

Q-Strange "Emcee Assault"

Visit "[Emcee Assault](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

* send corrections to the typist

[Verse 1]

Assaulting emcee's with my lyrical artillery
You sicken me the epitome of lyrical wizardry
Ability for spitten' these rhymes without no sympathy
Verbally assaulting emcee's they should imprison me
Given me, electrocution cookin' me like ?quickasee?
The should call you emcee social studies cuz you
history
Mystery why punk ass kids wanna mess wit me
Infecting me with deafening music it is upsetting me
(I got) punch lines like people at the prom waitin' for
juice
You got whack rhymes use the mic cord as a noose
I'm sorta confused, cuz I thought I saw on the news
That there's an epidemic spreading and they caught it
from you
It's whack rapper disease and it affects punk emcees
You beating me is like black folks on ski's
You'll never see it kid, not even in your dreams
I need skills like Carson Daily needs screamin' teens

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

Step up if you wanna get hurt
Comin' wit the grime and the grit and the dirt
Step up if you wanna get hurt
Emcee Assault

[Verse 2]

I talk trash so cats wanna battle me now
Well ain't cute no more, just like Little Bow Wow
A fowl mouth, assaulting emcee's stompin'em out
Talkin' more garbage than Oscar the grouch
I'm knockin'em out, like fish you be floppin' around
Paramedics are jetting you to the hospital now
Choppin'em down, like a lumberjack wit an ax
All that's left is puddles of blood with kangols and
backpacks
Whipen'em out, like some boogies on a snot rag
Thugs be boys, nerd emcee's and even art fags
Not sad, I'm happy like Gilmore

I'm I'll raw, funky, fresh, deaf and still more
I'm real poor, only chips I'm stackin' is my Pringles
Punch bachelors so I can say I have hit singles
I mix-mingle, try to lead fellow musicians
But I'm driven by the competition then I start to dissin'
I'm trippin', like jack trippa I'm surrounded by broads
You think you get raw?(Come and knock on my door)
I'm not on a tour, if you wanna see me perform
Ya gotta come to my crib sit wit my kid on the floor

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

I'm dirty like an aids infested hypodermic needle
Gritty like the sand in the speedo of a fag gweedo
Grimy like a slimy reptiley creature
Even if I lost my speech, I would still beat'cha
Stumbling, and mumbling make ya words clearer
Ya strugglin' worse than Big Pun's Pallbearers
My rhymes are more grimy than ya grandma's ass
In the heat for three weeks without havin' a bath
And havin' attacks, of uncontrollable gas
Wit a mess in her Depends and grandpas nut blast
Step to me, I got them rhymes straight out the gutter
It's embaracin' like goin' to the mall wit cha mother
And ya handicapped father and ya retarded brotha
Why bother battlin' me go find anotha
Rhymes to steal tagged on the wall of a men's room
stall
You a victim of Emcee Assault!

[Chorus]

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

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