

Pia Zadora

"Badabing"

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[Copywrite78]

Oh yea, yo wutchu want, got wutchu need?
It's Copywrite ha ha ha word up

Yo, yo the best this year
To bless this here mic til your brain burst
I'll guest appear twice and the check will clear three
times from the same verse
I was always a demon
I took the form of a fetus the second my pop's balls
spread his semen
Lost my marbles at six
Fuck swallowin my nut, I make bitches gargle my piss
Bench-press and take over spirits with my fuckin' lyrics
Since seven my reflection wouldn't show up in mirrors
And every club that I rip, groupies tuggin my dick
I make songs I'd love, even if it wasn't my shit
Y'all drop drugs, generic and bland
Sucking the cocks of Biggie and Pac while tryin to
inherit they fans
And may God bless the soul of every rapper murdered
Except for the cats I served
And if they were wack then they deserved it
Show me a thug, I'd permeate one
Duck from the son of a gun born from the barrel of a 38
snub

Yo let me know
Where's your crew
Round 'em up, roll 'em out, send 'em through
Bring whatever you gotta bring
(Let's do this shit) Bada fuckin' boom, bada bing

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I'm a psycho with a pump
And a rifle in the trunk

You got ten seconds to run, I never liked you from the
jump
I drop madness, give whore's jaw practice
Want advice? send your demo to Bob Saggit
He'll laugh at it, the audience will vote for it
HELL you might even win the fifty grand, go for it
This slut's mine when it's fuck time
I'm man enough to cum in her
but not man enough to take care of what's mine
Emcees with heart
Come in peace then leave in parts
You rhyme the tightest? I'll pull your seams apart
I must have an everlasting battery between my heart
Cause I shine the brightest, when I'm not even charged
You ain't no emcee, you're a border-line fag
With your boyfriend's number written in your rhyme-
pad
You talk a lot of gossip
Only time you move the crowd
is from the front row of your show to the parking lot to
vomit

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I preach each word on the mic like it's my last word i'll
recite
So I'll be famous tomorrow if I'm murdered tonight
Playful with this shit
While you're bluffin to your bimbo
Leave your razor at the crib, only thing you cuttin is a
demo
I ain't waitin, spit it after me
Talkin shit behind my back, ain't hatin
That shit is blasphemy
You're trash to me
Far from clutched with a verse
SO BATTLE ME
And leave with a garbage truck for a hearse
Half Italian
Half Irish
All cast-iron

Even if I'm the first to blast
I'm the last dyin
Stand in the middle of a battlefield without a shield
Prepare, I could stare at a bullet and shatter steel
Tear, any rapper out there, that's how i feel
When I steal more now than I did without a deal
Rob your crib, take all your shit, hop out
Leave a thank you note signed Copy
The Warner Ridge drop out

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