

Cunninlynguists "616 Rewind"

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F/ Celph Titled, Tonedeff, Sankofa, Kashal-Tee

[Tonedeff]

Yo, first I sprinkle a verse
By adding words, rhymes
Flippin 'em in to a verse with lines
Then ima hit 'em with spurts rhyme
Then ima let 'em and split 'em and add
Feelin my wrath
Vagrantly depart to the south so dirty
You want to be given a bath
Give it a pathological lie to deny that i'm nice
And the truth hurts (ow)
Wearin' a blue shirt the best buy for the price
Figure, Six guys this live and nice on the mic
So don't dis us because we're fly,
Until you try what it's like
I'm liable to Slice at these emcee bastards
Leaving their knees fractured
Needing every peice of their teeth re-crafted
So don't front 'cause I see past it
You're harmless like wolverines adamantium claws
Yhen they're retracted
The scene's backlit,
It seems static will wreck havoc
A beat battered, I'll keep rappin'
In leech battle, will dreams shatter
In three nanoseconds (damn)
Count your patients, One step to Tonedeff
You're gone in sixty seconds like (?)

[Deacon]

I leave you riddled with basics
There's no need for complexity
To be beside myself I need God next to me
Just kiddin'
I'm patially bull shittin'
The only time I take a loss pussy's
When I lose kittens
I pitch shit past 'ya, no matter who's hittin
I don't capsize boats,
But I got crews flippin'

You catch it? the message needs analisation
Step and your boys will be pouring alcoholic libations
I flew sick, you knew this
I'll puzzle you, doofus
Fuck mental
In the stretcher went to a physical (?)
It will take more than stick to rearrange it then change
it
His language is so strange, how do we contain it?
You can't just paint this stuff up on a canvas
You have to get the mental picture
To begin to understand this
So, Anticipate defeat, the league chances
Got your head speared, no lances
Doing burial dances

[sankofa]

I'm giving fourty like with speech imediments
Each other threat causes confident cats to stutter,
Step caught a reputation down the sides:
Too raw for porn, over thugs plates of leftovers
Eat some warm dober
Thug's a jaded wordsmith,
Bleeding ghost writer's pen's dry
Get on other rapper's nerves
Corroding dead, dried sweat
My thoughts connect,
You ought to step away fast,
It seems I gave cats "hey that's the way they make
tracks"
Forget a scare, I'm not generous, kid
Split society of (?) and indented in (?)
Independently sick
And this is just a quick reminder
If you was to pick a cipher
Then I'll bust you quick to write yours
All expenses paid, no questions asked
I'll get open in the cut and we can flesh your gash
Cat, relax. Man, the last time I took a breather
I got brought up on murder charges
Start the crooked finger

[Kno]

Yo, I'm not the fella to rifF with
I'm so nice Mr. Rogers sued my ass
For copyright infringement
Roll with henchemen,
Not, we'll switch heads
From wanna be thugs to 24/7 bitch kids
I'll bring my shitlist
Production cat bastards want jiggy beats

For some whack rappers
Switch my style if you're tryin' to play,
My beats will maraud your ass any time of day
Like deuce Biggalow's chick,
Whenever your through shit
People see you and holler "That's one huge bitch!"
Shit, when the lp rolls out
The source will be forced to make the quotables
A three page fold-out
No doubt, I'm fed up with this whack shit
Ballin the next gear, wearing abercrombie and fitch
Any Jiggy rapper acting fly on the radio
Is getting pulled out of rotation like a firestone radial

[Kashal Tee]

Catch the Tee, the hip hop scene I fathom
Let people know my windows belt keeps my jeans from
sagging
It seems I'm raggin,
But feinds been naggin' for my next release
I apply all my expertise to make them extra pleased
Even get the breaks to peace that make a brother feel
this
All I do is independent, like double helix
Selling out? well I hope that you're not
But how else could you afford all the soap that you
drop?
You can't fuck wit me, yo, kid look
Taking me out aint no small feat, you aint bigfoot
You should know who the heck you're facing
'cause my reputation leaves no room for speculation
Now battle, is that you want to do?
What kind of man are you?
I bet you sit on (?)
Now that it's proven to you
You got a lot to tell us,
Them got your heart skipping beats like accapellas

[Celph-titled]

I'll be a mythic author,
Writing poems on tombstones
Celph-titled and, nigga you couldn't bring home
I'm at the crib wit your bitch givin' me slow head
Split you up in more peices than when Jesus broke
bread
My click is raw, be prepared when you meet us
Kill an unborn baby and you still couldn't de-fetus (ooh)
I don't battle with rhymes,
I'd rather battle with nines
Instead of using my mind
I'd rather shatter your spine

The closest you ever came to a punch line,
Was waiting for refreshments at the prom in '89
I'm super crafty, super nasty, super rhaspy
Fuckin' bitches with super asscheeks
You fucking faggots don't know the wrong speeches
I beat a bitch untill her whole body turns to cleavage
I'm hyperactive so I drink decaffeinated
My left jab is fatal, leave your cats decapitated!

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