

Artful Dodgers

"Battle Blaxuede"

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[Blaxuede]

Mr. 9 on that ass, 504!

Blaxuede...

Man these niggas wanna battle Blaxuede,

What fuckin' sense that make?

Know what I'm sayin'?

Best to show some skills or somethin', on the real or
somethin'.

Chorus [Blaxuede]:

Don't ever battle Blaxuede, lyrical World Champion,
Battle Blaxuede, lyrical World Champion,
Don't Battle Blaxuede, lyrical World Champion,
Battle Blaxuede, Battle Blaxuede,
Battle Blaxuede, lyrical World Champion,
Battle Blaxuede, lyrical World Champion,
Don't Battle Blaxuede, lyrical World Champion,
Battle Blaxuede, battle Blaxuede

First Verse [Blaxuede]:

I bring the ruckus,
Wit a clique of raw muthafuckas,
You can't duck us,
Or like Hammer you can't touch us,
These sap suckas, they wanna rain like me,
See I ain't Method Man, but no one bring the pain like
me,
Now instantly I move the crowd like Eric B., and Rakim,
Keep my squad Def like Keith Murray and them,
I'm burying them,
Wack ass, jackass niggas,
Them can't react fast when I blast ass niggas,
Boy welcome to the nation of Xuede,
Where we kick shit for days like Blade,
Can't nobody be saved,
And that's foreal Wootay,
Don't act Sporty,
The Navy and the Army couldn't hold me,

They phony,
Not a word from you in seven days like Toni,
I make ya surrender, your rhymes tender like Roni,
Number one nigga, Blaxuede one and only,
It's lonely at the top, cuz the shit you drop, got nothin'
on me,
I play emcees like a Sony,
Playstation
Breath-taking, and my lyrics can stay Jason,
I ain't fakin',
It was Friday the 13th,
I'm so wicked Freddy havin' nightmares on Elm Street,
Now he too frightened to go to sleep,
I bring the heat,
You remind me of the Son of Samson cuz you weak,
You can't defeat, we'll refuse to lose,
I'm bad news cuz I damage all these fools and crews,
WHAT??!!

Chorus

Second Verse [Blaxuede & Mr. 504]

[Mr. 504]

Is you bout that action?
Yes I'm bout that action,
Don't be slackin' I could damage you with my rappin'
nigga,
Don't get mad cuz your bitch chose me nigga,
Don't get mad cuz your pocket's on "E" nigga

[Blaxuede]

I know these hard rhymes scarin' ya,
You started runnin' cuz you know I'm comin' when the
black clouds fill the
area,
Deadly like a twenty missile aircraft carrier,
Droppin' them quickly, I'm an emcee buryer,
Rainin' on your parade,
Cuz I could kick it for many days in many hardcore
different ways,
Murder emcees in different ways, no specific phrase,
Blaxuede, rhymes shine with fatal explicit rays,
Better pray for mankind, cuz last time,
I unloaded and they exploded just like a landmine,
Plus I'm able to kill, niggas at will with the skill,
Can't prevent what's bout to happen with a shield, on
the real,
It won't change until I'm deceased in peace,

Even then, my heart and soul still remain in the beats,
Can you stop that? Nah Black, I doubt that,
Smokin' all these bitches like Nickels and dime sacks,
Beware of contact, and flames from combat,
If they don't get stomped, our approach, they fall flat,
What'cha sayin' brah?
If you ain't scared, then what'cha prayin' for?
Guess you finally figured I'm real, and I ain't playin',
ha?

Chorus

Third Verse [Blaxuede]:

I'm comin' harder than a virgin on a prom night,
Just get the fuck, don't come back until your rhymes
tight,
Verbal assassin pluggin' these bitches up like targets,
Don't cry now, just bow down you got me started,
Whinin' bout I'm too cold-hearted,
Lyrics too vicious,
Man I'm just handlin' business, makin' emcees
diminish,
Even if it's just a scrimmage,
I'm in this to finish
All of my competition,
Soul taker that's my position, listen,
How many artists, sorry they met me?
I know I'm cold as the fuck, but some high is sweatin'
me,
Already I'm legendary, I just won't fade,
You'll be buried in the cemetery fuckin' with Xuede,
Is it your fantasy? To be victorious when you battle me?
Or can it be? You better snap back into reality,
SON, I thought I told you I'm the chosen one,
I be the Golden child,
Smoke your ass like Black & Mild,
Since I'm wild,
Wild like Wayne,
Wild like the cars that make the color change in little
games,
Plus I'm wild like some bees protectin' a beehive,
Even wild like that station 98.5,
Nigga I'm real
YOU DON'T WANT NONE NIGGA BACK UP OFF ME
YOU DON'T WANT NONE NIGGA BACK UP OFF ME
YOU DON'T WANT NONE NIGGA BACK UP OFF ME
YOU DON'T WANT NONE NIGGA BACK UP OFF ME

Chorus

[Mr. 504]

And we out baby....

What?

Got my nigga big Mac, my nigga Shorty,

Bam Bam, my nigga Tank here with me,

Fa sho, 99

Not only are we 99, but we shine for 99, ya heard me?

Yeah, what?

Don't fuck with us

We ain't gonna fuck with you, so don't fuck with us

Cuz when you fuck with us, we gone fuck with us

So don't fuck with us

And we won't fuck with you

Fuck you pay me

What, what?

Don't battle Blaxuede I thought I told ya

[Blaxuede]

WHAT?????!!!!!!!

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