

Lil Ced "Don't Be Scared"

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verse1:Check it out, one time

My tricky tricky style is so cocky i knock you out like i'm rocky

And then i'll bet you the world, plus some loot, on the point

A licky lethaler rapper cause my rhymes are like potion I think he burn like ?, to put your mind in slow motion Simply, it's done, like makin a bungee You lick it or roll it a sticky spark with the fellas Let's contact quinton, they call him the chief Plus i'm votin destruction, on suckers they're nerds Take their style toss it up, then add effects like a reverb

Take it and match it, cause the flow is exceptional The washington congress, the house and congressional

Professional, call it geronimo

Frequencies on the mickie, watch your girl give a hickie Now you're flippin the I'll way, diluted with? The horsemen style is to flow so rapid Ricky run like a faucet, like??

Costello so mellow, like a pen with othello Shicky shapin a hamlet, tricky bowl thicky jell-o Hell-o, goodbye

Chorus:Don't be scared, pick up the mic (8x)

verse2:My flow is wicked, rough and rugged like wilson pickett

Stick it, the funky kinetic can flow, cause i can dig it
Check it check it as i wreck it, niggaz never respect it
I was always neglected, intellect be so respected
A sharp shooter, blowin niggaz up out the frame
You can't maintain, my domain, too insane
I have centrifugal terrifical styles
Difficult styles, wire be bitin bark, chewin for miles
I'm like houdini the great, i'm too magnificent
Incredible stuff, to make all crackheads bug
Now brothaz is rough, shootin up your town, blowin up
your city

As i stalk walk hawk, that shit ain't pretty Really, silly, better step off Chorus:Don't be scared, pick up the mic (8x)

verse3:I got the pickup truck ready, lookin for satan the devil

Yeah, bugged crazy off another, level I boogie woogie on down and catch mad wreck Load the calico check, come in high tech Mc's jump up quick, you get your ass kicked Mad sick, used to hang with charles manson Cut up any foot, if i saw it kept dancin I smeggle smack em, briggle briggle break em Catch em with the hefty bag, walk away and take em Mc's look in the mirror, see they nightmare The bugged kid, bald head, fuck it i don't care I get frantic atomic, pull your rectum out Change your brainframe, butt pull your spectrum out I get retarded and raw like razor ruddock You don't wanna try the x, aww, fukkit Let me, show you, my style, this style Fuck that, na na na nah, not this style Yes yo, who dat? yo wait, yo i'm comin down Hee hee hee! come and battle me clown Juggle three balls, my balls, feel good You bet i have your girl all up on me, sister write me a letter

Mc's know they all deaf, they on the back burner I step straight to your crew like mad truck turner The crazy man with grenades in the projects Back up punk, remember x x x

Chorus:Don't be scared, pick up the mic (8x)

verse4:Check it

It's my time with the rhyme, for the minor comin harder Pull a burner blast your but at the line Racist, faces, spaces, braces, ????
I'm sprayin mace in your face
I'm tradin places with the power to knock, your ass unconcious

I'm monstrous, i? and i romp, cause i stomp, cause i want this

Not so fast kid yo, i did a mad bid You won't last kid yo, i whup your ass Then vacate the premises, ?? of the genesis ??? motherfucker can you step to this Can you handle the vandal the man on the force Through the scandal snuff your ass like a candle Well it's my rate, the high rate, the fly rate Since i rate, cause i rate, cause i make, you gyrate To the raw rappin cause it's all that it's all that It's raw jack, and it's time - to go to war jack
So don't waste my time
Let the bassline kick yo' ass with the chorus line
A checka wreck a record, check-o-wreck
I guarantee to rock shock shock the place with most respect

Chorus:Don't be scared, pick up the mic (8x)

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