

## Letters To Cleo

### "You Flunked"

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Verse One:

Get a load of this MC, and that MC  
I guess the G does not possess the recipe  
You're stale men fell when  
inferior complexes of when John flexes  
vexes the, competition often stop and listen  
in all men men saught in, raw  
I bet your best to play to crave the savior  
Never let the sweat be seen against me fiending  
for an inkling when, the sin retreat  
before the score is scuffed, you flunk again  
I recommend that you step, or I deck your chin  
then I grin cause you slept, you kept your  
Face placed in the spot from, first to last  
Now listen up as Cas come burst that ass  
Basically, your crew stunk  
Here's your grade chump, you flunked

Chorus:

Like that and uh, MC's just flunked (4X)

Verse Two:

It's vital how I pull tricks up off my jock  
Sticks and stones breakbeats and bones  
make fleets of clones, drop  
Sway as I say an essay, will impress a critic  
Critic the way I bring a flow, get it  
I'm the dopest, admit it  
Regurgitate when you bit it  
Ex-Lax the skills of a poet that's the shit  
and he know it, I swat em seek em out, and close in-  
-tro blows internally damaging men pos-ing  
I suppose thin tracks are always wack  
It all pays back when you stays fat  
Like that and uh, like this and uh  
This man'll, show you how to flow, dope  
Simply stating my standpoint on the, spunk  
Basically, you flunked

Chorus

Chorus Two:

Like that, the competition, they just flunked (4x)

Verse Three:

It's curtains, the way to adjust, must just be  
bearing with the tearing and ripping  
that I'm inflicting, from where the proper shit  
of my begin when, tricks lead your saliva  
is deep in my dick, clean I need a remedy from men  
that be  
All into me, they might fall into the abyss  
As I twist these melodies  
Hella MC's seize these fellas be  
prolific, with it, all intact  
Keep in touch even though I'm only callin back  
wack, you're week-er than seven days  
You should find a way to bring a weaker thought like  
crime pays  
I simply the peak in rhyme divinity when it be  
up to me, for the funk  
Higher like this, higher like that  
I got your brain again, you flunked

Chorus

Chorus Two

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