

Fred Astaire

"Derelict Theme"

Visit "[Derelict Theme](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Kon Artis]

I damage your neck
With the butt of the tech
Vandalous sex
Cuttin' you ear to ear
With the razor of my Gillette
You couldn't get respect
If you was a captain or a cadet
Granddaddy, daddy, or uncle who's a Vietnam vet
I'll battle you 50 deep
Solo artist shocker dead beat
Derelicts on the loose
Wysin' like thugs outta prison with slugs
While y'all start screaming
Like grasses in a submission
(Lay down your pot to piss in)
Blow up the house you live in
Believe me, we greedy
And often you is easy
Your whole album cheesy
Because you got platinum artists on it
Don't make it hot
We steamroll with real niggas
And that's something that you not
I'm vampin what you got
Then setting up camp at your spot
Foiling your plot
Every rhyme that you jot
I rock to the six like musty twat
A dead corpses that been cut up
And left in abandoned lots
Ya, derelicts theme
Comparing your team
To ours is a fucked up dream
The shit I done seen
Has turned me to a scandalous fiend
Sticking your peeps for cream
Gators or boots, nigga, I'm crushing your dreams
As foul as it seems
Dismantling spleens til your whole clique's
Walking funny like handicapped juggling teams

I rumble with kings
More humble with seen
Until it's time for me to kill again
Sincerely yours, the Kon Artis

[Chorus]

Ay yo
Competition of none's such
Derelicts the one must
Let the guns bust
Brigade one trust
Untouched
Martyr a mic
Slaughter your life
Runnin avenue soldiers bitch
It's water and trife
Competition ain't none such
Derelicts the one must
Let the guns bust
It's Brigade one trust
Untouched
Martyr a mic
Slaughter your life
Runnin' avenue soldiers bitch
Smarter and trife

[Bizarre]

Who's the fat bastard
Rapping that mo' master
Snorting coke that's whiter than Casper
Better run faster
I can out-smoke all of you motherfuckers
And bitch I was born with asthma
Fuck life, I'd rather track Jack Daniels
Smoke weed and rape Cockerspaniels
A peeping Tom, nigga I need Ridalin
Fuck girls
Bitch I only date senior citizens
Your grandma, nigga I'm the one that vic'd her
Next time you rush me
You better be a little bit quicker
Run your streets in the house
And make full of malt liquor
I'm lettin' you throw the first blow
And bring ten of your toughest niggas
End ya year
Like the last day of December
(But did you rape that bitch?)
I was so drunk I can't remember
I used to be in a group
We had an argument who was the hottest

Now both them niggas is dead
And I roll as a solo artist

Chorus

[Kuniva]

Look bitch you stressed out
I divide these bullets equally among your crew
And give you five so you don't feel left out
Like red the hammer
I'm nailing niggas in they spleens
Just to make walking again a sympathetic dream
Energetic schemes
Rap vandal and dismantle
Tackle MC's and wax you
Like your rap name was Candle
Grabbing a mic with no handles
Leaving you dusty
Like walking the desert in old sandals
If you weeded or drunk
Keep your heat in your trunk
We beat you to lumps
Swell you up with permanent mumps
We dangerous playa
Cuffin' my chews
Spittin the phlegm out
Getting at you whether you coming out
Or you been out
You never exempt
From this murderous attempt
I'm telling you pimp
Undeniably you are a loss
Invincible, why you trying to be a mind boss
If the Kon Artis say it then it's done
With or without a gun
Eat a track and spit out a drum
Bust one
Trust none
Playing the game of death
Take your last breath
Til your last name is left

Chorus

Visit [Fred Astaire](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.