

## Letters To Cleo

### "This is How We Rip Shit"

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Check out the way John does it.  
I thought I had competition but they really wasn't.  
Was it an ill u sion,  
the way my bug shit seemed to bruise men?  
Yo, I kill 'em with my weak raps.  
You heard Casual's new shit?  
Man, you need to peep that.  
Super EP,  
we treat the trooper to.  
There be no nigga alive I can't beat,  
but Snupe find me,  
and who'll try me,  
I'll stomp ya.  
T-more said, "Casual's a monster."  
I use my mutant powers on niggas shootin' sour  
rhymes.  
Hiero it's our time,  
so start to panic, cause dooper there is.  
Niggas perish tryin' to compare their's to this weak shit,  
but it really ain't happenin'. I start slappin' men,  
tell 'em I'm the best and they react with friends.

[CHORUS:]

"This is how we rip shit. (repeat)"

Incorrect, when you wreck rhymes,  
then respect you collect all the time.  
I'm your mentor sent for your entertainment.  
Kid, you'll get your brain kicked,  
stop tryin' to do that strange shit.  
I'm  
rockin mics like cocaine dime  
when you jock you slow-brain,  
I muster strength to bust ya with,  
bust your riff, that's a no-no.  
Yo peep my promo,  
see how the flow go.  
Surprise,  
I chastise and devise  
a flow you despise,  
I'm the assaulter

who'll alter your brain  
when I clipped your sensory nerves  
we fence to be heard.  
Bubbling buffoons get bombarded,  
but they don't come hard with  
beats, besides that blundering bullshit.  
I pull kids back, I'm snatchin'  
progress, catchin' calamity,  
the famine G's, the ones you not matchin'.  
And that's on the real, I repeal steel  
for any contendant  
I send it,  
because I intended to wreck shit,  
collect clits  
and disrespect kids.  
Then I'm headed for the exit.

[CHORUS:]

"This is how we rip shit. (several times)"

From my standpoint,  
I can point and pick you out,  
kick you out,  
you slick,  
you doubt my skills,  
where he stood he lies still,  
decayin'.  
These guys ain't playin'  
when we tries to slay men.  
Leave or recieve the cleaver  
that'll relieve you of your life.  
Battle me and that'll be your downfall.  
I surround all MC pests with the best  
skills.  
And still you do not be fresh.  
We testmicrophones with prolificness,  
and if it's a doozy,  
well  
I shouldn't be choosy.  
Just, ripping at will,  
I'm stripping the skill  
off the run of the mill MC.  
My whole goal  
is to control your brain.  
I take the flimsy,  
and make them practice  
so they come back with some harder shit,  
try to follow the flow  
and see how hard it gets.

[CHORUS:]

Yo, this is how we rip shit (etc., etc.)

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