

Vast Aire

"Intro: His Majesty's Laughter"

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You know what I'm saying?
Just got out the bed and shit
You know what I mean
All these crab ass cats
Coming up in my face
Splitith, rap smithith I'm serious
I'm serious
I'm Vast Aire
You just a midget
Check it out
One two
I run through walls that are brick or cement
I'm Vast Aire, that ain't a dimple in your face
It's a dent!
Yo, bring it back, I'm wildin'
It's like, it's Vast Aire
I'll break you down
To your various compound
I am above sound
Yo, I'm Vast Aire
That's just one
Vast Aire
You ain't nobody
And when I'm done with this rhyme, you'll have no body
Telephone rings and
Vast still sings

Let's cut down the pre heater (?) space down to two
inches
Son, it's pitch black outside and we got them squinting
I'm on the mound with snot on the ball

You ain't hitting
A spoon plus a tunnel equals me
Out of San Quentin
Sending postcards from the edge of my sanity
With my face on the stamp rep'ing vanity
So we write rhymes write right and on the left
Opportunity was like fuck knocking
I'll pick the lock
The coroner saw the tooth

Stuck in your jugular
With his cornea, motherfucker, with his cornea
Yo, fuck these internet kids with comments
Raps are flawless
Like when you don't get knocked out
You're on the floor less
So, I suggest
Take four Thai chicks to compress the chest
'Cos in the long haul
It's your ass getting hauled off the stage
Thoughts off the page
Crack cranium rage
I don't care if you don't like me
I've got this rap shit on lock
Damage the psyche

More like that

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