

## **Cantrell Jerry**

### **"Trials and Tribulations"**

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Crib notes fell out of your pocket, speedwalking from  
lost battles  
Your soul fled the spot, but physical caught in shackles  
Poison in your apple, turn your princess to my mistress  
Verbal fitness landing where my fist is  
Your only witness was blinded with alert  
With the verse I make the world orbit in reverse  
You run fast when your eyes catch me taking off my  
pen cap  
Drill a hole in your middle and place your skin on a coat  
rack  
Release spit fire, unleash causes decease  
Cut out your own Adam's Apple and feed it to Eve  
As MC, Im reaching higher than THC  
Blood levels in devils and crack fiends on drug scenes  
Chattering knees slowly collapse as you rest  
You freezing at 90 degrees, but see me in sweat  
Your skills are in debt by my presence you start  
stuttering  
Use your last breath and say Instingt while muttering

\* Hook \* (X2)

I try, but I fail, and times will prevail  
all my problems through the Trials and Tribulations  
Situations tell the tail, but I'm tipping the scale,  
bidding farewell to all the Trials and Tribulations

My manifestation be the cause of cancellation,  
underachievers be facing  
The penetration, while the impatient begins their  
pacing  
On a daily basis, "Style", I'm hearing basics, "While"  
You keep rehearsing your versatile sound,  
I'm stomping through the underground  
At profound speeds,  
leaving the quaterbacks receiving sacks when the  
present MC lacks  
The opportunity to lock shit down like Steve Sax,  
your third eye gets cataracts when my forth eye attacks  
"Your counteracts" Cause you're bound to be wack,  
and I'm talently stacked

Imitations be changing when I challenge three packs  
"The wannabee macks"  
Split chromosomes while my ribosomes  
Attack immune systems with tighter grips to hold their  
own  
Radiation's be blazing, damaging ozones  
And I'm not just saying I'm the illest, I'll carve it in stone  
To prolong my stay at home, then my dome  
Leaves my follicles thrown,  
when my knowledge is grown from parts unknown,  
the...  
Spectators be impressed, therefore my celly gets  
stressed  
With reputations like Elliot Ness,  
relieved by bunning the non-delicate cess,  
travelling throughout my chest  
Unravelling talent within  
Distracting my vision  
Taking control of my system, not double digits,  
I kicked 187 words of wisdom  
So check the message I'm listing  
Styles are persistent,  
lines keep a crowd vibrating during the intermission  
While the other acts are switching  
My coalition will cold crush ya', microphone touchers  
Kicking straight lyrics while you're bisexual like Usher  
Then we'll rush ya', eliminating wackness from the T  
dot  
And my rhymes are so sick my mic needs a Hepatitis B  
shot...cause

\* Hook \* (X2)

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