

King Konga

"Syllable Practice"

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Yeah
How's everybody doin out there
This is Edan the Humble Magnificent
and right about now we're gonna get into this song
called Syllable Practice
and what that means
is that I'm not gonna say anything significant
You know
but it's gonna be battle rhymes
and it's gonna sound pretty
So listen to this

[VERSE 1]

The renegade radical, demonstrates battle drill
Efficiency and dedication through placement
Of syllable swords directly where umbilical cords were
chopped when
Little kids were put up for adoption
Torture the orphan, I'll toss the forster kid
Waterlogged monologues and cross your faucet
Tap water lyricist, receive a rap slaughter hearin this
Perceive the prince where the mirror is
Expel tears and sweat to build pyramids
Irrigate, irritated orators excel
Extend ornaments to torment your tournament
Fortify five midgets in four to five mintues
Organize clinics that's short of more than five misfits
Mystic, I'm the sort of guy with tricks
Shift with the times until the stars burn out
Until then building with iller syllable workouts

[CHORUS]

Syllable practice is never a chore, never a bore
Immature literature litters the floor
I figured you for a biggot before
But don't be bitter and sore
Just spit and record meticulous thoughts
Syllable practice is never a task
Clever attacks left competitors waxed, steady get lax
So I fed em a fax, tellin em facts, propellin repetitive
tracks

And feminine raps to the kennel for snacks

[VERSE 2]

The potent practitioner opens rap listeners
Broke the facsimile, focus activities
Folks collapse, quotes who slap enemies
Who pretend to be essentially assembling
assemblance
Of ambiance that's seminal to confidence
I lend it all to consonants that tenderize your
counterfeits
The pendulum is bound to flip
You're tremblin and doubtin if
Adrenaline amounts to dick
When petty methodists attack your semi-definite
Tackle any deficit, rap mentally effortless
Backpeddling pessimist with venomous predicates
Benefit the nemesis with red-cent percentages of
sentences
The anarchist enters the vortex of unexplored text
Forestep, surgically deconstruct, verbally decompose
Listen when the deacon flows, even so
Syllables are only half the battle
The river I deliver's metaphoric so you never have to
paddle

[CHORUS]

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And I'd like to send this one out
to the masters
Kool G Rap
Big Daddy Kane
Slick Rick
KRS-One
Rakim
and there's several others that are worth mentioning
but for now that's the unofficial Furious 5
cause they inspired me to write lyrics
And I'm out

