

Joshua And Servant Singers

"Swig Of The Stew"

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Another massive dose I'm sendin' in
Hittin' when I step back to the deck
Sidebets kick 'em in then raise up
Jet from the ivory it's time for me
To see if I can graze the cut
Just a hint I'm shuttin' down
ya pistons you'll have to listen
'Cause I'm clippin' of the wack
Bracket shit that's soft so go
Back to the troft and put it
Back next to the Smirnoff bottle
Where u found it from it sounds
Numb has no feel an organic
Synthesis did I mention this in
The last verse no I drive a fast
Hearse they'll have to catch the
Flow I'm snatchin' a row of burnt
Corpses and hopin' they lernt the
Forces that they're up against the
Immense in this shit will a
Fist to the grill instill a fraction
Of common sense you would want
Providence to play a part but it's
Obvious you have no heart I'm
Protruding a pro-tracker the
Proportion of a slacker is where I
store
The shit give me ya cup what's ya
Flavor it's juice taste it a swig of
The stew

Now that I have a deepdish spoon
Niggas be attackin' get blackin'
Eyes like racoons blew up like
Balloons busted rusted they're
Getting thrustured with them
Screw drivers who's the livest
Me and I love it when the
Slug rubs another from a rusty
Life they couldn't cut it so I cut
'Em with my trusty knife

Skinned alive and when deprived
Of one's life one thinks twice
Three time a lady Lionel couldn't
Pay or you to fade me 'cause
I be learnin' shit makin'
Ternikits for broken English
I'm yokin' the seamstress 'cause
I'm sewin' up shit. You know
I can rip, I rest with the
Hobo's yo yo's stay up no
Mayonnaise on the cut but I can
Bust it wit the mustard my
Spice is hot the radish
Adds this seasoning that creates
And make taste buds wanna make
dubs
Of a swig of the stew

Box Car 23 is my freight train
I'm not strippin' for the cock except
the Diesel the weight gain I make pain
and
I take it 'cause I'm humble a dirty rat
A sturdy gat is the back up for the
Smack up easy for me to pack the
knack
Up braggadocio rhymes I'm braggin'
while
I'm laggin' saggin' 'cause my jeans
hafta
Be lean for the cuisine who dat! Dick
Dasturdly could never master
Me drew raps after me comes me
stop
Suction cupping you got nothing
coming
But cum of burns hon. I'm doin' it
For my niggas in the oak-land where
I plan my escape from traits of empty
Crates and busted grapes are not
Part of the gomay hey just an
Appetizer filet mignon but the song
is the stew

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