

Dose One

"Self Explanatory"

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Hush child, don't make me affix hatred in
your coordinates into my lingual matrix
and shake this microphone into a dominatrix
whipping you shameless
Emcees we all tonguing anus
Needless to say, brainless
So take a deep breath and think gracious
Before I scar all your faces
Leavin' that flavored ass tasteless
Still, you boast about cheese
Lost in the rap races
Fabricatin' first places
Champ, you can't even tie them shoe laces
Rookie, get back to basics
Take ten nostalgic paces
Bow your head and get wasted
As the mere echo of my phrases
replaces what used to be your mental mazes
Then again, the proceeding statement raises
Much room for the basis
Your labyrinth was a cubical with an open door
in terms of this metaphor
Of course, you poor fallen meteor
Off course, intended to plummet evermore
throughout the cosmos except your path
brought you dangerously close
to the burnin' master pro they call Dose
Representin' the shorts of my conception, coast
Ahhh, squire, to your ignorance we toast
And drink away such pain
My bad, was that your jugular vain?
It's funny, awww, blood stain
You're quite tame eyes have lost that pretty flame
Pretty shame and remorse
Make my palms sweat and voice slightly horse
But it's all in sport, or was it the mind
That there was the introduction to a battle rhyme

Come on and lets get down to the logistics
As I lay law from the iller district
Leavin' the cock strong
Dickless beings exotically twisted

Like Mayan tapestry
Cryptic mic mastery is depicted
as I get down right statistic
Humbling the gifted
Emcees can't even get down
Talkin' about "get lifted"
Then why ain't you elevatin'
I guess all that masturbation [has]
got you grippin' the mic tight awaitin'
Some form of sterile sonic ejaculation
Pitiful exhibitionist
I pity you over impotence
And relative insignificance
Reminisce in other (?)
peace officer (?)
deceased coffin saw (?)
Other ceremony your master
You shoulda been a pastor
You can still live a lie
and only greet truth when you die
but you're just high
Well I am surrounded by chickens and snakes
In a pigsty
Still, jokers like you wanna battle the white guy
Can't you see soul burnin' in my eye
For in that eye your prom sacrifice material
Lost in hope of a miracle
But rap must cope with bacterial infections such as
thou
Watch where you point that scab
Were you born the ugly child?
See, I was born phonetically restless
Already able to kinetically impress this
silhouette into your breast with
spontaneous focus conception
Burnin' flesh with my tempered inflection
Properly certified for stage
Cross section, splittin' all around me, wide open
Leavin' carbon monoxide in the air, smokin'
Put it this way, if it breathes its fuckin' chokin';
On the words I set in motion
Sky splits and thunderclaps
THE ONE HAS SPOKEN
I battle gods at The Vatican,
Parthenon, or Hoboken(?)
Still, your slogan is
"Nah man, I'm not about that 'Thought Provokin' "
Yes its true, you're just broken-backed
harder than English
But this man slaughter the fiendish
since the infinite deem this dark apostle seamless

Among the tattered and dreamless masses of demons
so pray he come like semen and
get lost in my abstract womb
Extracting whom you be through those actions
As you fall to the will of my faction
Thanks, it's been fun practicin'
I'm done taxin'

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