

## Kai

### "Cock and Squeeze"

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Yeah, y'all faggots..  
(Hear me? Yeah.. ready set.. then take shit)  
Y'all, the fuck? Who wanna battle, what?  
None of y'all, do you? (no)  
Dirty Dozen, Outsidad (what?) bitch  
Who wanna battle?

[Bugz ?]  
Gimmie some hash, and when I trip nigga gimmie your  
mass  
Then after that lend me your mag and gimmie yo' cash  
That precious pen you call the life, I put it in too fast  
Get in your ass if you unhappily leave Eagle Man (yeah)  
You wanna see through glass, don't pay much to  
breeze through class  
(bitch) You broke as fuck and on the bus because your  
evil smash  
This shit is lethal fast, battle me, I keep you mad  
Put you in a sleeper drag, your ass to the reepers pad  
Either blast, or feel the wrath of my heater lad  
Lyric punches makin meters blast, turn your speaker  
out  
Rear, club, or anywhere where there's people at  
They love my day, couldn't care where they leave's you  
at  
Your girl's a rat, tell that hoe I'm not gon' beep her back  
Don't need her glock, got too many other neater rats  
Who heater fat? I bet your gat ain't fuckin wit my gat  
I'm on the lyrics, sayin the vocals that you almost clap  
(clap clap) Don't clap, you mo' wack than a cold sack  
You showin that when you blow, that's a known fact  
Clone rap, suck a MC broad, need to pick another fued  
What? And find you a job, or either go out and rob  
because  
rappin ain'tcha function, you outta place  
like a two of hearts and two of diamond in a game of  
spades  
While my inovative ways, shootcha lyrics to a blaze  
Put a grimace on your grade, I'ma guinness on the page  
The history, puttin, suckin niggaz out they misery  
It's not a mystery, my victorys are bodacious (hah)

It wouldn't matter if the judge is racist  
And I was battlin your aces in your bitches basement  
I'm unfuck-witable, thats literal, face it, the general  
The sisters of a senate-al, holdin on my genetals  
Right before I send the blows, down to earth like  
minerals  
Even after centerfolds (grr arf!) the videos, my evil  
goes  
incognito hoes, I'ma skitle bros, Meena biter  
I hope you niggaz catch a case of arthrit-ah  
You ain't no riders, and still don't even have a slider  
I D her when you need me, we gon' burst in into  
fighters  
(yeah, yeah bitch!) You motherfuckin tighter

[Chorus]

Cock, and, squeeze, bust, Dirty Dozen, don't fuck wit us  
Detriot niggaz roll deep, hoe heat, and fuck Slick  
Yeah, yeah bitch - stay off my dick!

[Kon Artis]

That's the time that you up and cuttin you wit a knife  
The situan, the alcohol bath for the night  
Then watch the strugglin, you squeal for your life (uh-  
huh)  
Dump a radio bumpin your demo in the bath wit the  
light  
That's what I take from you, meet you and fake humble  
Attack your foundation until it crumble  
So me and my dawg be on stumble  
Come off 'gnac but stayin in the right mind  
It's the blazin track and we're back, for fake individuals  
that rap  
Screamin out they group name like they scared and  
shit  
Knownin that the Kon Artis come prepared wit clips  
Full of them male scritchies (what?)  
You watch and take pictures (how you do that?)  
Notes and write down poets and 'bout how I rap and  
get witcha  
Told you niggaz before we got much the game  
Nuttin to lose, corruptin the lives of all groups  
Tie 'em up and put 'em in situations to hurt 'em  
Tie 'em up to trees, you was throwin darts at 'em  
wit venom in 'em, then murder 'em, servin 'em right  
He be, the Kon Artis {\*screech\*} swervin the night  
We rock from state to state (uh-huh) and city to city  
You make us sick like a faggot tryin silicon titties  
and already want a size D bra, I wanna die wit tight shit  
Give it to y'all bleek raw, raw, raw, raw, raw  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

[Chorus]

[Proof]

Gimmie a sicker than (?), check it out  
I turn a hard nigga yellow, and bake his ass faster than  
a cheetah  
Don't blaze no blunts (uh-huh) but I blaze them thangs  
Amaze your gang, wit bullets, I rattle your frame  
Who's that, bustin at, Big Suburban, hustle that  
Play wit three bitches alias and four hustlers  
Bustin three glocks, on your block  
Yellin my name loud, puttin bombs inside your mailbox  
and prepare docks - punch your dreadlocks, wait for  
the cops  
and tell 'em that yo' ass had beef wit Biggie and 2Pac  
I lit the flesh (uh-huh) shot bled to death (what?)  
Like Red and Meth, you need the hoop-a, shoop-a  
for battlin boards, got on a moyer, I sat on your horse  
Got battled thanks to your tours, show up at you  
battlin your eyecore, pure wit this shit  
On your mic rip, you might slip, fall, hang it up  
like Sonny (?), peace to (?)  
Rock 'til the early morn', shit is on  
Gotta a problem fiend, fiend problems  
My crew mug shot D-12 uglier than the green goblin  
I bring fear too, horror, near you  
A fact why nobody wanna hear you, you wack BITCH!  
What the fuck you thought what happened  
when bullets start collapsin your frame  
Maintain to bring pain, freestyle fanatic named Pete  
First is off the paper, this one turn your auto vapor  
Me, MC, the extraordinar', steppin on your (?)  
Screamin "7 Mile bitch, come from Runyan"  
Hold down your fort, snort like cocaine  
Richard Pryor, I clap more clips than (?)  
Yeah, yeah bitch, what the fuck you thought?  
Ya niggaz get caught (?), I'm incredible like the hawk  
Watchin the facet nigga, P-R, the letter O  
My sex is hetero, cash checks like federal  
Your hetero, bitch! Hahahaha

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