

Genitorturers

"The Genius Is Slammin'"

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What I'm about to flow on is so dope
The average hip hop fiend couldn't cope
Or explain my style because it's hard to define
So the fiend scratch and think and nod to the rhyme
That I lay down in a straight narrow path
While beats are just flowin' off a modern phonograph
Bass loud, high hats crisp and clear
That'll never let a weak mc interfere
Or bring about some technical difficulties
So I got prepared and I wrote these
Rhymes that just broke loose from the brain
Searching for dope beats on the same plane
For you to write new rhymes it is a must
But I come off with rhymes old as dust
Even as a speck of dust it existed
Ya got that?
Forget it, ya missed it

Chorus:
I'm slammin'
The genius is slammin'

You flip me on the mic, no way
That's me being played in april on the 1st day
Now who's a fool? what do you strive for?
Prime time juice on the box and fans galore
Forget it, cause you're not hype as they want you
With a maximum of 200 your rhymin' iq
Is 10, meaning thin, you'll never win
So erase that, I'm not gonna lose friend
I know you're gassed, ya charged, and kinda stuck up
But I define your challenge, a total fuck up
And it's critical, a crying shame
How many mc's challenge me, and die in vain
But you should've came with ya whole rap
Community, now where's your unity
Cause what I see right now is you and i
And you're too weak to stop me from doin' my
Damage, you know, type of body and fender
Nah!, not the same way I did brenda
But you had the audacity to step to me

Thinking you was butch cassidy and you could do me
How can you do me when you don't know me
And out of the hip hop styles ya couldn't show me
One style that may have damaged me
But that's something you'll never see

Chorus

M.c. means mic constructor I build
That have suckers running like what track and field
When I conduct please don't interrupt
With ya if's or and's or but's keep ya mouth shut
The hip hop style that I own is highly known
To bury mc's like a dog bury bones
And in this field, yo, I'm extraordinary
And in my back yard there's a cemetary
Of meek mc's who try to speak
And off preak technique that's soft and very weak
Yet they still have the heart to ask me to duel
And like mr. t, I pity the fool
The shining chrome microphone is the device
That makes me stand out like men amongst mice
So respond to the stimuli then fly
Straight to the sky on a natural high
Cause I'm the transmitter buck wild and bitter
Thinking about tryingme then reconsider
Cause if it sounds tempting boy, I'll double dare you
And speaking of your low life, I won't spare you
Cause you're not worthy of the mercy
Anyway the genius is just blood thirsty
So take a lickin' as the plot thickens
While ya head is took, ya be pumping like a chicken
How can you ever say my style was played
When my rhymes be chopping shit like a switchblade

Chorus

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