

## **Encore**

### **"Filthy"**

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f/ Evidence, DJ Babu

\*Cuts by Babu\*

(Babu)

"Filthy--filthy from the ground on up" 3x

"Filthy--filthy--filthy...."

[Encore]

Steppin into the next level

Adjacent to my main man leavin, uneven steps  
amongst the wasteland

Kickin joints wit ballpoint pestilance

Takin you through desolate zones through mic-phones

Wit eyes like that of a cyclone

So it don't matter what pad you write on

You better off writin home to ma duke

? jukes loose like the sweetness

On some devious, distinguished, verbally leaders

[Evidence]

Yo treat us wit respect, for the boomerang effect

Is in existence, don't get too close, I keep my distance

For instance, the clones who put out records for loanes

And gassed egos and videos rhymin on phones

Blue and yellow make green, I'm airtight

I write wit stocktips on black with off-white

I'm good wit secrets, but with lighters, never trust us

Cat who's forever in debt to Blockbusters

"Filthy--filthy from the ground on up"

"Encore" "Evidence, I'm bringin it"

"Filthy--filthy from the ground on up"

"When I plan my attack, I doubt that you're ready"

[Evidence]

Yo sharp and precise, lays a gamma knife

To your mental, fry your brain to vegetables for Emeril

Cook the hot shit, armlock the drop kick

The Main Event, Work The Angles, Triple Optic

Evidence, more loosely to the fact

Yo I gain self-esteem by esteemable acts

Back wit the axe and slice tracks in half

Slice you down to particles, yo shorty get the mask

Feel the bass at your feet, the treble's at your face

Yo Kurt EQ's the midrange to wrap around your waist

Yo I blow spots hot, volcano lava rock

Molten metal, full throttle on the pedal \*tires screech\*

Create, hit the weed, cover a song

Is how rappers get down and the reason shit is wrong

Those who wear out the welcome to me are straight  
femmes

Name is Evidence in English, and Evidence in French

I get filthy!

"Filthy from the ground on up"

"Evidence" "Encore" "I keep it hotter than the next"

"Filthy--filthy from the ground on up"

"When I plan my attack, I doubt that you're ready"

"Filthy from the gr-gr-ground on up"

"Encore" "Wit Evidence and Babs"

"Filthy--filthy from the ground on up"

"When I plan my attack, I doubt that you're ready"

[Encore]

Wit each speed I explore

Still shitty metaphore an'

'Core keeps you open like a door picked wit the  
porchnit

Bring like heroes to courtship, I treat it like a cheap trick

Hit it raw dog, abort the kids whotry to be us

See this camp ain't for you champ

Don't understand how these rappers get pampered

By lazy asses, abusin food stamps

They tossin shit like loose scrap

Dudes rap, get used once, too many bodies on em,  
anybody want em?

If so, come in, plummet to the depths of the soul

No evidence of rest, impressin, it's just breath control

Black as coal, ?provomic? diamond studded

See verbally I'm iced down, too heavy and sharp to lug  
it

Yo hip hop's lone Rolling Stone wit no known offspring  
so

Biters are bastards, clones get played like The Masters

After bust, then Ev hook the beat up

To Roc like Raida, wit face that's E'd up

To futuristic gift of glock lasers, top praises as I set it

Dunns get stunned wit phonetics

Hey, my taser weighs a ton

(Yo make em run, 'Core)

What for, they'd rather stand still

They still feel the cold kill up in 6-1-thrill, still filthy

"Filthy from the ground on up"

"When I plan my attack, I doubt that you're ready"

\*both lines 3x\*

"Filthy from the ground on up" \*cut and scratched to  
end\*

"Yeah baby, yeah" [Austin Powers]

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