

**Ryan Biracree****"Slang Blade"**

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[Senim Silla]

How you feel, What the hell is this shit?  
Reaching for the cover, turning up your deck  
Who's blowing your cassette? Color me for suspect  
Tan's what I am, tan rizzems what I rep  
Rap fans bely we don't forgive or forget  
Strapping down the mic, kamikaze rock the mic  
Suicide, stage dive, it's gonna be a live night  
Now just to be accurate, label me immaculate  
Short fuse like monagues fuel capulets  
Elaborate labyrinth, lavish pimp pattering  
Rip, rude to ravishing, cabbage scavenging  
from word babbling, babbling brook and words  
travelling  
Like Miles Tattling, I'm kind of partial to battling  
Haven't you heard, you got beef from a so cattle then  
Hit the sunset saddling, rap Bronco  
Riding over tracks, Lone Ranger and Tanto  
Compose on the console, making it feel better  
Sunny to ill weather, I'm a all-season pro  
All-terrain flow, shift five gears with four-by-four  
On the go in the fast lane without reverse, I can't slow  
No brakes, push the pedal to the metal  
The Formula One devil  
Heating up the treble, I rock like Prudential  
Most cats is just Pebbles, when you want it live you can't  
Compromise or settle, check my water level  
My reservoir pours Great Lakes fifty States  
And across seashores, the word spreads like pollen  
from spores  
Like wisdom from folklores, my fans from tours  
And those are just metaphores  
For how I distribute to you and yours  
Opening doors  
We bum rush like a drug bust  
Nickel and dime, now all is mine alumnus, illustrious,  
wondrous  
Ominous in my Prime, call me Optimus Senim  
Transforming slang on the fire maximize  
Complete fumigation better jet for ventilation  
Before you suffer from Senim inhalation

Air deprivation  
Playing me for jolly, that's a dead man's folly  
Or crippled probably  
On the good ship, get popped for acting lolly  
By the son of Bobby, bro how you like me now, like  
pulling a shotty  
Pistol whip your head, now they throw your boys lobby  
You'll be callin on the dolly  
Senim's of the size of the kill with a slang blade  
Some call it a kaiser  
Equalizer blows your brains, expose your wiser  
Now which bastard wants some acid  
Corrosive chemicals casted  
Spitting venom I mastered  
Ran with dogs as rabid and rivers as rapid  
Rapping five we don't tire  
Do you desire to become cross-fire  
Blow their gun-for-hire, Blazing Saddle esquire  
Michigan, Michelin, my dogs will never tire.

(Scratch up 'Poison slang')

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