

## Non Phixion "Obscure Disorder"

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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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