

## Insomnium

### "Let Me At Them"

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Yoyoyoyoyo! yo  
Is the niggaz ready for this son?  
Niggaz ain't ready for this ock  
One two whatcha wanna do (I'm gonna give it to em  
anyway though man)  
Peep the inspectah deck (you know they ain't ready for  
it)  
Lyrical threat  
Representing wu-tang  
Slang, ninety-five  
Hittin it live  
You know what time it is

Blessed with the art rhymes that's sharp like a circular  
saw  
Hit the floor like dorf, who wants the war  
Then slide by my, lyrical driveby  
Chops rush, making black hearts bust, plus knives they  
got  
When they rush, built like construction tools  
Crushing fools, in twos  
Forced dude to blast you out your fuckin shoes  
A south swap with the bombs I drop  
Plan a to terrorize you can't stop the plot  
Execution of an amateur, who dared to challenge the  
Clansman, holding a sword like excalibur  
Truth is my shield, show and prove I reveal  
Reality, a coldness the heart can feel  
Livin life where caps peel, and crack deals from nine to  
five  
But I survived in these hard times I nearly died  
Now I'm wanted by death I did escape  
Now it's thrown on a tape with those who can relate  
Still I wrap my face take a space in the staircase  
Hits takin place, yo god, watch the jakes  
Out of state court dates, chase me with the warrants  
For my insurance, switched names to michael lawrence  
The rebel, stomps through the slums I'm from  
Coming through with nuff niggaz, and nuff guns to  
bust son  
So read the article, lyrical assassin with the arsenal

Potential witnesses are incapable  
Of testifying, I won't be frying in the chair  
Plus the case closed, I won't be ever shackled, and  
safe clothes  
I make foes, exasperates then, I make friends  
Cause today's friends, show themselves as snakes in  
the end  
And if you fit the trend then protect ya neck  
Shaolin, ins, killa hill projects

No one on this earth, can hold me  
No one on this earth, can fool me  
No one on this earth, can grip the mic  
Like, i, do, nigga

You ever, feel, that you can  
Test me, you got to face the clan and  
Never, return to the mic again  
There's no one in the world

Let me at them! I blast off lyrics like a magnum  
Forty-four caliber, bustin mad holes in my challenger  
Tongue in your throat is swiss cheese  
The wild freestyler, wild like gene wilder  
Wu-tang killa bee aimed at your brain  
With my stinger, it stun your mind, when I bring ya  
Thirty-six chambers of anger, frustration  
For waiting, to let loose on the nation  
Far from commercial no need for no rehearsal  
Hit you from all angles then form a circle  
Go against the grain within close range  
When I slam, like onyx, come get some, that's a  
promise  
I'll represent, here's the evidence  
Science of mad murder plates I make sense  
My technique of speech is deep, like leviathan  
Hittin up your block with rhymes, like a firing  
Shooting for the platinum, then bring it back to  
The same place I got the gat from, let me at them!

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