

Bishop Lamont

"Ya Losing"

Visit "[Ya Losing](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Yeah, right here, what up bitches?

Mr. Sandman

War machine prototype

Now when I'm on the mic talking, I'm Richard Ramirez

Night stalker, it's a murder when I make an appearance

Skywalker, light saber, rhymes

Say goodnight Taladega track, rapper recites sick of

Poltergeist, head spinner

Great rapper, even better swimmer

Gotta beat this industry, it's shark week, what's for
dinner?

See my fin up, you know I'm 'bout to eat with the
condiments

So much blood on the beach, the paramedics are
vomiting

Supreme architect, sick as a porn set

I feel so alone, my competition isn't born yet

Sworn to the code, I follow till I'm finito

These hoes wanna swallow my sword like it's a freak
show

He's pretty good, I could beat him in my sleep though

I learned to play the game, you still need a fucking
cheat code

So please don't try to play me this week, bro

You never gonna make it like Shaq shooting a freak, yo

It's been a problem, these rapper cockroaches is
getting boiled

My clique is sick of you freshman, your milk is spoiled

I'm 'bout to break, take up your space and your real
estate

Kick you out your own shit, smash up your dinner plates

I'm probably tipping with my visions from the third eye

See your aura before a conversation, I'm so high

Enough to quantum leap the time space continuum

And hypnotize tomorrow with the motion of my
pendulum

My spine is the crossing, it's lost in disguises

Ballet of appalls, brainwashed of his desires

I'm a phantom, and it costs, you'd better step with
some caution
Every round leads to brain cell loss and sheer
exhaustion
I'm gravity, Christ, competition unseen
Bitch pointed out a vic and seen a fucked up team
In a blink I moved a whoop, they had a fucked up
queen
Like a scene from a movie with a fucked up theme

We don't believe in competition
Just more volunteers for the fucking mortician
See, we the victors bitch and you're the victims
My gun brr the stick, I'm ha ha, ha, stick 'em
See, we the real deal, we really killed bin Laden
Obama called us when that nigga got a problem
Nigga we the champs, y'all fools ain't balling

Okay, it's time to get down
Run up, rob you fools, I want my money right now
Like Jay Z Wentworth, like a jackal '
Go ahead, call for backup, them niggas is desert
I'm a wizard bitch, you can't defeat me
Workaholic alcoholic, just as seen on TV
So brolic anabolic, sprinkle steroids on my salad
Up and around the world, whole chest get blown
I drink muscle milk and sniff, it don't explode
Turn up vengeance on you niggas, give you lumps and
stitches
You stupid sons of bitches
My sick style's relentless, my rhyme scheme is endless
You fucked up tremendous
And a wife beater, I'll flip over your two seater
Maybe I should smoke you with my 9 mm
I told you niggas, nice and smooth, we run this here,
ain't shit you can do
Yo expendables, kill your own, that's cruel
The technique is hazardous, rising like Lazarus
Meet the constant nigga like Jesus of that Nazareth
Scripture, over shadowy clip that
No Instagram, I can paint the picture
Literature, banana clips I spit to cheer
We major MC's, you men mature

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