

Candi And The Backbeat

"The Plague"

Visit "[The Plague](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Yo, yo, yo (sick intentions)
Word up Yak Skywalker (sick intentions)
Balls (sick intentions)

(Verse 1)

I blast a page from thoughts cast away
Lettin off like a AK, equiped wit a full clip
but hollow tip bullets sent my finga on the trigga
sicka than tom green and a sinna god dressed as
Hitler
It's Yak the Ripper, pay your respects or get dealt wit
but I ain't playin witta full deck
Sort of a prodigy, emcees drop quietly
Found wit espestice in they nose after the autopsy
Yo don't get vexed cause your whore jocks me
Coppin pleas for detox tryinna xerox the raw copy
Step to the master and peace god it's over bee
If on an instrumental I see the bitch in you
Gimme a second and I'll tear out your ovaries
This is the code of the beat from the low key
scientist with the iron fist, who acts strange
Got a monkey in my lab witta virus that attacks brains
But I'm immune to it, see mine's polluted
to the point where sunnin kids ain't enough rappers get
executed
Few understand the character behind the music
let alone try to meet my skill halfway
I'll cremate your little rap in a ashtray
Yo to all you muh'fuckers feminine like ballet
Yo take this as I dictate the script
You wanna battle? Don't take the risk just bear witness
and listen to the God as he blaze the shit

(chorus)

Sick intentions (3x)

Leave most MC's lost in my sentence

..

Fuck a four five you know how I'm rollin
Trip six rock and leave the mic smokin
Balls caroded disease and unleashin the demons
poses your frame you stop breathin

till the air is pleasin but softly killin ya
No mercy god, you given up
Those who tested me before remain inferior
It makes you sick, the plague's in your area

(Berse 2)

I spit a verse and the earth tilts in all
cause I twist the sinister add a beautiful metaphor
Watch how I manipulate the raw, sing along or bring it
on
I write ya future till the ink is gone, word bond
Life is like grewed tech scenes, operation stress cream
Worn out Guess jeans, hope flow and joke cluts
A million and one kids rhyme
and they all tryna sound like gold fronts
but they all tarnish they all garbage
I'm so dope you should go into comatose
cause too much of the voice will lead to overdose
It's heartless consider the issue wit ya conscious
twice before my squadron strikes embalms the mic
causing conflict crucially, cause musically
you just can't take the abuse, the juice is loose like
Starburst
I flood ya brain witta million ball verse
and I demand your attention man
This is eons beyond your simple level of
comprehension mind bendin, I'm sendin,
infects ya straight to your cranium quick
It makes you sick, it makes you sick
Duns get lit like indiglo
It's Yak Ballz your neighborhoods Deuce Bigalow
I leave em breathless like death kiss under the
mistletoe
For real who think they seein me?
Better get a eye examination, so ill there is no
vaxination
It's like masterbatin when I take off
load of stress out on paper
Just play the drum track and I'll slaughter it
Hold up first let me snatch the M-I
like it was helpless still kiddie in the orphanage
and make the hottest act on ya label feel subordinate
Have your dome pourest ya mind singing my chorus
Fuck a audience gods like this muh'fuckers on some
shit
Yo it's about to pour just don't get caught in it
All you faggot deejay's, if you ain't got me on ya
playlist
Incorporate this, shit is dangerous, contagious
My voice effects your cranium quick, it makes ya sick

(chorus 1x)

Visit [Candi And The Backbeat](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.