

C-Rayz Walz

"Rhyme Doublin'"

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Yo what's down?
Yo I'm concentrating on ignoring shit
know what I'm saying?
yo we just comin' back from not going
ah yo for real you know what time it's not?
yo hypodermically inverted
This is my man (??)

[Verse 1 - C-Rayz Walz]

I'm not new to this
I'm true to this
Fuck foolishness
The buddah mist got you pussies open like a uterus
so strage and plain
like thought without the brain
fire without the flame
mad tracks without the train
So what's the dell?
(What?) Oh I mean what's the deal
Or tell me how you felt
Better yet how you feel
I'm hot and cold
Old at the same time classic
Eatin' so much hot sauce I piss acid and burn bastards
on purpose I invert this
deep but still can't get past the surface
I'm worshipped still in all I'm worthless
I'm so rich I'm broke bitch
Now quote this
You could be Janet Jackson or Janet Jackme
But all a hoe can ask me is "What time is it daddy?"
You couldn't go One D if this was D One
See son, I fight evil gins fuck Segrum

[Chorus - 2X]

Rhyme doublin'
Switch account bank bubblin'
My team huddelin'
Spit rounds you start coverin'
I'm for rumblin', jugglin'
Shine mine

Hustlin' with addrenaline
Going out just to get it

[Verse 2 - C-Rayz Walz]

I'm surrounded by the earth cause I'm shinin' son
when I see a knife I'm like ya'ight where's the gun?
You say take a walk to the store, I start to run
Goin' straight to the top, Understand where I'm comin
from?
Soon to bust oh I mean soon to burst
Search the universe, my verse like the black holes
outskirts
I'm so perfect at the same time worthless
Eyeing the prize, when I get it will I deserve it?
Rights of passage versus knights of savage
Dark damp rusty nails with clamps (????)
We'll return once you in it orange juice flow
maybe in a minute
walk the head like hats in court
blast hip hop shots like gun sport
give nuff thoughts to mad shit that never enter my
mind
quickly taking my time
walking crooked in a straight line
broke the weak links and hearded through the grape
vine

[Chorus - 2X]

[Verse 3 - C-Rayz Walz]

I'm the MC in the club that stole your Source magazine
Took your tip from the bar and splashed the whole
scene
Visions of me fucking fat chicks on linguini
Nuttin' fast flashed then disappearing like a genie
get head from a midget
juggle six smoke bombs
under the sprinkler system in the US pentagon
like acid on pussy I bubble skins
I'm attracted to sisters with big lips and double chins
trouble ends when the pen hits the paper then
I'm an executive fashion like maturbation in a sky
scrapper
my tounge spit impact with more force than gun clips
all these lame nigga's in the game yellin' they run shit
flows cross the border
I'll combat and slaughter
so extreme I could drown your whole team with a drop
of water

[Chorus - 2X]

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