

Beast 1333

"113 Bars"

Visit "[113 Bars](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Get my mothafuckin hands on this beat (yea nigga)
Told ya I was gonna get my hands on this beat (word
up)
Ima go 113 bars (that's some real hiphop shit)
113 (lets go!)
Ima fighta not a lover
Yous a lover not a fighta
But I'm getting real slow
Like I had a lot of spida bites
Now throw your hands up
Like your caught up in a stickup
Ima go over your head like jordan in a game of pickup
And it aint really my fault that I stay tigha than a kuchi
And it aint really my fault that I spit rawer than some
sushi
But I think it is my fault, already grown I know the dilly
Cause I'm street, and I touch more white than the name
billy
More white than the name sally, they call cause they
want brittany
I hit em with more baggies, I keep em along with me
If something is wrong with me, let the devil be my
keepa
When we die they put us in a box, like a pair of
sneaka's
And I think it's time for you to hang it up, just like a celly
And I been down route 46, and hit up all the telly's
And did my share of dirt, prolly smoked a ton of weed
And I never hit the brakes just like the movie Speed
What is it that these people need, do they want me to
destroy it.
When I walk into a room, people rise like
unemployment
I'm a vision to behold, when I'm rippin up the stage
Spreadin myself out for the bread like a glob of
mayonnaise
If we was still makin records, then I prolly melt wax
And I'm similiar to yolk fiends, that make mad tracks
Listen I am what you lack, listen to my whole collection
Throw my sticker on your car like if you wanna pass
inspection
Rep your local mc's, even though the dimes a dozen

Cause, some of them are sick like, when you fuck your
cousin

First it wasn't, then it wasn't, yo this is isn't what you
think

I do this involuntarily like when you blink

Ima drop a couple clues, let me drop a couple hints

Can't you see I am unique? like a set of fingerprints

Aint nobody got my style, aint nobody got my krunk

They get sloppy for a while, they get sloppy like a cunt

I'll be waitin out in front, like if you want to call the taxi

Why you ridin shotgun? when we treat you like the
backseat

Absorb just like a maxi, ima leave you in the hudson

And I do this for my children, sock a cop on Teddy

Ruxpin

Come up against a masta! its, rappin is my expertise

I think I got it fucked up, like a hooka's knees

Look at them and look at me, is there really any
competition?

Calmly I'll defuse the situation like a bomb technician

I'm the type of person that demands your respect

Your skull is empty inside like a muslim is low tech

I'll suffocate a python, a poisonback, a rattlesnake

A force, I gotta softa side, my little daughter rattle
shake

Daddy playin pattycake, I'm lethal as a ginsu

You goin have a rough time with all the shit I been
through

My tongue is bleedin cause my words emerge as sharp
as razors

Cyanide drives through the vents and kills the
neighbors

My pen is vader saber, chop you up and kill you later

Time is ticking like the gutter, and peter pan's the
alligator

I'm the procrastinator, chopped off my umbilical

Because of paranoia that my mom would take my
lyrical

It's gonna take a miracle for me to get to the top

All I gotta do is keep it movin, like the hands on the
clock

And spit nonstop, and show you what I got inside

Stay curtious, stay fresh like bodies with formaldehyde

Use the left lobe and right lobe and coordinate my
brain

Like I've fallen out of favor and fame, like corey haim

This a game and I just won it man

I grab the ball and bat it man

I came here to exterminate it, take you out like taliban

So tell me what's the matter man, your off point like
weathermen

Everybody got they top 10 like david letterman
Ima be up in your top 10, all in your graces
And you never find me in the same spot, like different
places
Lets take this back to basics you could learn a couple
lessons
I'm about to buck shots, like if I rolled with smith and
wesson
I'm sharin all your confessions, feel the pressure you
goin make it
While I'm layin the tele with your baby mama naked
Had to splack it, I can't take it, disrespect it, well you're
bein
There's an energy that happens when 2 people are
agreein
And lets agree to disagree and walk the path until it
splits
But the path will leave scars in you like silicone tits
Blandy like a bowl of grits, man I know I got the vision
And I'm livin high definition like a television
Take it all or take a smidgeon, and I will go down in
history
I swear to god I'll give my life for this and claim for
victory
I'm crackin in like hickory, I'm hotter than a fireplace
The first place that I smoked a blunt was probably a
firescape
Beast from the north isn't a chump I go hard
And I probably got more power in my voice than your
god
Say b. e. a s t
B. e. a s t
B. e. a s t
(The mark of the beast is being put on the gums of an
infant)

Visit [Beast 1333](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.