

Typical Cats

"Cliche"

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See Qwels way past math to drop techs on future prospects

Never got toys like Christmas in the projects

You rock sets is play this dude braggin' you aint famous

Tighter than vacuums and gets looser than faggots anus

Doper emcees none existent like RuPaul's clit is

Cant tell if your dick or pussy like topless infants

Couldn't spit sick 'ish kid lickin' your cold sores

And leave you scared to drop shit like school stalls with no doors

Wonder how this fucker whispers thunder sounds

Your fly like crippled Ostrich's I scare heads underground

And break it down like midget B-boys screamin' mathematics

When style switches faster than faggots rockin' their thongs backwards

Ask if I'll kill your career with one verse

You couldn't beat me to death if I let you jump first

He's a pussy on the low don't fuck with Philippine cuisine

Deeper than Mexican philosophy and Chevy

submarines

What's he mean I think he means your whack beat

In fact I'm harder to catch than hailin' taxis with black peeps

Get in your ass so fast shit scabs when the cops come

Guilty as charged blowin' minds like Shanno(?) with shotguns

Hold nuts like padded rooms whack raps cant plead insanity

Just cause I stand over you don't mean you understand me

Man please I'm way to fucking dope to be this humble

And knock you out the frame like Christmas pictures with your drunk uncle

Like fuck Qwel and his whole team those irrelevant flows

I'm diggin' in the crates and these (?????) on telephone poles

Hope I might choke your as whack as you white jokes

The only cat to drop lines like Samoans on tight ropes

Motherfuckers can't even respond what can he say

Cause after the battle he's more like yo I ain't wanna win anyway

And Qwel ain't shit like I ain't lose he ain't even rappin' right

Damn right I'm an asshole you pussies ain't even half as tight

To and fro fluid flow you know I'm splittin' speakers

Try pressin' promos on boomerangs them shits is cheaper

Sample

(scratch) Punch Lines (scratch) Now'n days it's the ways
of the underground

If I don't stay on the rest(?) tell me who the hell will

When it really comes down to it two kids

Sample

Before braggin' how big my dick was this Bic-smudged
note pad

Was dad to whip his ass and change his whole fad

Now its proud to be the loudest so what you damage
mics

Battle cats claim to be deep just cause they seen
Titanic twice

You can and might say something worthwhile you'd
rather be wild

Huge dick liar's I'd rather teach with freestyles

Entertainment got played quick no thanks bitch dick

Fuck my kids don't need your playground education
content not sayin' shit

Master the art of momma jokes while flippin' used
beats

Ill teach your kids about god they'll kill you when you
sleep

Don't be role models be honest using loose leaf loosely

The same cats that's hatin' Puffy they be chasin' lucci

You wasn't preachin' beat before tellin' lies in the street

Keep it rough neck I'll flip subjects success mean
getting sleep

Don't take it out on us cause the love wasn't there

Hip-Hop will show you love but the world doesn't care

About you big dick sick shit lunatic drug abuse kid

I've got some herb and words to give now lets make
some music

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