

Abducted

"Pyromaniac"

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phone ringing....
little girl:Monkey, where you at monkey??

[Chorus]
And what, rappers wanna bring it to me
Oh, you the nicest M.C. (so so so so so)
And what, yeah we known to blow up the spot
Pyromaniac burning, blazing hot

Why would you wanna challenge a guy like me, if you
not clever (come on)
Dirtier than prostitutes sweating in hot weather
Load the spot better, than you ever will in your life
Wanna kill and get trife, go ahead i'm just gone chill
with your wife
The only one that'll get you in a cyph and flex style
So the next child that try to front then, I'ma pull your x-
files
That been, hidden for years, and released when i came
Mics burn when i flame, forever remain with my name
Deliver high pain like migraine headaches and all
You got the nerve to stand before me, pretend you
were bald
Must be pathetic to brawl, with a M.C. lord, holding a
sword
I'ma a human microphone and my lyrics the vocal cord

You's a fisher price king only eligible to battle
Saddle ????
Who are you to hassle, the epidemy of master tackle
Buck forty nine plus tax to the max, corrision shample
Atista Gamble, don't tangle with hard to handle
Beats lyrical warfare up the river paddle your tackle
Gotta a neon shadow, but still confusing like a pharoah
????split through travels i unravel

[Chorus]

Now has led you would have it, my microphone grab
habit
Excels over the plab attics, have 'em like (dag nam it)

They pissed off, like missing the toilet
They plans are foiled, like there wrapped in tin paper
Burned like skin scrapper, the top kid i'll take ya
I'm type nice, so think twice, before you hold the device
Lyrics shot are precise, had you blind like three mice
Me shise, must of had me mistaken for the wrong stick
That kids cut short, I'm the one with the long cord and
the track one
i smack one rhyme at a time like kids acting up
Wild like the fight in a club, heads is backing up
In the meantime, disinfect your filth club, filled with
clean rhyme
Gleam like sheam shine, take you ass home to better
dream mine
Be out of town from sundown, this block ain't big
enough for the both of us
No chance of redemption like broken trust
Who tops the bottle cap and seal the whole three liter
bottle
Rap and let it go flat
Off duty officers in brooklyn better go strap...

Don't knock me cuz you can't rock me
Lyrically i'm cocky, you sloppy, refer to me as copy
Malaki, of your style, i make a mockery of, cuz you
choppy
You should specialize in copies like kinkos
Don't ass think yo, you beat me (hahahahaha) i don't
think so
Not even mulitplied by cinco, you blink bro
Now catch your career going down the sink yo
My hits rock you dicks nots so run and get cops
I rip shops and flip hot fat like hitchcock
Outta space i roll with spock, lyrically kill herbs,
When i spill verbs, direct actors like speilberg,
Run with ill hearse (son whose the arsonists) hit me off
yo
I slice nerds and melt icebergs in the north pole
You soft so, really awful, i rock the grand flow
You need magic like Orlando, or must be rambo,
multiplied by commando
Tell your whole crew, i told you i wreck those too
Make you vocal, i'm express you local, call and sick,
you saw my click
Your chances are steal it and straws and sticks

[Chorus]

