

Blaulicht 112**"Mr. All That"**

Visit "[Mr. All That](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Izzy Ice]

Once upon a time in the streets of the ghetto
Lived a little old lady with the grand baby hello
It's me, here I am, where I am, there I am
Never knew that soon I was to be the man that I am
I wrote rhymes with my cart and a cap
In junior high, indeed he became Super Fly
Went into high school, soon it became my school
The girls would sweat but couldn't get me so I drooled
Cause I'm the Golden Child and I have a golden
Stylistic, ??? mystic I'm sophistic with the style
Writing rhymes every day so I could battle
The bums, making em run like cattle, cause down so I
can elaborate
On who I am to be in the future
??? has seen more pipes than Roto-Rooter
You get smoked like Camels til you shine like enamel
Leave your head spinning like Dorothy Hamill
Ask the panel, they hide under flannel cause this man
will
Dismantle a crew at a candle or two, for Mr. All That

Each verse I construct is a bomb
I'm as calm as Vietnam, my rhymes are fat as Dom
DeLauiise, oh ??? I wanna kick it
Don't wanna wait to the Midnight Hour to kick it like
Wilson Pickett
Cause I sweats no one, oh did you realize
But I have more moves than a shogun
Warrior, I'm sorry you didn't understand
Younger man as I result I'm flooring ya
My rhymes hit like a car crash
Stand clear when the man's here, with your lard ass
With my Jordache, who gets more cash?
I'm large as an oak tree, you wanna approach me?
Now isn't that cuuuuute!
Not really, I'm sleeping on your rhymes like a silly
Pasta peanut can rock the beat is essential
I make so much music my acapellas are instrumentals
And could you please shut your jawing
Or as your leaving could you please shut that door

behind you?
And don't come back
Unless you're ready to be trashed by Mr. All That

Now "Mr. All That" is just a title that I've earned
We can reconcile after for the fact cause I be wrecking
while speaking
So don't try to distinguish my language
Cause since you're just a sandwich, I'd rather eat a
Manwich
Or a meal, I think it's time to peel
Cause I heard it through the grapevine
That someone tried to take my reel-to-reel
I got the hand that rocks the cradle, that's my label it's
fatal
You don't believe me? Well wait a little bit
So I can do it at my own pace
Hey there's so little comp I gotta climb up in my own
face
Now isn't that a shame that I man I call Dames
A lame people give him credit but that's game
My rhymes have thiacin, nutrients also vitamins
Protiens, carbohydrates, I can't forget the niacins
Take a dosage of my rhymes if you're weary
If you're sick just sit and I'll pull out my dic-
-tionary, cause I forgot the name of the medicine
I usually have an MC a la king with lettuce and
Tomatos and potatoes on the side but it gets me fat
And you gotta be swift to be Mister Aaaaaaallll That

And you don't stop, keep off

Visit [Blaulicht 112](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.