

## Copywrite "Fucksoundcheck"

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\* My birth certificate reads: "Earth's most descriptive MC"  
My death certificate'll read: "I'm dead, quit listening to me"  
But while I'm here I'll use the planet as a platform  
To plant panic in faggots and bash 'em with a mask on  
My stamina's twice more to boost  
I persuaded Anakin from the light side towards the truth  
So panic in fright when handing me mics, wars insue  
From the mic lord ya family likes more than you  
Your head'll flinch when I nurse you to trauma  
Cause my add libs are iller than any verse you can  
conjure  
Megahertz will persecute you with honor  
Wheathermen'll take it one step further and murder ya  
momma  
Climb the highest mountain, spit bottomless venom,  
shot 'em with rhythm  
I don't get problems, I give 'em  
My skin is made of the sharpest and thinnest blades  
My notebook's more amazing than the one Guinness  
made  
So when I rock what's not to like  
I use your rhymes as an example of what not to write  
Your faction is nothing, you'll get chewed for the hell of  
it  
If rappin was fuckin ya whole crew would be celebit  
Copywrite'll shit a million words before your first  
sentence drops  
Or before my double engine stops, whichever comes  
first  
Cause I'm determined to serve y'all with permanent  
words, murdering germs  
By avoiding the most obvious method, my hobby is  
catching  
And you can't dodge the Intrepid  
Tis the season I'll ceast you breathing through ya chest  
That's not a threat, it's the reason I was sent

(Chorus)

Fucksoundcheck the crowd wants it now

Fuck site, by scent I'll hunt you down  
There's 5 senses 4 seasons 3 emcees 2 down 1  
breathing 1 weasing  
Anyone who dis O-H town, I'm shittin on  
DJ's that don't have 2 copies of this, I'm shittin on  
When we on stage shut up until my click is gone  
Show respect before your bitch is gone

(Verse 2)

Piercing me in the eyes is like staring at the sun for a  
minute or 3  
You'll close your eyes blink and still see an image of  
me  
No camera can capture the essence  
One thousand years nuthin changed, Dracula never  
had a reflection  
Fuck rockin mics, I'm cracking domes with African  
Stones  
My practice sessions a classic alone  
Give me six minutes, teams a stripped gimmicks  
I don't wanna be mainstream, I wanna PISS in it  
I'll eat you twice, invite you back for thirds to lose  
Try again and get ate 4 times like 32  
By a raw crew that'll bury all you  
With Freestyles that result in thousand dollar lawsuits  
Hardcore, so while you spin on cardboard  
I evole the practice of shit talking to an art form  
And your banned from the mic  
I get more Dap over the course of day  
Then you'll see in the span of ya life  
Damn right, but I got all day if y'all wanna learn the  
hard way  
Show y'all how a thunder god plays  
To sum it up, I'll Kill you  
I don't blame you for being wack  
I blame your fans for being dumb enough to feel you  
Travel with me, I'll pass you by 10 styles, battle?  
y'all ain't no battle emcees, y'all are pen pals  
You ran, I launch rapid torpedos  
Now I'm dead on ya ass like rabbit fur speedos  
God damnit I laminate what I write  
After seeing how y'all are contaminating the mic  
I animate when I strike right off the paper to cause  
random acts of  
Slamming a fan's axe dead in ya man's back  
My monstrous accomplice wands'll stun fast  
with the promptness of a gun blast  
I'm like, semen to semen I cum out the hardest  
And I won't scalp tickets to a concert, I scalp the artist

(Repeat chorus)

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