

Cryptic Slaughter

"Shift Shape"

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(Pep Love)

We shift shape
And we make shit shake
We shine and get paid

When this shit gets made

(Casual)

Hey I lie, I can't tell you none
(uhuh not me nigga)
Nigga get high, sacrificin' brain cells and lungs
Still catch me at the mall with my foot on the wall
Window shoppin', like "This'll look good on my wall"
But there's no coppin'
No no, not Smash
Nigga did that shit before and the hoe got gased
I got unlimited rhymes that I'll be givin' 'em
And niggaz don't admit it at times but I be feelin' them
cats
Can't express how they feel in they raps
Nigga prone to pop a pill and collapse
Done dealin' with saps
I smock slack in a Gilligan hat
Gat cocked back ready for killin' them cats
No not that
I'm chillin' in fact
I'm gettin' chillins just from spillin' these raps
(you feelin that?)

(Pep Love)

Yeah, I stand firm and learn and earn
So I can in turn be a lantern (shinin')
Burn baby burn
Another one bites the dust tryin' to fight with us
Lies and lust we might discuss
Wakin' the dead when these mics erupt
Lives get touched
All eyes on us
We rain from the clouds and we rise from the dust
Just to put it together so lush and plush
Push a hush on your mush-mouth or get brushed and

crushed
I spill my guts to let the truth gush
Come build with us or go get double-dutched
I bent my intent to leave my imprint
The empire flinched when the messiah is sent
Hostile environments

Through my ascent to the highest bit
This is why I spit the flyest shit

(Pep)
We shift shape
and we make shit shake
We shine and get paid

When this shit gets made

(Opio)
We see through every illusion
Heavy in the school of life

A menace to apprentices
Stars and bars
Veterans and venegens
Inner strength like Imhotep
That's why we never miss a step

(A-Plus)
I'm like greased lightning
When Please Write
I got the Chickadees fightin' and the fleas bitin'
Niggaz be showin more kids em with they sarcasm
But they dont wanna spark at 'em
Makin dark dissin
You gettin' whipped into shape
Dipped in the lake

What, you thinkin' this is fake?
Cold rappers getting they chickens baked (Ahh!)
It's been posted, when I get toasted
Fuck how it smells some chicks be acting like the don't
shit
Them the ones that don't get a red cent
A proud nigga but yet a baller
Thats how I tell em solidier
Never drinkin even when I'm hella older
Gettin over in ways your people never showed ya
Breakin bread and doja that mission ain't never over
And if you trippin' I don't care to know ya
Uhoh there he go again, making sure he got dough to
spend

Doja to smoke and then hold it in

(Opio)

I'm here at last on the mic

Droppin' serrin gas and follow your ass with oxygen
masks (*gasp*)

The appearin mad scientist applyin this pressure to the
game

Like an iron fist

Even though I caught the spiders kiss from the biters
its

Nothing I regenerate

Imitate Wolverine plus I'm pullin strings (bling)

The penalty, Massive trauma to your dome

Like Kennedy (damn!)

The Lee Harvey Oswald of this industry (oh shit)

If I'm provoked I'll be waitin in the library

With the Snipers scope pointed at the driver throat

Who, who? Who me? I might catch a Jack Ruby

That's only if I got chains shackled to me

I fire off some high-velocity from the Hiero monopoly

We eat emcees like a poppy seed

They found out I'm for realer, unfamiliar

Not that mainstream Elvis shit

Where is Pricilla?

(Pep)

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(Opio)

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Shape shifters!

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