

## K-Rino

### "Street Corner Flows"

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(\*talking\*)

Uh-huh uh-huh, uh man  
I'm mad, I'm mad uh

[K-Rino]

I say, people be wondering who the best is  
Look at that boy I just battled, and then go ask him  
where his chest is  
I smash fools, cause I'm jurassic  
They gon have to bury your body and your ass, in two  
separate caskets  
Shock resistant, heat starter  
A threat to take a bath with plugged up, electric  
appliances in the water  
My rhymes are like crack, against the law  
Young playas get took to jail, just for having K inside  
the car  
I make a time machine, and blast off  
Go to the future, catch your grandkids rapping and  
bump they ass off  
MC's get hooked, when I rain on em  
These rappers take my rhymes to motel rooms, and  
run a train on em  
Call me the style, metamorphian  
Subject to evolve into a bionic bullet, releasing scorpion  
Got to impress you, when I'm in the square  
If my rhymes ain't rough enough, I might just vanish  
into thin air

[Hook]

Y'all don't wanna run up, on K-Rino  
Keep that mainstream shit, I'm bringing street corner  
flow  
Lyrical manslaughter, no time for game playing  
Round after round bucking em down, so what you  
saying

[K-Rino]

I kick a thousand, with none whack  
Understand virgins listen to my words, and get  
pregnant on contact

Swallowed by flows, now you feeling doubt  
My rhymes like cancel pack and sick killer bees, eating  
your stomach out  
No matter, what city or state  
Wreck any rapper breathing lose, I got a trick of pot of  
boiling water straight  
You either die now, or die later  
I slap a hater G, and I put that on your old lady vibrator  
Got more ingredients, than gumbo  
You bring them rhymes up in the paint, I be I swat em  
down like Mutumbo  
I might inflict lyrics, that kill fast  
And Ms. Cleo couldn't predict, how many times these  
hands gon touch your ass  
No need to call me, I'm the best at this  
See all I got to do is scare people thoughts, to check  
my messages  
You could be asleep, I'll still get with you though  
I'll take a nap, meet you in your own dream and come  
and get you hoe

[Hook]

[K-Rino]

They can't identify, the gifted ace  
I fake em out, because I wake up every morning with a  
different face  
I snatch punks, and hit the kill switch  
Fuck a picture on a milk carton, they gon find his ass  
inside that bitch  
It ain't no use, for you to try and hide  
It's South Park Russian roulette playa, take turns  
inhaling sionide  
I'm gunning fools down, at high noon  
My promotion's so strong, I got posters and shit all on  
the moon  
You wanna run up, on a thought spinner  
They'll show the highlights, of me dogging these silly  
rappers on Sportscenter  
Roaches be dying, from the way I spit  
My rhymes so dangerous, you gotta wear a rubber  
when you play my shit

[Hook - 2x]

Y'all don't wanna run up on K-Rino - 2x

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