

Fiona Apple

"Dreaded Fist"

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[Red One]

Dreaded fist from the Northwest...

First before my verse, make Boodah bless you
Because he blessed me, in form of smoke from a tree
With abilities to summon powers of the Dreaded Fist
As a lyricist, to the world as a terrorist
So from a distance, you see shrapnel and debris
And in an instant you've got to recognize it's me
Black Belt, afferent to the eighth degree
The champion is me, Red One
Because I be the, a veteran, me all veteran
I'm gettin' on with the knowledge
To make moves strong, and abolish
Terrorizing tracks like Gengis Kahn
We be the rawest, hardest from the Northwest Side,
dun
And that's, word to the uplifted fist of the dread, clear
Cutting emcees like McMillan and Blodell, so go tell
a friend, and so on and so on
The movement of this Dreaded Fist no longer will be
slept on

[Chorus, Red One]

Dreaded Fist of the Northwest
Gotta be cautious
How we exhibit our style to the people
Lethal doses leaves comatose hits
To match the Fist, there's no equal to this

[Misfit]

A way with words is chosen right to explain
Poetry in my motion, coasting
In and out of range, to maintain
I switch up the timing
Keep suprising, line by line
A continous jabbing unto you, into your pressure spot
I pinpoint with an index finger
Inject, to let the rhyme linger
Lyrically, do a number, in the ring
Physically, the champion of Welterweights in my

division and skill
Aging to get better, somehow, someway
Maybe this Dreaded Fist will meet it's match someday
So then I stay, and with my words I don't play
Though I fate, and patiently wait for made mistakes

"Flip back, get into a fighting position"

[Red One]

Slip me in the chamber
Cock it back, toss me instrumentals, and watch me bust
on that
They must (be) on crack, wanting they wigs split back
Cause we run this, and it's a well known fact
Never miss, all veteran and specialist
Messing with the best? Please, you can't handle this
It's too scandalist and dangerous for those trying to be
framing us
Enslave us, lining up our anuses and bust
But, I don't think so
Who the fuck you think this is?
It's the Rascal, Red One, baddest in this rap biz
Rap with the Misfit, I get the beats off of Kemo
Stay froze and oppose like we boys of Serrengettal
Rock like metal, plus we heavy on the pedal
The chosen, to rule over the bass and the treble
For those and, for those and those who be opposing
They scared cause they know we eat the mic like
erosion

[Chorus, Red One]

[Misfit]

We are the Dreaded Fist style lyricists
Once we start to kick the flows, continuous and
dangerous
To be facing us you see, easily pick apart, your
gameplan
It seems to me, you can't withstand the sting of the jab
I see the stagger, in your step, you cannot fool
A master of deception, expect the to fall
I'm going for the sternum, flexin'
Verbal skill, it is also an anatomical weapon
I hope I knock some, sense into ya
Coming way, pay attention to the rhymes that we say
Representing from this day forth, the Dreaded Fist
FitnRedi, on the mission

"Flip back, get into a fighting position"

"Put on a bulletproof, it'll bust your chest"

[Chorus, Red One]

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