

Pia Zadora

"Fucksoundcheck"

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My birth certificate reads: "Earth's most descriptive MC"
My death certificate'll read: "I'm dead, quit listening to me"
But while I'm here I'll use the planet as a platform
To plant panic in faggots and bash 'em with a mask on
My stamina's twice more to boost
I persuaded Anakin from the light side towards the truth
So panic in fright when handing me mics, wars insue
From the mic lord ya family likes more than you
Your head'll flinch when I nurse you to trauma
Cause my add libs are iller than any verse you can conjure
Megahertz will persecute you with honor
Wheathermen'll take it one step further and murder ya momma
Climb the highest mountain, spit bottomless venom,
shot 'em with rhythm
I don't get problems, I give 'em
My skin is made of the sharpest and thinnest blades
My notebook's more amazing than the one Guinness made
So when I rock what's not to like
I use your rhymes as an example of what not to write
Your faction is nothing, you'll get chewed for the hell of it
If rappin was fuckin ya whole crew would be celebit
Copywrite'll shit a million words before your first sentence drops
Or before my double engine stops, whichever comes first
Cause I'm determined to serve y'all with permanent words, murdering germs
By avoiding the most obvious method, my hobby is catching
And you can't dodge the Intrepid
Tis the season I'll ceast you breathing through ya chest
That's not a threat, it's the reason I was sent

(Chorus)

Fucksoundcheck the crowd wants it now
Fuck site, by scent I'll hunt you down
There's 5 senses 4 seasons 3 emcees 2 down 1
breathing 1 weasing
Anyone who dis O-H town, I'm shittin on
DJ's that don't have 2 copies of this, I'm shittin on
When we on stage shut up until my click is gone
Show respect before your bitch is gone

(Verse 2)

Piercing me in the eyes is like staring at the sun for a
minute or 3
You'll close your eyes blink and still see an image of
me
No camera can capture the essence
One thousand years nuthin changed, Dracula never
had a reflection
Fuck rockin mics, I'm cracking domes with African
Stones
My practice sessions a classic alone
Give me six minutes, teams a stripped gimmicks
I don't wanna be mainstream, I wanna PISS in it
I'll eat you twice, invite you back for thirds to lose
Try again and get ate 4 times like 32
By a raw crew that'll bury all you
With Freestyles that result in thousand dollar lawsuits
Hardcore, so while you spin on cardboard
I evole the practice of shit talking to an art form
And your banned from the mic
I get more Dap over the course of day
Then you'll see in the span of ya life
Damn right, but I got all day if y'all wanna learn the
hard way
Show y'all how a thunder god plays
To sum it up, I'll Kill you
I don't blame you for being wack
I blame your fans for being dumb enough to feel you
Travel with me, I'll pass you by 10 styles, battle?
y'all ain't no battle emcees, y'all are pen pals
You ran, I launch rapid torpedos
Now I'm dead on ya ass like rabbit fur speedos
God damnit I laminate what I write
After seeing how y'all are contaminating the mic
I animate when I strike right off the paper to cause
random acts of
Slamming a fan's axe dead in ya man's back
My monstrous accomplice wands'll stun fast
with the promptness of a gun blast
I'm like, semen to semen I cum out the hardest
And I won't scalp tickets to a concert, I scalp the artist

(Repeat chorus)

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