

## Lee Ann Womack

### "Mortal Kombat"

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Savage:

Who be dat ill nigga creepin' out da jungle,  
wit an axe and a knapsack? Let's get ready to rumble!  
Tumble through the thresholds of hell in a cipher,  
when I decipher rhymes with the precision of a sniper-  
Get hyper, get open, get ripped apart,  
I got the crossbow in hand, got the sites aimed at your  
heart,  
so start your beef if you wanna chief,  
I'm a cut your body up-feed it to the sharks in the coral  
reef.

The Soul Kids haven't-nor would the Soul Kids ever  
get played. Niggas get sprayed, heads get severed!  
With the lyrics that are relevant..for the hell of it  
I rip a rapper's frame because my flow is excellent!  
Yeah! Wit' da ill tune I'm bringing pain soon  
to the one who imitates me like he's Shang Tsung!  
and ya know we can't have that,  
The Infamous is well-trained in the art of Mortal  
Combat!

Mad Komposa:

My style descends from Italian witticism,  
coveyed upon an arc from Roman Catholic mysticism,  
\*\*\*\*\* tracing chalk around your body!  
A sick phukking animal like a Rap John Gotti.  
Conducting classes through the glasses of Al D'Amato,  
I'm out to cause change like the death of Castellano-  
G-Clef, in ya ear produces fear...  
vibrations that inflict like the horns of a steer!  
I write raps in Latin, translated for my rituals,  
to Gregorian chants, to soothe my savage wants.  
My Mortal Combat is a "mirror match",  
between two opposing poles of a Gemini Sun's soul!  
I'm laying tracks at the Vatican-in Rome,  
with such a sick tone, the phukkin Pope is panicking!  
He wanna battle? He must be joking!  
My A.S.R. will leave his SP-12 smoking!

Storm:

Storm representing like the weather,  
Y'all btiches is cold fronts, I flow once, you'll  
feel my rains of terror...  
I'm scaring niggas like "Lorena" with some scissors,  
A Ghetto Mutant, climing ya walls like The Lizard.  
The Black Sonya skilled in nine degrees of Combat,  
Mortals that react get their spine ripped out they back!  
You blowin up? Watch me drop you like a load,  
blow my kiss of death to make your phukkin' ass  
explode!

Black Spic:

Let me flip the script on the real, I wanna bug!  
Cuz here comes the man Allah fashioned in black mud!  
Run for cover! My shit is unstable...  
You savor-the flavor-the nigga spitting razors!  
I'm heading for Armageddon with two clips loaded,  
So nigga start running-it's da Black Spic that's coming!  
I walk on the block with my glock on lock,  
and if ya get froggy that's it baby pop...  
PBOW! I hit ya wi' a style..ya wet up...  
Some new improved shit that cold phukked ya whole  
head up,  
So step up, and dance with the devil if ya froggy,  
I lock like a Maspeth when I take your last breath...  
Run for cover, I'll take ya tape recorder,  
and bag ya crew...in alphabetical order!  
Y'all know my steelo, so what's up knokka?  
Mortal Combat from the Puerto Rican spear-chucker!

Goodfella:

Word is bond from the Bush to Malaysia,  
I'm wacking shmuck stoonads like I'm Albert Anastasia,  
the greaseball guinnie with the flav of saltin bakka  
I'm ice like Gravanno, slicin' suckers like 'Baraka.'  
Blood Honor...unveil the vile 'Reptile' drama,  
Now I slam on the jam like Sam Giancana,  
So run to the hills like Iron Maiden,  
cuz I spark mic's with lighting like the thunder god  
'Raiden'!  
Volare' Wo-oah! I freeze emcees like 'Sub-Zero',  
DeNiro of the mic, a man of respect ya love to fear,  
I harpoon ya like 'Scorpion'... (get over here!),  
Goodfella Mike G., you know the flow's mafioso,  
but emcees be so-so, and chicken, like orzo,  
while I'm catching wreck like Mike Piazza,  
And shooting gift like Mancini with dat Boom-Boom-  
ZAZA!!!

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