

Marcel's

"Terrorist"

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(Shaka Loc)

Blinded, by the way of the Locs, the haters hold to
Extinguish the flames, and blow the roof off with
smoke

Whether or not it's West Coast, it's Mad Man fa sho this
Notice the raw talent, technique, but not no hits
Critics crack frowns for holdin' the town down
I'm mad now, just so sick of the same sound
Formed a method and kept it, use it as a weapon
against you

Bionic issue, to raise above the role of officials
Chronic fatigue

Flossin' for nil, innate hatin' chromatic emcees
I'm chasin' faces of Satan

Waitin' on Daytons, debatin' whether or not to shoot for
the stars

You know who you are, but you can't keep on jabbin' the
jaw

I worked too hard, everyone carries a bucket of blood
From the sweat glands of a Mad Man, there ain't no
love

So bizarre, drownin' in a lake called "Hate"

Shaka Loc and Nefarious without a debate

(X-Raided)

Right before I bark like a mastie

With lines harder than mastic

Spit rhymes like bullets, swell up your chest like
mastisses

I've mastered this rap scene

Blasted every wack cat I've seen

I've got the best flow, no match for this West Coast rap
King

And that's fact, not fabricated

Black Market advocated

With rhymes to substantiate it

It's fine, avidly hated

When I rhyme tragically premeditated raps should be
segregated

Wack emcees and emcees with skills should be
separated

Debated in Hip-Hop Senate
Empeach all Record label Presidents releasin' as many
wack acts as No Limit
No critic is bein' critical of their pitiful releases
I'm Siskel and Ebert, two thumbs down, rippin' you into
plentiful pieces
Spit this thesis to the drug pound, flood the mic in a
receptacle
On stage, holdin' my testicles, speakin' in tongues like
a processional
You're facin' inevitable spectacles steppin' to me
Your mid-section'll be crampin' like it was stretchin'
When a professional wreckin' the beat
Tears second to me, we all for total domination,
COMPLETE
Vocal abomination can beat
With niggas like shootouts in the streets
Verbal automatic release at least a hundred rounds per
discharge
In hordes, who else you expect to come this hard?

[Chorus 2X: X-Raided + Shaka Loc]
(X-Raided) Shaka Loc they playa hatin'
(Shaka Loc) And we's aware of this
(X-Raided) Cuz what we spit is devastatin'
(Shaka Loc) And we's aware of this
(X + Shaka Loc) Beware of this, Shaka Loc and
Nefarious we terrorists
(X-Raided) Fake killas be hesitatin'
(Shaka Loc) And we's aware of this

(Shaka Loc)
Dispicable scrutiny, interrogated and major hated
Strapped across a table unable to illustrate it
Certified Mad Man, made man, the script, the blue
prints, the big hits
Yearly annual licks
Get my driver to stop it, the Planet must burn first
Shatter Earth with terrorist acts, it's the block or the turf
What makes it worse, is I ain't gotta lay down to hurt
you
The verbal tec shells full of virtue (you better feel me)
To kill me, all slowly while we sleepin'
So watch for the heat-seeking scuds while you're
creepin'
Been peepin' out the wicked ways on how you be
handlin' business, Midget
Done focused in on how to get the digits, and did it
I broke down my heat in pieces
Now chronicalistically speaking, you should have no
liking for this thesis

Point blank, the bottom line not to understate this
project
Cuz where we at you'z about to wreck

Chorus (.5x)

(X-Raided)

We deadly, quick to perpatrator like they want to
confrontate
DJ's honor Raided
I serve emcees to get exonerated
It's on to me, that rap that your Mama hated
Cuz I created rhymes about jackin' and comin' after ya
Doin' things that's crime related
I'm related to all killas, all thieves, and G's
Got lyrics in my genes, my Grandma breeds emcees
Like Dogs, say "Sic Him", I hit him, and split him at the
seams
Go for the jugular, muggin' ya like a New York City
scene
I smother ya like a Mother that doesn't want her kid to
inhale
Tortorous abortion, bodily forcin' you into Hell
Snortin' and exhale fire like medieval dragons
We evil Mad Men, for hire we leave people in trash bins
Leap with ferocity, X-Raided will shock all these trash
rappers
Leave your track with gashes like it was attacked by
velociraptors
I'd be at them platinum ones
Like Old Dirty Bastard I'ma get a Grammy
If I gotta run up in the ceremony with a gat and a gun
Understand me, I make your balls split
I make your dome shiver
Split your throat, with a sliver of my platinum plaque
I slither over tracks like snakes
Deliver raps with no mistakes
I'm a cobra spittin' venom in your face

Chorus (.5x)

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