

## **Smokee Tokess "Art Of Rap"**

Visit "[Art Of Rap](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com)

Whatever my targets on  
I carpet bomb  
My man Karthik gone, wrong,  
running out of sodom  
with a semi lob on.  
Smelling rotten, that's a horses head  
in your daughters bed  
cos I caught you slipping  
now I'm sitting in your kitchen.

Safe crackers grey matter  
sprayed back (uh),  
my heist game remain dapper  
gay chatter, made you sound like,  
the queerest fella,  
trying to tickle with the nearest feather  
make you fear this cellar, you'll be here forever

I was just a teen  
jumping on my trampoline,  
smoking ample green  
getting lean,  
with this tramp Pauline.  
Once she tried to set me up,  
I had to trample fiends,  
grabbed her by the ankle ring  
and mangled her like a mandarin

Then for no reason,  
I told Liam, the Cambodian opium  
that I sold Ian at 4pm,  
was old and mouldy and,  
so he's O.D'in,  
cold and he won't speak,  
and his nose and his throats leaking

Visit [Smokee Tokess](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com), to get more lyrics and videos.