

Mykill Miers

"The Illest"

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"Cold get stupid ill!" -> LL Cool J

{*scratched: "I'm the illest.."}*

"Myke Miers" .. "get ill!"

{*scratched: "I'm the illest.."}*

"Myke.. Miers", "ill!"

[Mykill Miers]

Your first mistake, is that you wanted to go flow for
flow

But my lyrical, was too much for you to bargain fo'

My mic checkin is life threatenin

The style I use can't be defused, it only deton-nates

There's no escape once you enter my zone

See my vocal tone, it's Gulf War Syndrome

Many conspire, to overthrow Mykill Miers

But a, killer for hire, can never retire

Only retaliate with forty-fives and thirty-eights

and escalate, the wack MC's death rate

My slugs scoot out, in a shoot out, bring the loot out

Yo move out, we find a new route

Cause to hold it down, these dumb clowns wanna go
the round

I'm layin wack MC's down with my fo'-pound

And then obliterate your whole town

You shoulda never crossed this killer, bet you know
now

{*scratched: "I'm the illest.."}*

"Myke Miers" .. "get ill!"

[Mykill Miers]

Yo, can't none of y'all last with me

You see I'm so dope they had to name the mic after me

I blast MC's that's the way that it have to be

My family gots No Limits like Master P

It's blasphemy to talk trash to me

I turn your rap career into a catastrophe

See I'm your majesty, because I reign like Hussein

Blow you out the frame, now you can't hang with the
pain

that I inflict, yo I insist that you bust

I guarantee when you finish they'll be moppin you up

Ahh yo I bust dope, see plus note

my style is cut throat to leave you blood soaked

My clique is thick like blunt smoke

See plus we all gun tote, and we best known to bust
folks

Your whole image is just a hoax

See y'all went O.G.'s and locs, with six-fo's and gold
spokes

I'm the illest

{*scratched: "I'm the illest.."}*

"Myke Miers" .. {*scratched* "ill!"

{*scratched: "I'm the illest.."}*

"Myke Miers" .. {*scratched* "get ill!"

[Mykill Miers]

My vocals is "Apocalypse Now"

I served MC's before but you at the top of the pile

You feel my onslaught, I walk the strets with a sawed
off

Body parts fall off, you gettin hauled off

I express myself well with a gun

You think killin is hard work, but to me, yo it's fun

I make all you rappers run, my notebook weighs a ton

I got more ways than one to erase you son

My police record, is platinum, I act dumb

with a magnum with brain fragments scattered in your
bathroom

See I'm the bloodiest brother known to man

Cause the mic in my hand, similar to a knife in my hand

The madman who leaves bodies in trash cans

The copycat killer will be the, last man

you would ever expect, the unusual suspect

And I do most of my work after sunset, come test

{*scratched: "I'm the illest.."}*

Yo I'm the illest

{*scratched: "I'm the illest.."}*

Yo I'm the illest

{*scratched: "I'm the illest.."}* {*fades out*

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