

4Lyn "Realcuties"

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What comes around goes around...
And you fukkars gotta get yours.
Chekk this out...

I never wanted this to happen, but it did.
Now iÂ´ll leave a message for all you little kids.
You were drunk that night, full of adrenaline.
Played a big show in a big hall, but nobody was in.
Oops, sorry i forgot... all your invisible fans were there to
blow up the spot.
Your moshpit was as big as your dikks!
And thatÂ´'s the reason why you wanted to fukk up the
whole 4lyn-clikk.
Sorry boys, but thatÂ´'s how it is.
You got no talent, no style and thatÂ´'s the reason why
youÂ´re pissed.
You little girls wanna play ball?
So grab the mic and fight bakk, i knokk you faggots off
the wall!!!
You never get the throne iÂ´m sittinÂ´on...
Not even the toilet that iÂ´m shittinÂ´on.
Nobody needs your crossover-cabaret!
Your rapper sounds like "gamma ray" that is about to
"ram a gay"!!!
I let you little pussies likk my balls!
So much competition... i kikkedÂ´em all.
I let you muthafukkars know the deal...
You ainÂ´t got mass-appeal, but you are gays for real!

For sure!

You want to do it like i do, baby...
You wanna be in my position,
ThatÂ´'s the reason why you muthafukkars keep on
dissin...
You want to do it like i do, baby...
You wanna reach the status iÂ´m in...
What, what, this is a battle that you cannot win, no!

That brings me straight to the next contester.
The next victim of my lyrical molester.
You thought, you were save, little ordinary?

I fukk you up,too,mister o-----!!!
Go,and buy yourself a new pair of arms,
So you can reach the microphne that i will turn into a
timebomb.
I smile at you and then i hit the switch...
I blow your fat butt into pieces...sorry bitch!
Remember the shirt,that you gave me in the past?
I only used it one time..for wipinÂ´my ass.
With your "wannabe punk-rokk" you will get nothing
done,
And the only girl you date is your mom!
You cannot sing when it comes to that.
I cannot believe that i gave your sorry ass respect.
I gave you props Â´til i saw you play live..
In this game you wannabe-professional, you wonÂ´t
survive.
You try to be the next "r.a.t.m.",
But hey,to me you faggots look like "YMCA"!!
Keep your big mouth shut and stand in
line...(muthafukka!)
Against me youÂ´ll need an army...while i just need one
rhyme...

Believe that!

You want to do it like i do,baby...
You wanna be in my position,
ThatÂ´s the reason why you muthafukkas keep on
dissin...
You want to do it like i do,baby...
You want to reach the status iÂ´m in...
What,what,this is a battle that you cannot win,no!

Please,take it personal!
Keep your wakk-ass-songs in your rehearsinÂ´-room!
Bitch,i said please,
DonÂ´t mistake me when i speak about your shit,
Because your shit is weak!!
Crap,is what i call your style,
YouÂ´re like a formula one-tire...low profile!
ThatÂ´s it,thatÂ´s all,my friend.
Ey yo,russo!hook me up again!

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