

## Typical Cats

### "Qweloquiallisms"

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\* send corrections to the typist

For the hell of it

You spit irrelevant

Delicate flows

Speak child

Intelligent, Mellow shit kills fellowships \_\_\_ freestyles

Smile. Punch lines can crush the spines of the skeptics

Perfection stepped in

Three guesses who the best is

Check it, Check it

Hello, Hello

Yo Yo

I am, I am dumb, dumb

Can, Can Qwel, Qwel rock, rock?

Well, Well um, um

Fear, fear kids, kids

Cans, cans spray paint \_\_\_\_\_

Look out below, its that flow that you were shoutin'  
'bout so loud

Crush flows in mudslides

Ha ha that ra(?) in punchlines

Funny like when the thug sun dies at moonrise

I'm sunshine

Echos at graveyards are speakin' of us(Echoed)

Seekin to touch those rainbow demons breathin'  
beneath graffiti buffs

Feed the needy

Fucking bleeding down the side of silver snakes

\_\_\_\_\_ in a hollow-safeguard(?)

Dollars in graveyards fill your graves

Listen through submission and sadistic cultures

And demon's guns surround our suns like Copernicus-  
tic vultures

Soldier's clothing

Golden swoling(?)

Souls in carcass hurses

Curse your first-person

And search for serpents in our verses

Your crew bleeds too profusely

Who gave groupies \_\_\_\_\_

Standing over the remains of a slain fifth-grade class  
mate

Who's got cooties

Excuse me, emcees

Pretending not to envy me

But readily sending he\_\_\_\_ of frenzy centipedes

Motherfuckers lack intensity

And can't rhyme either

I see words, split 'em in twice with reverbs

Become a believer

You blow like you're poprocks with 3 liters

The shit's on.(?)

Snap your fat lackin' tracks in half

Mine are big-boned

These styles be free

Qwel sees above weak emcees

Decibel levels

An infinite \_\_\_\_\_

Tesicle Jokes

Investin'in broke for lines

Not as dope as mine

Needs work

rehearse your speech slurs

I won like three thirds

Censor the census

On my five senses

And unisex the mutants

'Till the glitches in my wrist digits salute the richest humans

The worst heard herbal verbalist

My thirst for herbs further disturbs this itch

Servin' kids, track

Turnicates,

Smashin' furnishings after class

With the get in your ass pass, rappin backwards

Askin' for herbs and the last laugh, laugh

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