

## Body Count

### "Missing Link"

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Hey, I gotta start it  
MCs be carted, off  
ya soft  
Dinosaur Jr. will flood that's gotta warn ya  
what in blazes  
hey this, is phat  
weigh this  
I'll portray this  
photographs, so the last laugh  
is mine, you're behind  
for the mind, and for the soul  
that's how I roll  
now I hold  
the mic, with my life  
depended on it  
I'm doin' ya bond it  
my non gets warts it  
and I'm apart from wackness  
I'm separated  
did you like how I spiked the ball  
despite ya all  
you could come bite a small portion  
there's more in the vault  
halt, have a malt  
I alta your brain patterens  
yet it's my fault  
I sustain phatter blends  
of words heard, stampede  
damn he the speech with two teach?

[CHORUS:]

"Just me, no simile, never flow simply, cause it was  
meant to be, the  
truth, the truth, and nothing but the truth, I tell it to the  
youth,  
propelling with the proof, in the puddin', wouldn't you  
like to know?  
Oh, no you didn't, my flows never quittin', and that's  
the truth, the  
mothephfuckin' truth my man."

I'm on the scrimmage  
waitin' for you phucking imitations  
and I'm not descriminating  
myself, when I'm making my wealth  
pure facts  
it's hard for me to endure wack MCs  
I lay my tracks with ease  
I'm tellin' you that Del is truth  
appelin' through your arteries  
you scar your knees  
bowing, praising, now when I phase in  
like Kitty Pride  
city wide  
confer to kick the rumor  
him admit he lies  
the truth will set you free  
when I upset MCs  
execute MCs  
I do my best to mute MCs  
all it takes is intelligence  
I'm great with embellishments  
they need a savior  
so Del is sent..

[CHORUS:]

"Yeah, the truth, the truth, the nothing but the truth, I  
tell it to  
the youth, propelling with the proof, in the puudin',  
wouldn't you  
like to know?, Oh, no you didn't, my flow is never  
quittin', and  
that's the truth, the motherphucking truth my man, the  
truth, the  
motherphucking truth, I'll punch you in your tooth, ass  
drop the roof,  
bitch..."

You know my attributes  
so don't act cute  
it's moot  
a closed casket  
the most massive  
fluff, just me  
no simile  
never flow simply  
cause it was meant to be  
never concluded  
sever your crew with  
microlazer surgery,  
I get Adam split up like atoms like the Molecule Man

now all of you stand  
like a congregation  
on the basement titric  
hip-hop  
not carin' sharin'  
tearin' Jones here in clones  
wearin' bones  
skeletons, your plasma is like gelatin  
and tell a friend  
who's developin'  
cause Del's intelligent...

[CHORUS:]

"Yeah, my lyrical technique, will make ya body freak,  
my lyrical  
technique, will make ya body tweak, my lyrical  
technique, will make  
ya body seek, the beaning, double-teaming, on your  
motherphuckin'  
brain. Yeah, see that hoe, too, yeah, bitch phuck  
it...slammin'."

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