

Da Real One

"The Hole Repertoire"

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"You know the whole repertoire" [Jay-Z] *cut and scratched*

[Mr. Eon]

Catch the Raid, intoxic from roach spray I puff on
Mr. Slithers, now you're gay like Waylan Smithers
I be Mr. Burns, huff trees and cei-lings
Destroy any race, color, creed
I come wit readings, ?atour? selections, bent erections
The outcome is known just like fixed elections

[Cage]

I make cake like conjunctive-itis
Yo can't see me wit your pinned up eyelids
I burn in all climates
Got chicks wit grips stuff crystal up they sinus
I pull your insides out like Polo parka liners
Twice birth-ed, questionably earth bred dumb
Develop new scars on my neck from where I first lived

[Mr. Eon]

Intention's be synical, outshine the critical
This spherical miracle, wit cadence that's greatest
Debate this, ?each case? is serial rapist
And Dick Starbuck, now your town run amuck
We pillage ya village, snatchin up smurfettes
And suckin on they titties like chicken croquette

[Cage]

I saw three cuties, gettin molested at the movies
I would of broke it up but the attackers was my
stroogies
No conscience like I'm solace
I stay up in boxes like New York's homeless
I run train wit split personalities
Wit connected at the knees, siamese analogies

[Chorus]

"I'm obvious oblivian but that's my science" [Cage]
"Could you possibly fathom what the dome be
equipped with" [Mr. Eon]

"I bring it, to the head piece-piece" [Mr. Eon]
"Agent Orange, stompin on MC-C" [Cage]
"I'm obvious oblivian but that's my science"
"Rippable fact" [Mr. Eon] "Agent Orange" "Rippable
fact"
"Sinister" [Mr. Eon]

[Cage]
You suck like a sucabus, I write rhymes in incubus
To blow your Face Off, courtesy Cage not Nicolas
But mad Christialist, Sunday's rock black bathrooms
Pimp shit like warlocks in washington clothes
Heads make blood pressure, pop vessel stretcher
Bring dead as the sixth starters, digest ya

[Mr. Eon]
Your fake illusion be strictly optical
My optimal intake is always optimal
Eliminatin pussies, call me gynecological
Removin velopians, call me hysterical
?Hits erectemy's? a remedy, peep steadily
Mic in my hand is where the metal be

[Cage]
In a unfulfilled quest to find out who's tightest
On the run, yeah I spray cats like grafitti writers
I spit phrases, painted wit tainted day-es
Pontius Pilate/piloting plane for sem-sane
Plus Cage is the aviator
Alex the Great'll kill desader
Masacous lyricist DJ with his own fader

[Mr. Eon]
Reap havoc on the mic like Haman's in Jerusalem
Wit napalm, and the pipe bombs, we be doin em
But cover up like flab on abdominal
Now you wanna smoke the E, I deal in chronicals
Watch the watch, while you peep the hypnotics
Now my conscience be obnoxious if you knock this

Chorus

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