

Catatonia

"Filthy"

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Cuts by Babu

(Babu)

"Filthy--filthy from the ground on up" 3x

"Filthy--filthy--filthy...."

[Encore]

Steppin into the next level

Adjacent to my main man leavin, uneven steps
amongst the wasteland

Kickin joints wit ballpoint pestilance

Takin you through desolate zones through mic-phones

Wit eyes like that of a cyclone

So it don't matter what pad you write on

You better off writin home to ma duke

? jukes loose like the sweetness

On some devious, distinguished, verbally leaders

[Evidence]

Yo treat us wit respect, for the boomerang effect

Is in existence, don't get too close, I keep my distance

For instance, the clones who put out records for loanes

And gassed egos and videos rhymin on phones

Blue and yellow make green, I'm airtight

I write wit stocktips on black with off-white

I'm good wit secrets, but with lighters, never trust us

Cat who's forever in debt to Blockbusters

"Filthy--filthy from the ground on up"

"Encore" "Evidence, I'm bringin it"

"Filthy--filthy from the ground on up"

"When I plan my attack, I doubt that you're ready"

[Evidence]

Yo sharp and precise, lays a gamma knife

To your mental, fry your brain to vegetables for Emeril

Cook the hot shit, armlock the drop kick

The Main Event, Work The Angles, Triple Optic

Evidence, more loosely to the fact

Yo I gain self-esteem by esteemable acts

Back wit the axe and slice tracks in half

Slice you down to particles, yo shorty get the mask
Feel the bass at your feet, the treble's at your face
Yo Kurt EQ's the midrange to wrap around your waist
Yo I blow spots hot, volcano lava rock
Molten metal, full throttle on the pedal *tires screech*
Create, hit the weed, cover a song
Is how rappers get down and the reason shit is wrong
Those who wear out the welcome to me are straight
femmes
Name is Evidence in English, and Evidence in French
I get filthy!

"Filthy from the ground on up"
"Evidence" "Encore" "I keep it hotter than the next"
"Filthy--filthy from the ground on up"
"When I plan my attack, I doubt that you're ready"
"Filthy from the gr-gr-ground on up"
"Encore" "Wit Evidence and Babs"
"Filthy--filthy from the ground on up"
"When I plan my attack, I doubt that you're ready"

[Encore]

Wit each speed I explore
Still shitty metaphore an'
'Core keeps you open like a door picked wit the
porchnit
Bring like heroes to courtship, I treat it like a cheap trick
Hit it raw dog, abort the kids whotry to be us
See this camp ain't for you champ
Don't understand how these rappers get pampered
By lazy asses, abusin food stamps
They tossin shit like loose scrap
Dudes rap, get used once, too many bodies on em,
anybody want em?
If so, come in, plummet to the depths of the soul
No evidence of rest, impressin, it's just breath control
Black as coal, ?provomic? diamond studded
See verbally I'm iced down, too heavy and sharp to lug
it
Yo hip hop's lone Rolling Stone wit no known offspring
so
Biters are bastards, clones get played like The Masters
After bust, then Ev hook the beat up
To Roc like Raida, wit face that's E'd up
To futuristic gift of glock lasers, top praises as I set it
Dunns get stunned wit phonetics
Hey, my taser weighs a ton
(Yo make em run, 'Core)
What for, they'd rather stand still
They still feel the cold kill up in 6-1-thrill, still filthy

"Filthy from the ground on up"

"When I plan my attack, I doubt that you're ready"

both lines 3x

"Filthy from the ground on up" *cut and scratched to end*

"Yeah baby, yeah" [Austin Powers]

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