

Juggaknots

"Epiphany"

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[Scratching]

Behold the fungus among us

When dabblin with babblin

I sends the battle scene to the apocalypse

With this you grab my cock ya lips

Be gettin sorta puckery

Gettin the Brewin gassed to save that ass come stop
the fuckery

My style'll leave ya posin like a hitch hiker

Make me wanna bitch microphone slap that shady ass,
you bullshit nigga

Your frontin said you didn't think too hot of me

But once you feel the vocal sodomy you'll say, "You got
it, G"

I finds the virgin ears I'm bustin raw pops

Ya savin the drops, tryin to analyze my DNA, the verbal
blueprint

Even if you spend eternity you're baffled, nigga

Havin not the slightest clue of how I'm swingin

Bringin styles and flow that's nastier than urine

See my shit is pure and ghetto embellished demonic
funk and all that good shit

A bad nigga when it comes to grabbin mics

I love all women of the spectrum, fuck around I'm
stabbin dykes

And as I hurt em I convert em, when it comes to honey
dip skits

I'm leavin pussies sore as if you just delivered triplets, I
flip shit

When niggas say the brewin doesn't rhyme slick

I yokes em in the Heimlich just to get the fuckin
garbage out ya throat

Mentally hardcore

There be no guard for defendin against the shit I'm
sendin

Once you're comprehendin the ill funk aphrodisiac

Givin the hoodies woodies as I'm fuckin up the head
like brass knuckles givin noogies

[Scratching, horns]

I be's the hell fire word reaver

Even Ripley can't believe

I pull a stunt as if my name was Colt Seaver

AKA The Fall Guy

I never score, why?

I'm hittin like Mattingly

Get your fuckin Webster's dictionary

Look under "fat" and you'll see my profile so smile

You're grinnin like the Joker

Cause I chose to smoke a mic and let you witness

Get this through your thick skull: my shit is deadly

I kicks my verse, niggas couldn't offer competition with
a medley of their works

I smirks when booty niggas try and grab this

Survival of the fittest call me fuckin Tony Atlas, at the podium

I pours my sodium in open flesh wounds as I mesh tunes with the vocal joint

To become the focal point

Brothas of funk soon discover I be +deeper+ than that nigga Larry Fishburne's +cover+

Hover on the L, sorta like a stealth in the night

Then I makes the party +jump+ even when it's full of +white men+

[Scratching, horns]

Check it out

I represent enlightenment

That have you squintin

Hintin to rewards of the lord's charity received with clarity

I heave skillaful syllable is the brick I stick in music mortar

Makin ya think and raisin my floor to architect

I comes to spark a teck

Mind barrages massages carressed in peace

The vocal acupuncture your stress released

Like a hymen crack in my rhymin slack and never that

Styles mysterious like under LL's hat

The curious become the furious and play the jury

Thus I'm found guilty labelin my sound filthy with the gutter in my utter

A fat bitch goes, "Me me me"

I cut her in pieces kill her sisters daughters and nieces

Anything related to such a thought

I crush I fought hard representin wicked Juggaknot
minds

I breaks it down to your English

I makes you say, "I'm gooder"

Verbs deeper than a hooker strictly bonin seven footers

[Scratching, horns til fade]

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