

8 Foot Sativa

"B-Rabbit Vs. Marv One"

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[Marv One]

yo yo, y'all ready for death
y'all ready for death
Marv One that fat killer the game done got ugly, lets go
yo, yo, I seen your type before you think you tough,
battle you
Bitch you lucky I don't beat you up
In the game of fist ta cups I'll push your face back
You cant fuck with me man, really just face facts
As he verses me in a battle of ten rounds
Its like Mugsey Boags tryin to bark with Jim Brown
Dumb fuck, Im the type to run a muck, come in the club
drunk as fuck
Slap your bitch who even buck, when I walk?..
Tell your a man the size of a ?D and D dof?
Tryin to take his ear off, like Mike Tyse,
I quite nice on fight nights, man why he poppin shit
I thought he liked life, apparently not
I'm incoherently hot, and if I meant you
may your parents be shot
You im a bad boy, bitch is on, I pull 44?s in your chest
Like your freak mahone

[B-Rabbit]

Hold on faggot, let me turn this mic on
Don't think for a minute I'm goin let you get away with
that song
Cause that shit was wack, you aint spittin
As a matter of fact all of that shit was written,
And I no it wasn't for me, shorely, you really must
adore me,
Now look it,
Yo, you might as well move to Italy
Look this guy is ripped (skkkrr) literally
You don't wanna really fuck wit this,
On this microphone, I aint Snuffalupagus
But I don't give a fuck, you can keep that dope rap
And turn your ass back around with your fuckin skull
cap,

and your bandana or your mother fuckin sweat band
fuckin with this style you?re a dead man,
I aint redman but on this mic yo I pick it up,
Just like your face when I had to rip it up,
You don?t wanna see me,
Yo, uh

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