
unless you crave pain, cuz my tempers raised but
anyways,
i'm just being me, like they fuckin recomended aye,
back when i was just a little kid sittin in second grade.

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