

Da Brat

"Lyrical Molestation"

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They can only leave to live the linguistic
Full metal jacket of the macular ballistic
Shooting off at the mouth without chap or blistics
I got hairs on my funk and I didn't flunk diaper rash

I'm hooked on phonics packing a vicious vocabulary
Malicious with malice and mayhem straight out of a P-
funk dictionary
Give me the mic and watch me slay them
Those lame and illiterate poeticistics pisses me off
[unverified]

Be missing me with that shit, putting your petty torched
packaged
Pathetically in front of me I suppress, I'll rest of the best
of MC's regularly
In the beginning I was 'bout it, slid in and we write it
This shit deplace, y'all bitches wouldn't even thinking
'bout hit

Heads flipped shittin' hard on niggas
With a name like Brat exotic, cars and large bank
figures
A high rank nigga shop squat taker, maker of some hot
shit lose
Makin' it hard for all y'all bitches to move around like
moose

Truth whatever touch come through in a clutch
Bitch beat me never heard of such niggas, say I'm just
too much
Consisted dollar clocker sippin' a daily vodka
Private chopper live and die hip hopper

With the platinum touch that's what the fuck up
And I ain't tryna pack and slack shit
I'm tryna pack and stack shit, to continue to make phat
shit

And niggas know, the lyrical molestin' is takin' place
And when Da Brat is in your area, your shit ain't safe
To live my whole life lavish, I lust plus crushin'

Competitions a must, every time I bust

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I'm livin' in high times with a lifeline when the sun don't
shine often
Taught the bandits' testimy was to never let no nigga
see me soften
Coughin' up liph in the morning from choking on dank
daily
Beware my attitude, shady pay me and serenade this
lady

Reach the possible limits, no gimmick lyrics
Livin' trife and lavish Ms. Harris with 25 karats
To cherish the iced out Oyster Perpetual Roll
The swish and burn it slow, cats me know

Never fishin' for roaches or smokin' the hocus pocus
Once I was the brokest bitch, now I bought the dopest
shit
The poker Chips get place on the misses with
[unverified]
To shoot hits Chi town's windy city creeper weed
keeper
Redrumming niggas like the shining when the
molestation begins

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If you consider yourself to be a competitor
The object of the game is to bury ya
Get the cheddar, the mo', the merrier, 312 the area
Prepare for my brigade to stay paid and obligated

To knock off niggas in ways you only saw take place in
animation
Your expiration date is pass due you copied off this shit
To last you to infinity, finna be multimillion in a minute
Only solo hope to do more than your average bitch

Making niggas sick and having fifth watchin' me push
the big six
Admit it I'm Da type to get addicted to like China
Why you fucking wit pure dough? Tonight's da night,
we all get high
Niggas know Brat take without askin', leaving
everlasting gashes
On you bastards lyrical assassin and niggas know

Therefore this rap redemption, introduction of
competition
Made some motherfucker before the first admission
Gets to a centamout and I sipped fout, rhyming at
infinite
And my pee in the fountain then I claw clutchin the cliff
'Cuz I gotta get higher into the mantic

Or nabs' sucker geezees going crazy hacking or
channel fool
All the slackin' rappers I pack I pack a bag
I travel to the peninsula with the posy I peep over the
edge
Drop a rock over your head as you leaving up the ledge

To lead on leaving your mink on untangling your mic
chord
You mighta woulda been better in battling your
[unverified] is bogus silly pose it
Putting your petty torched packaged pathetically In
front of me
I suppress I'll rest of the best of MC's regularly

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