

## DJ Format

### "Viscious Battle Raps"

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I like to rap a lot so permit me to rap a little,  
My name is Abdominal, I'll make you laugh and giggle,  
Just like a little school girl when I'm touching the mic,  
Me and a crap rapper, nothing alike,  
'Cause they crap, and I'm not,  
Could you demonstrate? Why not,  
Let me take this little opportunity so soon you'll see how  
you and me be different when it comes to fluency,  
the crowd be rooting me and booing thee, first two or  
three lines that you be polluting the atmosphere with,  
you get subjected to scrutiny, stupidly oblivious to this  
soon-to-be mutiny on the part of the crowd,  
eventually even your crew would be like,  
Abdominal, is pretty damn good.  
Well thats what I've been try'na say man,  
Would you remove those bananas from your earholes  
and pay attention,  
In the long run, this will bring everyone less tension,  
And I won't be forced to have to hit you with these  
vicious battle raps,  
But really less battle raps than straight-up facts,  
Kinda like a news report,  
Untrue? Fuck you be this Jews retort.  
You're losin sport, can't you see your predicament?  
Nurse, gauze, and lots of ligament.  
Victim sent courtesy of a friendly neighborhood  
Abdominal,  
Doing his best to fill the hospitals,  
They say he's some sort of musical vigilante,  
On a one man crusade to do away with anything even  
remotely whack,  
He rips the lips off of rappers and frees the tracks.  
We really can't thank him enough, I'd like to shake his  
hand,  
Say thanks for taking a stand, evacuating the land of  
the uncreative and bland.  
(Nurse): Doctor is it true when they say that he's as  
handsome as a deity?  
Like a chiselled Greek God, plus nimble like a tree  
frog,  
But with the strength of ten men, who each possess the

strength of ten men!

(Nurse): In other words the strength of a hundred men?

Nurse, please don't interrupt me when I'm in the midst  
of a descriptive homage to this folk legend,  
Rumor has it that he's bench-pressing at least 400  
pounds and that's with the left arm alone.

(Nurse): What about the right?

Writing poems, simultaneously, insane you can see but  
that's the type of MC that we're dealing with here,  
Highly creative inunciation, impeccable delivery style,  
versatile, very flexible, breath control unparalleled,  
In his line of work his rhymes'll hurt these spineless  
jerks, yeah, but he'll still find the time to flirt,  
(breath) With all kinds of skirts.

(Nurse): He should try a nurse...

Keep your mind on your work, (breath) like he keeps his  
mind on the verse,

When he's timing his words you can set your clock to  
the rhymin' you heard,

Enimating from between the two lips of the A-B-D-OM-I-  
N-A-L,

Suckers think they swell, he'll be like 'Hmm, pray tell'.

They stray K-Tel whereas he be cool chilling,

Steady knocking fillings out of mouths of supervillains,

And then charging 'em for dental repairs,

Lay them down gently in the dental chair,

Fasten the bib, a real no-brainer,

Next step in the procedure administer the novacaine or  
better yet a more effective anaesthetic,

like a pint of chilled rubbing alcohol for the vocally  
pathetic,

Once they're snoring the work commences by this  
blood-splattered demented dentist,

Dr. Abdominal extracting tongues, rendering whack  
rappers dumb,

Some who look like they got a bit of endurance,

Also get their lips sewn shut for insurance,

I know it sounds harsh but he can't be sympathetic in  
his war against the whack cuz it's an epidemic,  
spreading over cities, nations and continents,

Abdominal, heaven-sent antidote, through dopeness,  
With an 'M' on my chest, for Microphonist.

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