

K-Rino

"Overkill"

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You been impacted and attacked with, a mixture of
aromatic paragraphs
Graphed it with ausitic cataclysmic, mathematical
acrobatics
My mind, confines plenty rhymes
Slice your stomach with the mic twenty times, even
lines on your torso that look like mini blinds
And people could peep through, and view your vital
organs anytime
A psychic told me I won't come into my prime, till I'm
129
I'll lesson ya, body mass from flesh
Into a watery a mist, and spray you out of can like air
freshener
I won't have any problems, stopping ya
The one man mafia that's chopping ya, till I filet ya like
tallopia
My glock spits, nero toxic hot bricks
My synopsis make rocks split, block hits from unseen
entities that I box with
I hold a key like locksmiths, got X-ray optics
Grew thoughts I get, sit outside my knowledge pit
cause they could not fit
My virus too strong, to call off
I could stand on one foot on a building ledge, in a
strong wind and couldn't fall off
I spark the seas, that are hard to read
I'm from a larger creed a martian breed, that turns
caution offers to quadriplede
The strap cannibal, that rap fannels
Like states on the Animal Channel, that traps mammals
in the annals of my neck panel
The docotomy, my word logic locks you
And stops you from breathing out, until the death angel
adopts you
You wanna have it, take a stab at it
I'm avid about smashing your cabbage, at the specks
of forensic lab fabric
Impostors copy my logic, my body and knowledge
To your body's composite, from solid to liquid to gas

and back to solid
An apocalyptic, flame rips
From my lips at insane clips, that strips fragment and
many micro grains and brain chips
I distribute facts, amongst ya
The chiropractor, that replace needles with multiple
axe in your back for acupuncture
The inhabitant, of the labyrinth Babylon
Paramount paragon, and ones we layed marathons
with ninety pound batons
And spark sun, cause I been hotter
The Bin Laden sin plotter, that'll beat your ghost out of
you like a pinata
My information, level contagious
Blazing abrasion, that had you phased with radiation
like a chemo patient
When average rappers, scavenge passion from
attabance
I ramage anatomy savage, and won't even let the
maggots have it
Don't try to draft the chapter, after me
You'll think you levitating but you'll be actually, hanging
rope defying gravity
The word merchant, that squirt serpents with a flow
pump
Lyrically I'm the opposite of a hurt workman, cause I
get's no comp
Your verses, are worthless
My thirst is strong enough to cold Earth's water, from
the Earth's inner core up to it's surface
I'll leave a generation, birthless
Carry hearses in other dimensions, while being
nourished by the milk of shirtless nurses
You quoting stuff, that ain't potent enough
I seen a ghost of the rhyme you wrote, leaving out of
your rap folder holding floating up
Like Ike I beat and bruise the mic, if I use it right
You gon lose tonight, and every pen you choose'll go
on strike and refuse to write
I'm overseen, by wicked guardians
With entity after every performance, and make me
slaughter part of the audience
I never finish a battle, one paragraph they blue
Just like a phone number, most rappers dash half way
through
I designed the rhyme, my wits that I could of read at
first
I didn't get a chance, people were screaming and
giving me dap before I said the verse
I'll speak to your brain, and tremble it
The skim of it I'll dismember it, blow up the frame and

let a baby reassemble it
Skills that are doping em, with opium
The trophy I'm accepting, while my victims head lay
hopelessly on a podium

(*talking*)

Go on say it dog say it, you cried huh
(nah), you so mad you cried right you did
You did mayn, you cried
Shit, you were mad then a motherfucker
You cried nigga, you cried
What did you do, to deserve that shit

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