

## Mac Lethal

### "Mean Jab"

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Fuck happy music and the same people that make it  
You're like the music version of the Lance Armstrong  
bracelet  
For hard long faces I'ma bastardize the beat  
Make you feel like you ate acid by the sheet  
Really fast for 90 weeks  
I grab the fuckin raptor by its beak  
And pry it open like I'm hoping that by stranglin a bird  
The little notions that are painfully absurd  
And pokin, gratin on my nerves  
Are broken when I choke it's appetite to eat  
Point a rapper out that's telling you he raps hard  
And I'ma lock his ass up in a cellar in my backyard  
And I'ma kick his ass every day  
Every forty-five minutes  
Til the Kansas City Royals win a pendant  
I guess you're just coincidentally hopeless  
And that's the reason that I took your demo disc and  
broke it  
So before you compare me to Eminem or Slug  
Please show a little bit of love!

Pitchfork Media reviews? (Fuck 'em!)  
Christian conservative psychos? (Fuck 'em!)  
Sean Hannity and Ann Coulter? (Fuck 'em!)  
Black Clover, bitch, here to take care of the public  
(What up!)

I gotta throw another mean jab, baby (what up!)  
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You muthafuckers think it's time to go home? (Oh hell  
no!)  
What up!

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This is dedicated to the rappers in the battlin outfits

You never fucked my girlfriend, quit rappin about it  
I slap the diapers off your dipshit fan base  
And teach you how to never give a limp wrist  
handshake  
VH1 called me and told me that there's a white rapper  
reality show and that I need to be on it  
Now I don't know what the hell that implied  
But I told VH1 "Y'all can eat shit and die!"  
I'm not an entity, I'm an enterprise  
I'm the interplanetary solar system beaming in the  
skies  
I'm the Enter the Wu-tang song that got cut  
I'm the Enter the Dragon, Mr Hahn's house, serving  
fried duck  
I'm an intervention for you, and no one showed up  
Your Interscope Records after Rhymesayers blows up!  
Your intermural-fucking-soccer at a Catholic girl's  
school  
You suck at life, you're not cool

If somebody disses Kansas City (Fuck 'em!)  
If somebody disses my man Approach (Fuck 'em!)  
If they don't think Seven is a genius (Fuck 'em!)  
And they diss Doomtree I'll take a knife and cut 'em!  
(What up!)

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The rhythm's out front, to pick me up  
Now shut, the fizzy fuck up, punk  
You interrupt, muthafuck  
The gritty grub on your disc, it's shitty stuff I insist  
It really sucks, it was free  
I listened once  
I was skippin songs, then I got pissed and started  
skipping stones  
Then I skipped lunch and found you and started  
chippin bones  
I was skippin grades to elevate my common sense  
You were dumb enough to underestimate my  
awesome-ness!

Ousted the now-debted style-threaded backpackers  
Sounded like grout-headed gat snappers  
Clap at these ingrate bastardized mix tape rapper cast  
Bitch face savage  
Mac's gunning for the title  
So flash my symbol in the sky and I'll stab every single  
instrumental you supply  
Three times Rhymesayers had the best of the year  
Now get the fuck away from me and go fetch me a  
beer

For anybody dissin Tech N9ne (Fuck 'em!)  
For anybody dissin Atmosphere (Fuck 'em!)  
Those girls don't like DJ Sku (Fuck 'em!)  
And if you see Joe Good tell him I still love him!

Thanks to V Balayan

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