

Beyonce

"Fineline"

Visit "[Fineline](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

As mighty a man you've ever seen spitting
amphetamine
To all those congested, my job raw never clean
A toast to the uncontested, murderer
I mark your mistake as soon as you're rested, I heard
of ya
Unattended for your double breasted, bulletproof vest
kid
Time is money well invested, burning your press kit
Ya HEARD me, chic-ow, bless it and pass it leftwards
Never protested, the living proof manifested
Winkled your face, you better press it, menage-a-trois
Put fist in thought, care to test it? If you dare I swear
Motionless, I throw a stare in the eyes of uncommon
wise soldier
Rise like Nike, shares growing older, snowball effect to
snow boulder
Show you love nigga, I'm iceberg with cold shoulder
No time for your manic, hazy rap attack partner
Future darker than black permanent black... marker
I part you from existence on solid ground
Only twelve inch but long distance, that's all I frown
Is we hell or is we heaven bound?
I bomb the target without a sound
Ain't nobody left around to hear it
Sipping fine wine and spirits on summer days
By the South Pacific, cheddar sound better when
specific
Cheddar look better when explicit
Cheddar get better when statistics rise like mama
biscuits
All 'n all, I'm having fun with gun
'Cause world gave me gun, detonate the shells with my
tongue
I'm young plus I'm well hung
Threat to intellect, also got your prize possession
sprung
I ride the fine line between yours and mine, check the
design
Bre-X cats wondering how rhyme turn sublime
Peep my shines coming from behind

I'm high beaming in your rear view
Get out the left lane before I steer through
Ain't even trying to hear you
It was important 'til you thought I feared you
Naw, loosen your bra bitch
Never rest until I'm considered, the high exalted
Even then I'll still be bitter, sipping on malted
Through the speech, now it's time to walk it
This potent poet, who only spit it if he know it
Prefer to show it to the hardest of hip hop artist
If you a baby making baby, finish what you started and
be a MAN
God damn, resort to plan B sucking on candy
For delicate procedure, no time for leisure
The fine line between yours and mine, freak the design
Bre-X cats wondering how rhyme turn sublime
Peep my shines coming from behind
I'm high beaming in your rear view, CRASH
I stop at nothing, my blood stream pumping nothing
but utter destruction
Towards cats I describe in this rap production
Suffering from mal concussions, you head bangers
catching repercussion
First impression had you lustin'
Now the name Saukrates ringing more than bells
Double X-L quote me well, bringing the future
Double X-L quite me well, bringing the future
You want to poise for the portrait, here let me shoot you

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