

Jars Of Clay

"No Mercy"

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[VERSE 1: WC]

Concentration, a method I use to allude
Or confuse or remove a sucker away from my crew
No mercy, I'm givin no slack to those who wack
Flinch an inch and get beat with a bat
Now here's a mellow rhyme I slapped together a few
minutes ago
Pertainin to those who dissed the Low Pros
Kept us on hold, called us dead broke, yo
You know punk, I got the right to take your life on the
go
Cause you're a perpetrator, you ain't down, you're just
around
And by, you step off, punk, before you get beat down
Brutally dissed, not only mental, but physical
Brought face to face to the 5'10" lyrical
WC, now it feels, hey yo, check it
When you mention my name, think of a full metal jacket
Not mislead, I improvise and many buy it
But don't slip unless you wanna see a riot
Smile in my face, you're nothin but a backstabber
Roamin around sayin that I'm a weak rapper
To solo artists and crews and those who never heard of
me
I'm here to say that the W is givin no mercy

(He's got style
He's got grace
He's got humor
And he understands his format)

[VERSE 2: WC]

Picture flames steadily burnin in front of your dome
Intensity is growin and growin, the heat is gettin strong
You're trapped inside, have lost your breath
Lookin at death, cause on the Dub you slept
And overlooked the professional
But see, I kept comin, yo
Lyrics so fly that shoulda been on That's Incredible
Now why would a sucker wanna battle the Dub?
You're just a featherweight, or better yet a scrub

A snob, I dedicate, not perpetrate, get it straight
To you '89 rappers, y'all ain't all that great
Want a l, I meet your rhymes at the hip-hop shows
With styles that played out with Gladys Knight and the
afros
You ain't down, punk, you're not invited
You're jokin my rhymes, all you wanna do is bite it
Correspondin to my rap, the need to adapt
Comprehending to my English, I'm not talkin in
Japanese
Or Chinese, I'm speakin of a disease
Called 'perpetratin', you punk MC's
Yo, the W strikes like a sword, just rippin and shrippin
You phoney rappers in half, y'all be trippin
Like little women, feminine punks, you need to quit
I want the mic like a basehead want a hit
Versatility, ability makes it hard to step to me
Step off, you're soft, go face humility
Really see, you wanna be jocks of impurity
Step towards the Dub - aw man, that's stupidity
Mentality gotta be growin strong, stop gaggin me
Strategy: seek, destroy comp's a dead tragedy
Rhyme designer, I didn't climb to encline
Here's some old school stuff, y'all, to mess with your
mind
Like poison or Raid, but too bad, I don't spray no mo'
Now I throw grenades and carry .44's
Bro, you're too slow, hit the danceflo'
It's time for the W, wax and tax shows
Solo artists and crews and those of you who heard of
me
I'm here to say that the W is givin no mercy

(There is nothing abnormal about the way that he talks
He doesn't talk abnormally fast
He doesn't talk slow
He just talks to the people)

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