

## **Adrian Wolf**

### **"Pyromaniac"**

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phone ringing....  
little girl: Monkey, where you at monkey??

[Chorus]

And what, rappers wanna bring it to me  
Oh, you the nicest M.C. (so so so so so)  
And what, yeah we known to blow up the spot  
Pyromaniac burning, blazing hot

Why would you wanna challenge a guy like me, if you  
not clever (come on)  
Dirtier than prostitutes sweating in hot weather  
Load the spot better, than you ever will in your life  
Wanna kill and get trife, go ahead i'm just gone chill  
with your wife  
The only one that'll get you in a cyph and flex style  
So the next child that try to front then, I'ma pull your x-  
files  
That been, hidden for years, and released when i came  
Mics burn when i flame, forever remain with my name  
Deliver high pain like migraine headaches and all  
You got the nerve to stand before me, pretend you  
were bald  
Must be pathetic to brawl, with a M.C. lord, holding a  
sword  
I'ma a human microphone and my lyrics the vocal cord

You's a fisher price king only eligible to battle  
Saddle ????  
Who are you to hassle, the epidemy of master tackle  
Buck forty nine plus tax to the max, corrsion shample  
Atista Gamble, don't tangle with hard to handle  
Beats lyrical warfare up the river paddle your tackle  
Gotta a neon shadow, but still confusing like a pharoah  
????split through travels i unravel

[Chorus]

Now has led you would have it, my microphone grab  
habit  
Excels over the plab attics, have 'em like (dag nam it)

They pissed off, like missing the toilet  
They plans are foiled, like there wrapped in tin paper  
Burned like skin scrapper, the top kid i'll take ya  
I'm type nice, so think twice, before you hold the device  
Lyrics shot are precise, had you blind like three mice  
Me shise, must of had me mistaken for the wrong stick  
That kids cut short, I'm the one with the long cord and  
the track one  
i smack one rhyme at a time like kids acting up  
Wild like the fight in a club, heads is backing up  
In the meantime, disinfect your filth club, filled with  
clean rhyme  
Gleam like sheam shine, take you ass home to better  
dream mine  
Be out of town from sundown, this block ain't big  
enough for the both of us  
No chance of redemption like broken trust  
Who tops the bottle cap and seal the whole three liter  
bottle  
Rap and let it go flat  
Off duty officers in brooklyn better go strap...

Don't knock me cuz you can't rock me  
Lyrically i'm cocky, you sloppy, refer to me as copy  
Malaki, of your style, i make a mockery of, cuz you  
choppy  
You should specialize in copies like kinkos  
Don't ass think yo, you beat me (hahahahaha) i don't  
think so  
Not even mulitplied by cinco, you blink bro  
Now catch your career going down the sink yo  
My hits rock you dicks nots so run and get cops  
I rip shops and flip hot fat like hitchcock  
Outta space i roll with spock, lyrically kill herbs,  
When i spill verbs, direct actors like speilberg,  
Run with ill hearse (son whose the arsonists) hit me off  
yo  
I slice nerds and melt icebergs in the north pole  
You soft so, really awful, i rock the grand flow  
You need magic like Orlando, or must be rambo,  
multiplied by commando  
Tell your whole crew, i told you i wreck those too  
Make you vocal, i'm express you local, call and sick,  
you saw my click  
Your chances are steal it and straws and sticks

[Chorus]

