

Capital Tax "Styles I Manifest"

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[TMD]

I bust the devastatin rhymes like a sumo flex
to put the crook in your neck, so be glad you met, the
vet
who's set, to explode into the next mode
No time to be scared, just time to get prepared
for the fly verses I be kickin chattin through the speaker
And keepin my grip, like sneakers for the weaker
as I be gettin vicious and malicious for the suckers
Cause they be like scrumptious... MMMMMM...
like snacks, for the cats that be starvin
And I'll be gettin it on like Marvin, so I beg your pardon
for the moment, as I be gettin suave like shavin cream
Then scream, but keep my balance standin on the
beam
As if a gymnast, I'm in this
Flippin the tracks, for the wack, who need a smack, and
all that
stuff cause I'm out to kick the rough
porcupine-backed raps, that have ya hot like the claps
But there's no cure, see I'm the conniseur
I'm pure like the coke like they snortin
and indeed this is important for the restless,
no more I can like stress
Get a load of this.. yo.. the styles I manifest

Styles I manifest

Now it's my turn, so listen and learn as I proceed
The microphone is mine so it's time to make it bleed
Feed me bread and wanted to watch me grow like a
seed
but if you pull a gun then I would flee (see-ya)
But until then, I'll break wind, excuse me
Fan it with my hand so I can execute the plan
Number two on the roster, deadly like the third rail
and rhymes that I say now make my old ones like
sound stale
Oh well I can tell, it's swell
Flowin like melted snow runnin down the hill
Headed for the gutter but I'm slick like butter
And mom's is my girlfriend, and no I didn't stutter

(so whattup?) So whattup with the styles I manifest
I switch em up like needle trains
Stay on top of things and come sharp like razor blades
And never come the same as the last one
And you can ask em (why?) cause I'ma surpass em
with the styles I manifest

Styles I manifest
Yeah, the styles I manifest, uhh
Yeah, ya don't stop..
Yeah, uhh
C'mon.. c'mon.. and ya don't stop..
Check..
And ya don't quit.. hey..
C'mon.. hey.. hey..
Check it out

The styles I manifest (yo the styles you manifest)
Comin crazy fat like the breasts upon your chest
To girls I be referrin, cause ducks get the cumsack
Ridin upon my jock as if I was on a horseback
Ride up the trail, gettin tipsy off the ale
I feel kinda swale so it's time to tip the scale
So I shall uplift this, cause rhymin is terrific
And if I get specific, my talent is like - gifted
as if the late Miles Davis or the great Sammy
Cause I be droppin that dope hip-hop, yo understand
me
Once knew a skeezer by the name her name was
Tammy
But didn't chill too long cause this hoe she wanted
dough
So off I went, cause no money's gettin spent
or lint like loansharks be doin, cause I was out pursuin
rap stardom with the styles I manifestin
I keep ya steadily guessin, cause yo nevertheless when
I speak upon the metal piece, I gets my props
Feds are the cops so I bounce like shots
The bass drum be givin it juice like a tomato
Cause "Nothin Compares 2 U" which is me, ask Sinead
O', Connor
Cause I'ma, much more different person here to stress
(whassup) the styles I manifest

Yeah, the styles I manifest
The styles I manifest
The styles I manifest
Check it out, the styles I manifest

{*ad libs*}

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