

4 Lyn "Realcuties"

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what comes around goes around...
and you fukkers gotta get yours.
chekk this out...

i never wanted this to happen,but it did.
now iÂ´ll leave a message for all you little kids.
you were drunk that night, full of adrenaline.
played a big show in a big hall,but nobody was in.

oops,sorry i forgot...all your invisible fans were there to
blow up the spot.
your moshpit was as big as your dikks!
and thatÂ´s the reason why you wanted to fukk up the
whole 4lyn-clikk.
sorry boys,but thatÂ´s how it is.

you got no talent,no style and thatÂ´s the reason why
youÂ´re pissed.
you little girls wanna play ball?
so grab the mic and fight bakk,i knokk you faggots off
the wall!!!
you never get the throne iÂ´m sittinÂ´on...
not even the toilet that iÂ´m shittinÂ´on.

nobody needs your crossover-cabaret!
your rapper sounds like "gamma ray" that is about to
"ram a gay"!!!
i let you little pussies likk my balls!
so much competition...i kikkedÂ´em all.
i let you muthafukkers know the deal...
you ainÂ´t got mass-appeal,but you are gays for real!

for sure!

you want to do it like i do,baby...
you wanna be in my position,
thatÂ´s the reason why you muthafukkas keep on
dissin...
you want to do it like i do,baby...
you wanna reach the status iÂ´m in...
what,what,this is a battle that you cannot win,no!

that brings me straight to the next tester.
the next victim of my lyrical molester.
you thought,you were save,little ordinary?
i fukk you up,too,mister o-----!!!
go,and buy yourself a new pair of arms
so you can reach the microphne that i will turn into a
timebomb.
i smile at you and then i hit the switch...

i blow your fat butt into pieces...sorry bitch!
remember the shirt,that you gave me in the past?
i only used it one time..for wipinÂ´my ass.

with your "wannabe punk-rokk" you will get nothing
done,
and the only girl you date is your mom!
you cannot sing when it comes to that.
i cannot believe that i gave your sorry ass respect.
i gave you props Â´til i saw you play live..

in this game you wannabe-professional, you wonÂ´t
survive.
you try to be the next "r.a.t.m.",but hey,to me you
faggots look like "YMCA"!!
keep your big mouth shut and stand in
line...(muthafukka!)
against me youÂ´ll need an army...while i just need one
rhyme...

believe that!

you want to do it like i do,baby...
you wanna be in my position,
thatÂ´'s the reason why you muthafukkas keep on
dissin...
you want to do it like i do,baby...
you want to reach the status iÂ´m in...
what,what,this is a battle that you cannot win,no!

please,take it personal!
keep your wakk-ass-songs in your rehearsinÂ´-room!
bitch,i said please,
donÂ´t mistake me when i speak about your
shit,because your shit is weak!!
crap,is what i call your style

youÂ´re like a formula one-tire...low profile!
thatÂ´'s it,thatÂ´'s all,my friend.
ey yo,russo!hook me up again!

