

Dishwalla "Angels And Devils"

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When I rap competition perform disappearing acts
I jam suckers like smuckers
My squad is funky like a six pack of motherfuckers
With conversation my creations will collider nations into
confrontation
Competition couldn't stand a chance

I'll wear you out like if I had one pair of pants
Murray emphasizes cadarac poetry meaning you blind
bats can't see me
Throughout my career I rip year to year successfully
Dragging debris in my vicinity

My symbol is the sickle like the Grim Reaper
My style is the greatest invention since the speaker
A psychopath with a knife in my voice
The lyrical homicidal madman is top choice

The scene I scope it first because I'm homophobic
And then I rope-a-dope it
And dominate the sight of bloody red
Coming out my head leaving rappers brain dead
I come through like pow and bam
Reppin' like the lyrical version of Shazaam
(Damn)
When I rap

Watch your mouth better yet hold your tongue
Believe what I say, when I rap
Watch your mouth better yet hold your tongue
Believe what I say, when I rap

When I rap one hand can't clap
So lets squash the beef cook it and we all can get fat
Try to swallow a line and you'll find
I'm one hard act to follow rollow in my vibe

Swallow and your throat will explode
Sending you through schizophrenic episodes
My style is so well off on it's own
I leave it unattended and go see my dog about a bone

When I'm the microphone
(When I rap)
And biting niggas will leave it alone
I go together with the rhythm like a sentence and some
verbs
And herbs so check out every word

I kicked a verse for Father Time
He put the world on pause cause I fucked his head up
with a rhyme
Diamond studded rough and rugged fuck it
There's nothing left for you to do now but kick the
bucket

Dummy who's ever flipping
It better be a round-off back hand-spring Arabian
summy
With more concentration then an acrobat
When I rap

Watch your mouth better yet hold your tongue
Believe what I say, when I rap

When I kick the gift of gab and I'm grim and I'll be
goddamned
If any mortal or immortal man can withstand
And not slam my jams 'cause I take them on a trip
And flip the script with legit manuscripts

Fogging up the mic with real legit compounds
Mass mic Murray man flurries in the bound
Oh, what the fuck you fall and can't get up when I erupt
So pass the buck 'cause you've been struck

With the will I learn will I burn
Off carbon dioxide 'cause I'm on the flip side
Word conductor emcee destructor
Millions be saying, "That Murray's a motherfucker!"

I dip and dive punch you in your eye
In a battle if you try to lie in your rhymes when we
socialize
I'm beating Mother Nature down to her knees
While making more papers than trees

You can't be serious that's impossible
I leave niggas laid up in the hospital
Bandaged from head to toe and hat
My shit is intact when I rap

Watch your mouth better yet hold your tongue

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