

Mississippi Mass Choir

"No Shorts"

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[Verse 1]

On your mark set flows, fluid like that H²O
I'm hittin' wit' the force of a gale wind blow
Windows can't stop the pain, can't stop the rain
On your parade march on cause it's the Rage
The baddest with the phattest lyrical apparatus
Boost my status in cahoots wit' +Gladys
Knight+ is fallin, from mics MC's are crawlin'
Cause they afraid to get down with my lyrical braw-lin'
Skills sho 'nuff, that's the rizzleal (real)
Brothas on my tit fo' the way I hold a piece of steel
So what you sayin', speak it
Didn't think a wisdom body had techniques for freakin'
So go ahead and keep sleepin'
Because nuthin' comes to sleepers but a dream
And I'm your worst nightmare with puffs in my hair, you
stare
At the big bo-ty (booty)
Style kinda choppy
Fill you up like Sloppy
Joes, when I flows

[Hook] (Daz)

And you know it goes like that (mhmm)
Who can do it better than this big chick in rap (oh yeah,
oh yeah)
Breaks it all down like that (mhmm)
One hard act to follow and a tough nut to crack (oh
yeah, oh yeah)

[Repeat 1x]

[Verse 2]

Now if your name was +Midler+ I +Bette+ you couldn't
get wit' this riddler
You could cross your heart and still couldn't detain this
full figure
It takes more than gridles to hold back my phatness
You got more hurdles to jump so go back practice
You must have forgotten
I could give it to you like God gave his only begotten

Son, you wanna run up on this and get caught up in
the twist like Bambu
Not Onyx, but I can definitely +Slam+ you
So +BacDaFucUp+ or set it off if you want it
You can't escape these off the hook flows when I flaunt
it
Now who can you run to, ain't nowhere to hide
When I kicks my shit I gets deeper than the Poseidon
Adventure, your dentures get knocked down your
throat
Check the murder that I wrote, you couldn't hang with a
rope
Oh no, yo' flows unh-unh
It's the lyrical murderer, stranded on the, stranded on
the

[Hook 2x]

[Verse 3]

Now I rise to the occasion
The Lady Of Rage, representin' the female persuasion
Invasion of the 50th woman, comin' through
One in few
And If any, there ain't many
That can get wit' me, I'm not a rookie like Penny
Ain't a harder way than mine
You gotta a long ladder to climb
Like Jacob, wake up, your make-up is runnin'
I'm stunnin' MC's, with the breeze that I'm blowin' wit'
You can get wit' the wick and you knowin' it
Here I go, lyrical gangbangin'
Breakin 'em down like diggy-dang diggy-dang-dang
Now who rang, I got the whole shabang
The Lady Of Rage and them Dogg Pound Gang-stas
Wippin' that ass like Charmin tissue
Cause when I grab the mic it'll be a closed issue
Oh shit, I'm still the shit that's all and that's it and...

[Hook 4x]

[Dat Nigga Daz talking]
That's the Lady of Rage
Comin', stompin'
Aim all ya wack ass MC's
So step back
Remember the name...

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