

Kendrick Lamar "Rigamortis Remix"

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[Intro]

Alright, here we go, third take, real quick Ali

[Hook]

Got me breathing with dragons

I'll crack the egg in your basket, you bastard

I'm Marilyn Manson with madness, now just imagine the magic

I light to asses, don't ask for your favorite rapper

(He dead) Yessir (Amen) Chuuch

(He dead) I killed him (Amen) Bitch

[Verse 1]

And this is rigamortis and it's gorgeous when you die

Ali recorded and I'm Morpheus, the Matrix of my mind

I'm out the orbit, you an orphan and a hairdresser combined

I'm on the toilet when I rhyme if you the shit then I decline

I climax where you begin and then I end on Cloud 9

And that's important when you morph into a angel in the sky

And don't be forging all my signatures, my listeners reply and tell me

That you biting style, you got a hell of an appetite

And I'mma be here for a while just buckle up before the ride

Or knuckle up if you could fight, we always making them duck or die

A suit and tie is suitable and usual in suicide

CSI, just might investigate this fucking parasite

[Verse 2]

(He dead, amen) That's what they telling me

Aim it at your celebrity, this is studio felony

Ferragami so many and cool enough for the 70's

Nigga, payback's a bitch and bitch you been living in debt with me

That I more than especially, leave a call on his mother voicemail

To say that he rest in peace, bigger chopper the recipe

Wrestling, that's irrelevant rather rest at your residence

Whistling to the melody couldn't think of a better D

Better be on your P and Q, it's just me Jay Rock, Soul

and Q
So the system ain't barbeque, ain't nothing else you
can do
(He dead) Yup-yup (Amen) I killed him
(He dead) Haha (Amen) Amen
[Hook]
[Verse 3]
I rapped him and made him Casper, I captured the
likes of NASA
My pedigree to fly past ya, I pass the weed to the
pastor
We all are sinners, won't you send us to bible study
faster
Your hypocrite-esque reaction a blasphemy
I assassin my casualty and it's casually done and tell
'em my salary come
A lump sum of hundreds don't talk to be 'bout no
money
The sun is under my feet and I come in peace to
compete
I don't run if you rather leap, my statistics go up in
weeks
And I go visit the nearest creek and I get busy on many
MC
Really ballistic, anybody can see any assistance,
everybody done see
Some persistence, recognize I be really too vicious, the
permanent beast
And the demolition, breaking up the streets, better
partition, better dot your T
And I gon' mention, how the far you see, putting my
dick in the rap industry
Everybody bitchin', getting mad at me, recognize
Kendrick in the battery
And I'm charged up and the catastrophe is charged up
and the audacity
And y'all fucks, never could hassle me and y'all luck,
just ran out you'll see
(He dead) Yup-yup (Amen) I know
(He dead) For sure (Amen) Amen
[Hook]
[Verse 4: Busta Rhymes]
Hold up, I'm parking my Caddy
That's when I fuck it up badly
Frankly, I'm happy to tell niggas
"Have manners 'front the daddy"
I carry the Anthony Mackie
And put holes in you badly
Fuck sending you off in a hearse
I'll send you off in a taxi
Have you bloody leaky looking like you tampon or maxi

Retaliation talk: shut the fuck up nigga
Exactly nasty the classy the flashiest how I'm on it
Don't ask me no kind of questions and mention
I'll leave your face in a pantry
And gladly lump up your shit and bumpin your face up
like acne
Break your teeth, replace them with veneers bigger
than Lil Scrappy
Feeling like growing my dread again
Letting my shit get nappy
Throw me on a New York fitted
While reppin' like I'm a Yankee
If they wanna front then I hit em and I tap em
Eat a nigga's food like its a scampi
When it come to bitch niggas, I'm a little bit a racist
Governor Pataki
Papi, you're the master, auntie
Pops was a little bit manly, fuck all that aiming
I'mma hit him in the front, hit him in the back
So substanc-y
Then I gotta Bit-a-bit-a-bit-a-bit-a-beat a nigga leave
him in the alley
You don't really wanna know how you niggas always be
making me aggie
Organs in your drawers now you wearing your pants
saggy
Haggling niggas with scriptures, spittin, you should be
happy
Gradually when I hit you I split you and leave you sadly
in a
Situation lay you out flatter than chicken patties
It's the God, you hear me talking whenever you hear
the raspy
And when it comes to murkin' something you should
never put past me!
[Hook]

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