

Obscure Disorder

"2004"

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[I-Con]

Apocalyptic, born to spit it

Niggas thinking the Lord did it

Regardless of their efforts to be the hardest, critics

Y'all with it, if not my verbs spit shots

Give your ass the equivalent of a stiff cock

I'm still hot, despite the ice of a wrist watch

Sip scotch J and B, flow type dynamite, TNT

Spend grandly, with explosive

Spit fire raps and holsters

I make heat smolter with a quick draw

Verbal four fifth y'all, contrast your raps are mere spit balls

If y'all think y'all can be defenders

Hit y'all with more sentences than repeat offenders

Will we surrender? NO

Though keep steady rocking with chances of stoppin me

Lower than finding a newborn able to take sodomy calmly

How do you adore me, strips some beef which informs me

The fame or the army

[Goretex]

With bare feet I walk the desert feelig no heat

Beliefs of dangers live up on the street, holding my
meat

Shoot up the Earth that we rejoyce in prayer

We never care, and groupie tours are busting enema
bags and coke stares

Racking mass we rock annual

I'm coming out, I'm that bastard son of a shocking
cannibal

With mad clout, ain't no way out

I think I was made to degrade you

Pull your eyes brains and veins out, to watch you
change you

Lyricaly I raised you, but I'm going to smash you for
spite

Bash you with mics, before the head be stashed on ice

Non Phixion, Obsucre we together for war

Fallout, remaining soldiers in 2004

[A-Trak - turntablism]

""You know the feeling when things ain't right""

""When these Non Phixion niggas start to rap on the
mic""

""You know the motherfucking situation""

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