

Carter The Unstoppable Sex Machine

"Trials and Tribulations"

Visit "[Trials and Tribulations](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

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 quarterbacks 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)

Visit [Carter The Unstoppable Sex Machine](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.