Kenny Wayne Shepherd Band "Con Artists"

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Thinkin of a master plan, Skeme Team
Let the track expand and attack the land
Don't ever turn your back on those cats who scam
Don't ever put your guard down and smack my hand

[Pumpkinhead]

I skeme from New York, to the land beyond I skeme Girl Scouts (gimme that) for they candy bars I could skeme a man in the desert for his last bottle of Evian

I burn champions like Tiger bombs
I could pick your pocket with the steadiness of pilot's arms

Whylin on suckers, who think I'm mild and calm I'm like a silent alarm, the type to frighten your moms Lightin the tralm, bitin my rhyme is like bitin a bomb Pumpkin's tight like a dyke in a thong I could even skeme a priest into liking this song I'm like a thief in the night, I strike and I'm gone Release on the mic that's tight in my palm, writin these songs

The con artist, bombardin areas uncharted Pick out one target, leave him in his undergarments Troopin through Brooklyn, stupid dumb retarded Bloomin like a summer garden, you never see me like a bum in carpets

To spit what I spit you'd need a tongue enlargement I'm comin chargin gunnin like a hundred seargeants Skeme Team renaissance this, verbal calmness On point like a compass, sheisty like Congress

Skeme Team even when you know us you don't really know us

You shouldn't trust us as far as you could throw us Always up to somethin so we see the top the fastest Don't put it past us, Skeme Team rock the masses (repeat all 2X)

[Block McLeod]

We skeme to leave lastin impression, attack as an act of aggression

Hack you to sections with a rusty blade so you can catch an infection

This track's a reflection of acts that had me back in detention

Reflected off cracked glass, and my backstabbin intentions

I'm that rap bastard that slapped maskin tape on fat hairy assed kids

You askin for trouble hardrocks, could blast you to rubble

like embassies in Africa then I laugh at ya and laugh at ya

Half of you don't even know that half of ya know the half like ?

I'm over your head I hover up other craftier breed Your wife's in my bed on my level while you lookin after my seed

I went from last to the lead when I slash ya you bleed like hemophiliacs

I'm from Puetro Rico -- me no feelin that So zip it, while I spit flows, burn you like a Zippo Put you in a trance like a hypnotist, split domes like a schitzo

Tiptoe through your tulips, with two clips filled with bullets

And steal your Pulitzer, bust off a ? ? stompin it And I'm troopin to Brooklyn got you lookin up at Jupiter when I'm scoopin

your leather wallet to fill my head with knowledge on where you kept your dollars

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[Metaphor]

Dispersing verbal chrome in your local nursing home This verse is the perversest known to walk the earth's surface alone

without a purpose get your circus blown
I fill your palm with silicone and leave you cancer prone
I'm holdin friends in Rome with these hands alone
and turnin sands to stone (to stone) I'm stuck on girls
like lancombe

I'll crush your collar bone, into little cobble stones

My raps, leave you broke like a thousand collage loans I stomped your childish poems so my style is grown I'm a mansion you a mobile home a dog without a bone without? on I rip apart your poem I'm the sharpest rap artist known Runnin nealothogic tones, steppin in my target zone You bothered you get blown I break you Down like Syndrome and nail you like an ingrown I'm out this ozone, flyin on a sno cone, smokin homegrown Blazin, in the outer space no smoke zone Word A' Mouth, Skeme Team, it's engraved in a milestone Grab your cell phone, we off the hook, hear the dialtone

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