

Rascal Flatts

"Dreaded Fist"

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Dreaded fist from the Northwest...
First we form a verse:
May Boodah bless you 'cause he blessed me
In form of smoke from a tree
With abilities to summon powers of the Dreaded Fist
As a lyricist to the world as a terrorist
So from a distance you see shrapnel and debris
And in an instant you gots to recognize as we
Black Belt our hands to the eighth degree
The champion is me - Red One....
'cause I be the - oh veteran me - yeah they all better
run, I'm bettin' all with the knowledge to make moves
strong, and abolish,
Terrorizing tracks like Gengis Kahn
We be the rawest, hardest from the Northwest Side on
And that's, word to the uplifted fist of the dread, clear
cutting emcees like McMillen Blodell,
So go tell, A friend, and so on and so on
The movement of this Dreaded Fist no longer will be
slept on

[Chorus, Red One]
Dreaded Fist of the Northwest
Gotta be cautious
How we exhibit our style to the people
Lethal doses leaves comatose kids
To match the Fist, there's no equal to this

[Misfit]
A way with words is chosen right to explain
Poetry in my motion, coasting
In and out of range, to maintain
I switch up the timing
Keep suprising, line by line
A continous jabbing at that \$@!, or through your
pressure spot
I pinpoint with an index finger
Inject and let the rhyme linger
Lyrically them in the ring
Physically, the champion of Welterweights in my
division and skill

Itching to get better, somehow, someway
Maybe this Dreaded Fist will meet it's match someday
So then I stay, and with my words I don't play
Though I faint, and patiently wait for made mistakes

"Flip back, hop to a fighting position"

[Red One]

Slip me in the chamber
Cock it back, toss me instrumentals, and watch me bust
on that
They must (be) on crack, wanting they wigs split back
Cause we run this, and it's a well known fact
Never miss, all veteran and specialist
Messing with the best? Please, you can't handle this
It's too scandalist and dangerous for those trying to be
framing us
Enslave us, lining up our anuses and bust
But, I don't think so
Who the fuck d'you think this is?
It's the Rascal, Red One, baddest in this rap biz
Rap with the Misfit, I get the beats off of Kemo
Stay froze and oppose like we boys of vendetta
Rock like metal, plus we heavy on the pedal
The chosen, to rule over the bass and the treble
For those and low blows and those who be posing
They scared cause they know we eat the mic like
corrosion

[Chorus, Red One]

[Misfit]

We are the Dreaded Fist style lyricists
Once we start to kick the flow is continuous and
dangerous
To be facing us you see, easily pick apart, your
gameplan
It seems to me, you can't withstand the sting of the jab
I see the stagger, in your step, you cannot fool
A master of deception, expect them to fall
I'm going for the sternum, flexin'
Verbal skill, is also an atomical weapon
I hope I knock some, sense into your
common way, pay attention to the rhymes that we say
Representing from this day forth, the Dreaded Fist
Fit and ready, on the mission

"Flip back, hop to a fighting position"

"Put on a bulletproof, it'll bust your chest"

[Chorus, Red One]

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