

Sudden Death

"Rhyme Master"

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We started, fell apart, then we started it again
'Cause my heart was still alive so I strived to
comprehend
Why the songs seemed to die, before long the dream
complied
So I tried and I chose, and I rose like the tide
Long days and nights I put up a strong fight
Second sight all along made the song come out right
I varied my style, being wild was my game
My songs never sound the same, always by the clever
name
Who's got the juice to try to fit inside my shoes?
Who are you to spit the shit about the kid who's on the
loose?
Go ahead, what I said is that the rest are all dead
Who's the best? Screw the rest, off my chest and in my
head
Strange, I'll never change, I'm irreversibly deranged
In the place the pace races in the bass cleff range
Every night the rhymes I write cause a lightning bolt
disaster
That's the fight of being titled as a funky rhyme master

From the Dead Town I said I get ahead with my sound
It's red, are you blind or just stupid as a clown
Be warned I act calm, but like a bomb or a storm
I destroy all their toys so the suckers can't form
If you tore me out before I hit it big with the hook
Then you're chum I won't become, I'm not as dumb as I
look
But I will still chill with the skill that's gonna kill
And I build my own guild by givin' people a thrill
Stop where you are because my car'll plow you over
Never stuck because my luck is like a four-leaf clover
Addicted to the habit of the rhyme I gotta have it
Don't grab it 'cause you can't have it back, silly rabbit
Everybody's loud in the crowd at the jam
People bowed all around because I'm proud of who I
am
The next verse will be terse, but said a little faster
I kick a little quick 'cause I'm a funky rhyme master

Kick the mechanics of rhythm so I always had people
Smilin' before they came in
The idiot thought he could kick it with me
But I told him back off, 'cause he couldn't win
Rappin' like this is a talent I have that I
Use for the pleasure of all of my friends
The posse is large I'm the one that's in charge
And I keep the place jumpin' on through to the end
No one's exactly like me so I do what I do like it is
'cause I am who I am
Imitate me and they laugh at the punk and they
Kick him off stage at the musical jam
Suckers who try to keep me off the records all
Think that I am such a musical bastard
Think what you want, I know what I am
I'm funkier now, I'm a lyrical master

So did you like what I did with the mic? Now I'm
psyched
Tore the lid off the kid who denied it that he liked
How I stole the show, with my magical control
Of the room with my sonic bass boom in my soul
Bass is the case that controls the rat race
Of the industry that makes us deface the whole place
Like a monster on the prowl the bassline is gonna growl
People howl like an owl, I'll never throw in the towel
What's the magic word, now it's totally absurd
A nut didn't like my cut so he flipped me the bird
If you missed how I dissed the sucker let me just say
That he remained in pain for the remainder of the day
Now I'm on top I won't stop till I drop
But I have to 'cause I'm after this dude who called the
cops
And when I catch him, you betcha that his face is mince
meat
'Cause the dude was so rude to try to stop the beat
Chillin' on a roll I fly right through the toll
I stole your soul with my lyrical control
So if you don't wish to end up like a stiff
Keep a stiff upper lip and then skip the riff
Big shot is what you gotta think you are
Face the facts you're just wack you're never gonna go
far
You're gonna lose 'cause you choose to take a cruise
for a bruise
And you refuse to pay respect so you're gonna pay
your dues
Trust me, you're busted, you're rotten through and
rusted
You're loud, you act proud, and the crowd'll leave you

dusted
It's people like you that give the biz a bad name
You think you're cool when you make your own rules to
the game
Devo Spice rocks the mic, cold as ice, every night
Sudden Death backs me up so I cut it up right
My bassline attacks and always cracks the plaster
What else can I say? I'm a funky rhyme master

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