

Non Phixion "Obscure Disorder Feat Goretex"

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[I-Con]

Apocalyptic, born to spit it
Niggas thinking the Lord did it
Regardless of their efforts to be the hardest, critics
Y'all with it, if not my verbs spit shots
Give your ass the equivalent of a stiff cock
I'm still hot, despite the ice of a wrist watch
Sip scotch J and B, flow type dynamite, TNT
Spend grandly, with explosive
Spit fire raps and holsters
I make heat smolter with a quick draw
Verbal four fifth y'all, contrast your raps are mere spit
balls
If y'all think y'all can be defenders
Hit y'all with more sentences than repeat offenders
Will we surrender? NO
Though keep steady rocking with chances of stoppin
me
Lower than finding a newborn able to take sodomy
calmly
How do you adore me, strips some beef which informs
me
The fame or the army

[Goretex]

With bare feet I walk the desert feelig no heat
Beliefs of dangers live up on the street, holding my
meat
Shoot up the Earth that we rejoice in prayer
We never care, and groupie tours are busting enema
bags and coke stares
Racking mass we rock annual
I'm coming out, I'm that bastard son of a shocking
cannibal
With mad clout, ain't no way out
I think I was made to degrade you
Pull your eyes brains and veins out, to watch you
change you
Lyrically I raised you, but I'm going to smash you for
spite
Bash you with mics, before the head be stashed on ice
Non Phixion, Obsucre we together for war
Fallout, remaining soldiers in 2004

[A-Trak - turntablism]

"You know the feeling when things ain't right"

"When these Non Phixion niggas start to rap on the mic"

"You know the motherfucking situation"

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