

Hush

"My Introduction"

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[Verse 1]

I put my life in this game and vow to always kill it
Make you fuckin' feel it with blood I gotta spill it fo real
I got a lifeline of thoughts up in a lifetime
A beast of burned words that blazed just at the right
time
Heat my own fury and spwak with no worries
No trial fuck a judge I can be my own jury
In no hurry I'm raw like porn scenes with no rubbers
And I'll rip like torn seams
A cursed bastard on wax and not plastic
I'm here to shake the world with a verse that's so
drastic
Go spastic with mics beats and sarcastic speech
Til your parents scream "That kids fanastic!"
Went from the corners in hoods with slurred words
40 bottles, white girls in suburbs
Now I'm here to reach out to anyone with an ear
The new Johnny's in town I'm taking over this year

[Chorus]

(I'd like to make an introduction)
Motherfuckers!
(I'd like to make an introduction)
(I'd like to make an introduction)
It's the H-U-S-H
(I'd like to make an introduction)
Bitch ass!
(I'd like to make an introduction)
(I'd like to make an introduction)
It's the H-U-S-H

[Verse 2]

I'm a Detroit villian from streets
Where the cold can crush a man in just 0 degrees and
emcees
Can spit sick flows in the streets to sick beats
We get dirty in the D and the dirt is discreet
Rub me the wrong way and I'll spark and cry pain
I'm a walking matchstick with gasoline in my veins
I'm known to shape shift on rappers that ain't shit

Put ya best emcee to the test he can't spit
I come from the city of boom and Motown
When the shit gets thick in the D it goes down
It's like the wild wild west and I'm Billy the Kid
Silly of kids to go against the realest at this
For all you other motherfuckers with nerve can get
served
Or come to a fork in the road and don't swerve
Bitch I'm not your friend this time you met your maker
Not the butcher, the baker or the candlestick maker

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

I can't stand it when I think to much
Sick thoughts drive me drunk and I start to lose touch
My thoughts turn into homicidal poetry
Every time I murda these beats you gotta know it's me
I step to the plate with a sense of hip-hop
Cuz it's kill or be killed when I rhyme or get shot
Don't talk the talk if you can't walk the walk
Cuz you know phony rappers get outlined in chalk
I'm the king of my own throne the rest are bystanders
Walking the streets with a grudge like Highlanders
Where I'm from the smiles are just frowns
And when the guns go up somebody comes down
Dark clouds cover my city all day
And the sun doesn't shine in the spots that we play
We rip mics and turn verse to presentation
So you can see in our world exactly what we facin'

[Chorus]

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