

7grani

"Bound To Slay"

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{The clown rappers I'm bound to slay}
{The clown rappers I'm bound to slay}
(Yo)
{The clown rappers I'm bound to slay}
{The clown rappers I'm bound to slay}

[Verse One]

Yo, yo, yo a crackhead leaves skilled ????? for dead
Dumb cats think I pack lead from the bloodshed
Words spread, and vocals (?) intent
Patriarch making marks like the stroke of a pen
Choking men by the throat my quotes will leave you
spellbound
Like Devon Madison kid, I can't be held down
Esoteric stab a crew who's slang is fresh
Mass Avenue to Bangladesh
So check, I blast back at you my aim's the best
So now, crashed attitudes have laid to rest
Discouraging younster's idols straight taking titles
Shane's ripping rivals with some rap in his recitals
I paint imagery kid stunning pictures
Back in eighty-six I tried to mix like (?)
Now I hit ya', split ya', cuz' you a crab cat
I'm God of the Snake, I pee on a lab rat
Back in your cage you paging off the stage
I'm a sage sent to invade this day and age
I wreck the mic quickly
Lung taking with me
I'm "Bound To Slay"
Throw down my round with Shane {Thud}

[Chorus]

We make tracks like this, for cats who like the mic
ripped
The titan, holding mics with a vice grip
I'm "Bound To Slay" crab rappers in the end
{You see what happened in my last fight friend aight'
then}

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[Verse Two]

A yo guess who's swooping in wings spread
I rain dread from Boston to Hempstead
Its "The Soul Purpose", mission control's nervous
Pitiful attempts get drenched by the verses
That's my best nothing less the merciless
I'm murderous, murdering tracks you all deserving this
backslap
For coming at me with the whack rap
You act whack
You look whack
You talk whack
You be whack
You speak whack
Forget about your drop and save your feet back
You calling me a backpacker that's propostruous
I'll put your legs around thousand dollar watches
My raps play thugs like Tommy Cartel
I rhyme well, ran imperial like Diamond (?)
I can tell your afraid to face me
My verbals come off the wall like Kevin Spacy
And I defeat camps into MC stamps
Under street lamps your working off of free-amps
The beat champs, I call you out like subpoena
And have you on your knees like a nine-dingle-venor
A biting demeanor, yeah these cats want to rap alike
You weak parasites
I freak beats when I speak heat like Farenheight
Don't ever grab the mic
Cats that bite need a meat-eaters appetite

[Chorus]

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