

## **K-Rino**

### **"No Let Up"**

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[K-Rino]

I'm the most dangerous dude, that you ever heard on a track

Like Grits on Al Green, I threw a hot pot of words on your back

You can't guard me one on one, I lose control when you battle me

Do a lyrical crossover, and make you sprain your mentality

I cave your chest in and enslave ya, as a favor

You could be an important voice message, and I still wouldn't save ya

If a cap was peeled way back in the gap, who did it  
I'm not a pimp but I'll cut one's hand off, and slap you with it

They lose because I bruise, any response they use  
You ain't street, you all on the stage doing Beyonce moves

Your intellect I disconnect, till you confused in the head  
You need to give your girl a microphone, and let her use it in bed

If you cap at me, gravity's coming rapidly

I couldn't see myself losing, if I was looking in a mirror rapping and battling me

The words I sung, I brung em with clout

I'll bloody your tongue, and ram a tampon in your mouth

[Hook]

You ain't ever heard a writer, that can bust like me

La-la-la-la-la

If you dream that I was killing you, I just might be

La-la-la-la-la

I can't let up on these cowards, so I elevate on every c.d.

La-la-la-la-la

I got unlimited methods, I could murder lies of M.C.

La-la-la-la-la

[K-Rino]

I hate doing second verses, after one what's left

The first one usually be so hard, I'm scared to follow myself  
First thing, how could you think that you could bless the mic  
You out of line like two dudes that showed up at the club, together dressed alike  
You thought you had hands, and tried to fight death  
Didn't throw your left right, so now all you have is your right left  
And female rappers, I murder two with mad paragraphs  
When I'm finished, your menstrual cycle's the only flow you gon have  
Your skill ain't cutting it, so now you trying to do my flow  
You got me so bored, that I'm feeling just like a 2-by-4  
Can't overcome me, so you might as well follow me  
I violate you like a damn baseball player, do the steroid policy  
We ain't gotta trade sixteen's, I'm so far past ya  
I'll let you spit a 36, I'll spit a four and still smash ya  
Cutting your vocal cords, or throw your entire approach off  
I'll take you out the game, like a player who pissed the coach off

[Hook]

[K-Rino]

I'm worse than weed, so if you on paper don't do cake  
Boys flunking drug tests, with P.O.'s found traces of my word play in they U-A  
The last time, people came to see you emcee  
They was asking for they money back, and they had got in free  
It's like this, when you spit I heard doubt  
The only way that you could write hard rhymes, is if you spell both those words out  
I refuse to lose, my statements bruise and hurt crews  
Your words don't go together, like football socks and church shoes  
You get three wishes, I'll appear and take a bum out  
Ain't no lamp I'm a hood genie, you gotta rub a forty ounce bottle to make me come out  
My status high, you can't reverse mine  
I'll let you practice two years I'll quit for two years, still end your career with my worst rhyme  
You want my spot, you been watching too much T.V.  
I'm like the letter A, before you can come to B you gotta C me uh  
I ain't concerned, with them verses you spit

I could sit on a toilet hear you rap, and I still wouldn't  
give a shit

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