

## Mark Owen

### "Emcee Assault"

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[Verse 1]

Assaulting emcee's with my lyrical artillery  
You sicken me the epitome of lyrical wizardry  
Ability for spitten' these rhymes without no sympathy  
Verbally assaulting emcee's they should imprison me  
Given me, electrocution cookin' me like ?quickasee?  
The should call you emcee social studies cuz you  
history  
Mystery why punk ass kids wanna mess wit me  
Infecting me with deafening music it is upsetting me  
(I got) punch lines like people at the prom waitin' for  
juice  
You got whack rhymes use the mic cord as a noose  
I'm sorta confused, cuz I thought I saw on the news  
That there's an epidemic spreading and they caught it  
from you  
It's whack rapper disease and it affects punk emcees  
You beating me is like black folks on ski's  
You'll never see it kid, not even in your dreams  
I need skills like Carson Daily needs screamin' teens

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

Step up if you wanna get hurt  
Comin' wit the grime and the grit and the dirt  
Step up if you wanna get hurt  
Emcee Assault

[Verse 2]

I talk trash so cats wanna battle me now  
Well ain't cute no more, just like Little Bow Wow  
A fowl mouth, assaulting emcee's stompin'em out  
Talkin' more garbage than Oscar the grouch  
I'm knockin'em out, like fish you be floppin' around  
Paramedics are jetting you to the hospital now  
Choppin'em down, like a lumberjack wit an ax  
All that's left is puddles of blood with kangols and  
backpacks  
Whipen'em out, like some boogies on a snot rag  
Thugs be boys, nerd emcee's and even art fags  
Not sad, I'm happy like Gilmore  
I'm ill raw, funky, fresh, deaf and still more

I'm real poor, only chips I'm stackin' is my Pringles  
Punch bachelors so I can say I have hit singles  
I mix-mingle, try to lead fellow musicians  
But I'm driven by the competition then I start to dissin'  
I'm trippin', like jack trippa I'm surrounded by broads  
You think you get raw? (Come and knock on my door)  
I'm not on a tour, if you wanna see me perform  
Ya gotta come to my crib sit wit my kid on the floor

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

I'm dirty like an aids infested hypodermic needle  
Gritty like the sand in the speedo of a fag gweedo  
Grimy like a slimy reptiley creature  
Even if I lost my speech, I would still beat'cha  
Stumbling, and mumbling make ya words clearer  
Ya strugglin' worse than Big Pun's Pallbearers  
My rhymes are more grimy than ya grandma's ass  
In the heat for three weeks without havin' a bath  
And havin' attacks, of uncontrollable gas  
Wit a mess in her Depends and grandpas nut blast  
Step to me, I got them rhymes straight out the gutter  
It's embaracin' like goin' to the mall wit cha mother  
And ya handicapped father and ya retarded brotha  
Why bother battlin' me go find anotha  
Rhymes to steal tagged on the wall of a men's room  
stall  
You a victim of Emcee Assault!

[Chorus]

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