

## Afu-Ra "Poisonous Taoist"

Visit "[Poisonous Taoist](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Chorus x4: scratched up samples]

"Poisonous taoist!"

"Afu-Ra!"

"The body of the life force!"

[Afu-Ra]

The body of the life force, scientific street nigga  
I walk with a limp, no pimp sign, I'm an urban gorilla  
Rough and rugged, plus I keep it realer than realer  
Stomp these streets, I'm known as a mic killer  
With vintage lines, that vintage rhyme  
Black circles around rap camps, I be the lord of the  
rhyme  
Whose the prettiest, baddest, most more, know down  
G-O-D, Blackie Chan, watch me shut it down  
Incredible, my credit is credibly credible  
Put hoes up in the track, like heavy metal do  
Cats act up, I hit 'em with the John Woo  
Yo, I chop 'em up, hit 'em up, and rip 'em up  
The Lion King's in town, boy, it's murder on the sound  
boy  
So line your favorite cottage rappers to sing it  
Like Keith Murray; my Def Jams, they will get in ya  
I slice and dice my competition like a ninja

[Chorus x2]

[Afu-Ra]

Now let me introduce you, to the man, the myth, the  
mental  
Influential, bi-centinial, lyrical spiritual material  
Hittin' you like a literal miracle  
Settin' fire to the streets, that's my ritual  
Fossils of my rap book, left for anthropologists  
Show 'em how amazing the jazz, I'm blazing the hooks  
Heavily heavily, intertwine with the melody  
Deadly deadly, kill the tracks with my medly  
Give me that mic fool, you only stuntin' and frontin'  
Fluffin' and bluffin', and ain't sayin nothing, stop  
fronting  
The way I shoot the gift, I'm sick with this  
I make crowds flip, I'm a hip hop therapist

And you can do the hustle, freak ya body, bounce  
But I gotta spit fire, so I'm sure to get ya every ounce  
I'm worth my weight, and gold and all it's luster  
Step up in the place (Woo-Hah) like I'm Busta

[Chorus x4]

[Afu-Ra]

Hold up, wait, the sounds kinda knocking  
Dreaded they up in the club, let's get it poppin'  
Jolting compositions as if I was a virus  
One breathe to raise the dead, those try to ride this  
and of course, I take it back to the hood  
Afu riggedy Ra, in the hood, raw like a porno is  
A wild brother but I dip like a corn fiddle  
Trey eight, snubnose, type of flow, get a gun, though  
I'm nasty, as we had it with this  
I eat rappers, alive, as if my name was Hannibal, kid  
Perverted Monk, medicating in the cut  
Flying guillotine raps, aiyo, I cut shit up  
Masterin' the art, technique dycatomy  
Straight up yo, I'm bout to catch a body like Gotti  
At home in my zone, who feel the ecstasy  
Explicitly, the lyrical telepathy

[Chorus x4]

Visit [Afu-Ra](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.