

Low Profile

"No Mercy"

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[VERSE 1: WC]

Concentration, a method I use to allude

Or confuse or remove a sucker away from my crew

No mercy, I'm givin no slack to those who wack

Flinch an inch and get beat with a bat

Now here's a mellow rhyme I slapped together a few
minutes ago

Pertainin to those who dissed the Low Pros

Kept us on hold, called us dead broke, yo

You know punk, I got the right to take your life on the
go

Cause you'se a perpetrator, you ain't down, you're just
around

And by, you step off, punk, before you get beat down

Brutally dissed, not only mental, but physical

Brought face to face to the 5'10" lyrical

WC, now it feels, hey yo, check it

When you mention my name, think of a full metal jacket

Not mislead, I improvise and many buy it

But don't slip unless you wanna see a riot

Smile in my face, you're nothin but a backstabber

Roamin around sayin that I'm a weak rapper

To solo artists and crews and those who never heard of
me

I'm here to say that the W is givin no mercy

(He's got style

He's got grace

He's got humor

And he understands his format)

[VERSE 2: WC]

Picture flames steadily burnin in front of your dome

Intensity is growin and growin, the heat is gettin strong

You're trapped inside, have lost your breath

Lookin at death, cause on the Dub you slept

And overlooked the professional

But see, I kept comin, yo

Lyrics so fly that shoulda been on _That's Incredible_

Now why would a sucker wanna battle the Dub?

You're just a featherweight, or better yet a scrub

A snob, I dedicate, not perpetrate, get it straight

To you '89 rappers, y'all ain't all that great

Want a l, I meet your rhymes at the hip-hop shows

With styles that played out with Gladys Knight and the
afros

You ain't down, punk, you're not invited

You're jokin my rhymes, all you wanna do is bite it

Correspondin to my rap, the need to adapt

Comprehending to my English, I'm not talkin in
Japanese

Or Chinese, I'm speakin of a disease
Called 'perpetratin', you punk MC's
Yo, the W strikes like a sword, just rippin and shrippin
You phoney rappers in half, y'all be trippin
Like little women, feminine punks, you need to quit
I want the mic like a basehead want a hit
Versatility, ability makes it hard to step to me
Step off, you're soft, go face humility
Really see, you wanna be jocks of impurity
Step towards the Dub - aw man, that's stupidity
Mentality gotta be growin strong, stop gaggin me
Strategy: seek, destroy comp's a dead tragedy
Rhyme designer, I didn't climb to encline
Here's some old school stuff, y'all, to mess with your
mind
Like poison or Raid, but too bad, I don't spray no mo'
Now I throw grenades and carry .44's
Bro, you're too slow, hit the danceflo'
It's time for the W, wax and tax shows
Solo artists and crews and those of you who heard of
me
I'm here to say that the W is givin no mercy
(There is nothing abnormal about the way that he talks
He doesn't talk abnormally fast
He doesn't talk slow
He just talks to the people)

