

Lady Of Rage "Some Shit"

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Aight Alright so, am, turn my mic up, turn my
headphones up, somethin
I'm not...
Yo, can you hear it, yet?
Can't hear it right
You can't hear yet?
Nah, nah turn it up
Yo
Alright
Premier
So...
Yeah?
So, you want me to just kick some shit?
Yeah, just kick a freestyle, whatever, it don't matter
Alright. Bring me in
2-3

Verse:

Hey, hot damn, ho, here I go again
You know who I be, and you know watcha in for
For your information
Me, I be comin harder than ejaculation
Evacuation on the premissis (I'm what?), I'm limitless
Run it to the limit, like Emmitt Smith, I'm listed in the
Guinness's
For in the book of Genesis it reads
In the beginning God created Heaven then he created
me
So you see
It ain't no way on earth you can see me
That's just how it B.E.
You might as well drop that thought, cause it ain't goin
down, G
You wishin, I'll leave you curled up in the fetal position
Impossible mission you think you gettin with Rage, well,
then listen
You're thinkin the unthinkable
Rage is the unsinkable
Who can do it better
I gotta art for linkin letters
A diva run it like Gail Dever
Style so sick you think I got swamp fever

To all non-believers
Y'all ain't believin I rocks hard when I'm stoned like
Steven
The way I kill it I leave you in a process of grieven
Leave you barely breathin
Kicks it so hard I knock out your teeth and leave you
teethin
Take aim and shoot, knock you out your boots
I be the beginning of a New Testament like Matthew,
Mark, and Luke
I turn the motha out in Levi Strauss
No doubt, make suckas do an about
Face, cut to the chase
They told me haste makes waste
And I'll waste you if you're hasty
Lyrically, it don't take much to make me
Fly off the handle
Go off like Roman candles
Scandalous not
Band you like wristwratch
Watch me clock a end, clock a grip
Watch me grip that microphone and cold rock that bitch
To your socks get hit
From the esophogus my vocal range will expand
And raise up and smack that ass like back hands
I got that shit that leave your whole section deaded
And, if you got no common sense you won't be
ressurrected
Fed-Ex it, my successes didn't make it over night
But over mics for you it could be over in just one night
Cause the R hits like Thundar the Barbarian
Neva in your life could you ever scar the Aquarian
Water Bearer
Great Granddaughter of Clara
Bring the terror to your dome
As you get nearer to my throne
Them bones get crushed to dust
Cause when it comes down to struttin my stuff
It's necessary
I get rough
Cause I'm a lyrical genius no other could swing this
Better than I (Why?) cause I'm one of the meanest
Not givin a damn statin to all who I am
No need to cram, cause now you fully understand
That Robin is rockin, causin hippers to hoppin
Try to stop what I'm droppin, and a box you'll be
popped in
Think twice, save your life, give me the mic
I say it again, yo, it won't be nice
You think I'm huffin and puffin, think I'm blowin and
bluffin

You hens can't begin to contend with Robin
Voice smooth, lyrics lovely
The hippest hip-hopper, got brothers tuggin to hug me
Ah, dig

Outro:

Aight, damn, aight, that's enough. You got a level now?
I'm shook cause I'm gonna be hoarse in a minute,
come on
Let's, let's do the song, the song, okay
Premier, DJ Premier, Pr-Pr-Pr-Pre-mier
Premi-Pr-Pr-Pr-Pr Wait, no, no, no, no, no, okay, okay
Go back, go back, go back

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