

Mac Lethal

"Would John Madden Have Crashed His Bus Into The"

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Mac Lethal - Would John Madden Have Crashed His Bus
Into the World Trade Center If He Plotted 9/11?

What's your blood type?

This is dedicated to girls, that are hustlers, waitresses,
all 'em

Girls that deal mushrooms

Girls that feel like rappers only diss girls, cause they
do

and they're stupid

This is for you..what's your blood type

Let me kick the door off the hinges, okay

Black Clover Records here to save the muthafuckin day

Look my name is Mac Lethal and I can't be used

These little crumbs got me dustin off my dancin shoes

I tell you what, Joe Good fans got hella guts

If they're thinkin he's the circus and I'm here to sell 'em
nuts

I'm a Leo, I get jealous as fuck

So if you run your little quasi-intelligent drunk mouth

I'm swellin it shut

Listen people, don't be friends with Lethal

I got a broken little heart that's fulla pins and needles

And all I wanna find is a girl with a stimulated mind

But I hate it if it's easy, it's a giveaway, a crime

Now save your little Eminem comparisons

I really do take drugs

I'm twitchin from the heroin

And tourin, dammit in your city we surge

I skate too, I can 50-50 a curb

So get a board from escapists and play this cut

For your Kansas City Aces, with smiles on their faces

The styles make 'em shapeshift

I'm through bein nice

I slap beats like Les Claypool slaps bases

High hat sync, it's Black Clover's black traces

I'm old school like muthafuckin slap bracelets

I'm old school like rap with only black rappers

But I'm home schooled, so never call me backpacker

[Hook 2X]

Now listen, everybody gotta pay attention right now,
One two, one two (one two)
I'm gonna do a little black magic on the crowd til
you're all nuts for my crew (my crew)

I never do the MC Hammer dance
(Wait, wait, wait, that one's kinda old)
I never do the "Lean With It Rock With It" dance
I got a couple cigarette burn holes in my pants
But this tattooed chick is kissin like she wants a four
letter
Teach your boyfriend to learn how to perform better
The warm weather's like a brush I can paint with
I write with the cryptic little romance language
Aw, look at me, I lost it
But everybody gained somethin when they saw
The way we took the city hostage

"Holla, holla, holla, holla. Ain't learned it for nothin.
What you think I ain't gon' say nothing?
What I'm supposed to come up in here, insaturated and
not say nothin?
What I'm supposed to not do nothin? What I'm
supposed to not say it?
I'ma say it! I'ma be it! I'ma be real wit it!
That's the way we get down! To the death!"

Thanks to V Balayan

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