

Intoxicated

"In This to Win This"

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Hook:

We in this to win this (x4)

Dip Dabba:

Abracadabra yes my rhymes stab

Ya soup ya like a spoon and like a hand just grab ya

My names Dip Dappa don't' spit saliva

Leave you wet like plasma leave you sick like ashma

I goet rave reviews like Knots Landing

MC's best to band in

I'm pullin' thoses tricks like Michael Landing

Cause I'm the lyrical lunitic

I'm lyrically sick spreadin' lyrical whip as I flip

As I begin to unleash leavin' rappers deceased

From the fece as I react like a beast and never cease

Cause niggas be basin' they don't know what they facin'

I'm strong as a mase (whoa) and or shall I say Jason

Cause backbones I rip on the niggas I flip on

The slip I dip then I'm swayze in my whip

Cause I'm a crazy motherfucker when it's time to flip

A track like a bitch you'll get slapped

Or a nigga you'll get clapped

I catch wreck and flex stap necks come test what's next?

Some sex no motherfuckers hittin' decks

Cause the man be frontin' on the bacon

Don't wanna take a scrappin'

From Dip Dab no your gladly mistakin'

I'm stronger than an ox rippin' MC's out the box

Your boots get rocked hops like Rodney King with the cops

So niggas stay neutral I drive you kuku

I don't know who souped you bit I'm bound to shoot you

Cause I'm straight on a mission

Destroying competition got mad ammunition

Sit back and just listen I got the woo wop the doo wop

The uzi makes the crew drop

And don't try to run cause the nine will make you stop

Or the mess I got the vest or the rifle for the test

Of the range nothings strange ain't shit gonna change

My name is Dip Dab not Dennis the Menace
Pass me the mic and I'm in this to win this

Hook:

My name is Big Tap and I'm in this to win this
My name is Dip Dab and I'm in this to win this
My name is Mic Lord and I'm in this to win this
The crew is called Da Dozens and we in this to win this

Big Tap:

I'm in this to win this happy like grimness
Punk MC's yo that ass will get finished
Got crazy lyrical ammo too hot to handle
I robbed your skills son just call me a vandell
I'm tired of all these weak ass rappers
And all these bitch ass crackers
I'm here to stay hyped and make you act up
You hear a flow?
Incredible or should I say inedgical
Since your rhymes hon just ain't near poetical
I got rhymes for days cool like Isacc Hayes
I got mad Lingo and yes I digs the Shadez
See slave with the candy Jack of Spades
And when I'm hungary yes I get that eatin' crave
You fuck with us your headed straight for your grave
Now cut your love son this ain't slave
Don't get out of line don't make me have to slap ya
You stupid motherfucker I breakus that backus (oh shit)
Your flow is garbage, go back to the swamp G
You wanna battle me son come on Chancey
I burn suckers yearn for their turns
Look like oil burn your scapel like a fucked up perm
With the burrly flow, girly's know, I rock the show
Son then I'm good to go
Then I'm out like Shout apon a new route
Ding ding ther goes round two of this battle bout
I stabbed you in the back and I made your ass shout
We carry cross and daggers that's what it's all about
Name is Big Tap society's menace
Pass me the mic and I'm in this to win this

Hook

Mic Lord:

Now I don't seem to sound like another motherfucker
I despies ass kissers so don't pucker my nucker
Sucker MC's get smacked speak the bomb that you rap
Motherfuck all you niggas who nap
Now I be livin' my life and I express to my best
On the job like Elliot Ness
Makin' crews call in distress

I rest my case based on how I get bass
And grab the mic lace the space and face and leave
'em all base
Now I doubt that a nigga wanna go all out
I find these fears wipe his tears leave a nigga singin'
Shaq
I beez who I am so who you?
And who you lookin' for don't label me hardcore
I rip out the core
Now shackles off your feet cause people wanna dance
(It's your last chance) make the crowd wet they pants
So look son fuckin' with this ML could fuck up your
dental
Wreck your mental, leave your crew setimental
Here we lay your style to rest two verses to your chest
Hurt your brain like bad sex
I guess this is what it comes to, who got the most crew?
True, But I'm true without my crew
So all y'all motherfuckers make room on my dick
Got the rawchy fuck-you-style like a porno flick
You can't show me don't know me so approach a nigga
slowly
I'm the Mic Lord so therefore the microphone is homie
The overlord of rhythm Smakin' niggas like Diggem
So pretend my friend I'm the victor in the end word life
I get's more stress then strife my tongue is sharp like a
knife
Get hype I'll bust your dome like it was right
Goodnight and good eveneng leaving the mic barley
breathing
MC's weezin' what the reason?
Breakin' backs and your knees in it's that season
Niggas catchin' wreck so don't front
Rip the mic to lttle pieces doin' niggas like a stunt
You ain't redt your ain't redt

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