

## Machines Of Loving Grace

### "Beatdown"

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[Virtuoso]

Yo, I be attestin' bad you soon discover I'm the best  
around

Virtuoso omnipotent medulla rule the extra crowds

Step in battles weapon-rals give ya chest a pound

'til ya breast is ground meat

Pharaohs Army sound fleet

Snatch ahold of half ya soul make, casserole

Crack a pole on ya back and roll you in the blackest  
hole

The winter brewed, enter nude Amazonian jungle  
warfare

Silver back guerilla I'm covered in more hair

than four chairs in a barber shop

Vocals hard as rocks and the beat's on smash

Make ya veto, jigga weak foe

Cause my machete unique flow fuckin' beat yo ass

I got the key to sense or hear a deer sharp as fox

Sound as when carver chop, galaxies and stars'll drop

You know Virt, run with ogres who throw dirt

Stomp ya ass 'til ya bones squirt like yogurt

[T-Ruckus]

Aiyyo rush extreme pervert, I'm undercover covert

You need to put in work, and get ya games out my face

Let the flames in the place, you fuckin' wid Ruck's a  
fatal move

You stand in disgrace yo my brain's in outerspace

Taste the toxic, improved reflexes like shadowboxin'

Sternum crack, extreme force applied to ya back

Pick ya torture that's the rack

I'll scortch ya with the lift

And word style I clash like, (woof) with full clips

Guerilla war I killed ya core

Atilla the Hun don't want none

I rap shit, into the floors

Spittin' shots through ya door, and kick that bitch down

From the bowel, where Ruck throws the mic to the  
ground

In discussin' Ruck you trust, word to us

You spittin' the shit we flush time to bust

And crack the earth's crust with one thrust  
Nasty as shit, toxic the hazardous, analyst

[Hook]

"I got it locked from the 2-1 pound to beantown"  
From Philly to Boston we tossin' cats to the ground  
"Then some clown jumps up to get beatdown"  
Virtuoso, T-Ruckus, Jedi Mind for the crown  
"I got it locked from the 2-1 pound to beantown"  
We cats that speak growls to blast ya weak sound  
"Then some clown jumps up to get beatdown"  
Big Virt, Ruckus, Jedi bring the beatdown

[Vinnie Paz a.k.a Ikon]

Prepare for the blitzkrieg, ya wrist bleed into six seas  
Ya veinless, my stainless will split trees  
The fist need to smash through the brain  
Soul of the chauvanist cast into the flame  
You'll come to learn that my flesh is unslashable  
You damn coward ya man power is laughable ya chest  
blastable  
The chaplain'll smash you in the adam's apple  
for not doin' what's asked of you  
That's the last of you, I'm a sick bastard  
I spit gases and split rappers wid pick axes  
From Illadelph Shambala to Los Angeles  
Rappers are mummified from the number of bandages  
that I inflicted  
With guillotine swiftness  
We mean vicious and fiends can get they spleen  
shifted

[Jus Allah a.k.a Megatron]

Jus Allah and Vinnie Paz, leave ya flags raised at half  
mast  
Let the fuck off wid less crimes than fuckin' cats  
The wrath, leavin' you outside and jacked  
Then we drop more shells than pregnant crabs  
The glock make motherfuckas bow down in hell  
You opened immediate, like priority mail  
That's my dog and I clean up after his tail  
So the evidence can't pin the god in jail  
Leavin' you peeled, buried in an underground cell  
While your family still hopin' you alive and well  
Call the Reaper, tell him I got, lives for sale  
I'm paid for each motherfucka supplied to hell  
I can tell y'all can provide work for me  
Motherfucka like Hercules first friday Mercury  
Virtuoso pass the blunt  
And let Megatron smoke these trees down to skunks

[Hook] (2x)

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