

Vakill

"Can You Relate"

Visit "[Can You Relate](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Uh, there go another one y'all; elcome to the new Mole-
linneum
Chicago's sickest

[Verse 1]

Chicago, flow and maneuver, shittin this mundges
Splittin the blungeon, while y'all gettin fucked out of
your publishing
And splittin your budget, I'm from
Where cats cook cocaine with propane set to a low
flame
Move work premeditated before the dope came
No name, spit the whole brain, and hit the ass with no
lue and no game
Homie domain to where the most sickness flow rain
While y'all niggaz claim yo fo-fo aim
We don't just outline with the chalk here, we shade in
the whole frame
Ready, on your marks, plan to be fuck with me
You better iron out the details and be heavy on your
starch
From day one, I've been clearly regarded
As being the most lyrically severely retarded
But then am I dearly departed
I found them a lesson touch tracks
Niggaz know, I got against the gran like wipin my ass
from butt crack to
Nut sack
When y'all said fuck the world, I had to commit acts of
porn
Hittin from the back with my dick stuck in a crack a
dawn
Since pediatrics I spit pitty graphics
Shit on any rapper you give a shout to and sent your
rap with a city jacket
Top seeded in the midwestern conference, huh
Spittin songs around you like a dyke turned around at a
bitches breast
Circumference
Blow me and swallow every man that was fortified
Fall off, you can hang that up quicker than Jordan did

forty-five
I'm too mentally disturbed to spite
I'm kickin motherfuckers under the muffler
You won't even make it to the car tonight

[Chorus: x2]
I rap where the corners is cold blooded *true*
Drug traffic is so flooded *true*
Your life's work is low budget
And the sickest MC's flow rugged
You can't relate? So fuck it

[Verse 2]
In this world designed of linen and ice driven
I accurately flip advise given and earn her
Nice livin in turn, I'm too nice for your own good
Would be nice if you had a fanbase of one single
motherfucker from your own
Hood

Pity's no more, no more Mr. Nice Guy
Never matter who the nicest, I'm nice and you ain't shit
but a nice try
And that's just being nice about it
You need to have a nice one to say face
Like a presidential Roley with the ice up out it
Careful who you fuckin and foolin with, 'fore I spit
spitefully detruded
I got a nice way of showin shit, I'm not nice, nut nice
stick around in
Your drawers
Thought of a mic feedback and get a nice round of
applause
Spit twice the flem, drop christ and gems for god teller
DON't hate, say thank you son, that was awfully nice of
him
I shine to precisely sung, spit off the violence
And spill scripts that rare, the black ball point, nicely
done
Why you worry about makin nice impressions
YOu should, I got all of you suspect ass niggaz so
called nice in question
Whether you got a nice ass or a thug grill with the ice
glowin ya
To put it nicely, fuck you and nice knowin ya

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]
I rest my crown where straight dogs eat remains and
link up brains

Askin who'd start slayin at pick up games with triggers
under hiccups aim
A world where anatomy rules, and we drop gems bout
cockin back hammers
And aim it at the family jewel
So I love the hatred looks, and cook county man state
to to crooks
And bodies catchier than fuckin Naughty By Nature
hooks
And nigga sold his soul to any price, fuck with the
penny nice
Plenty nights I shot many dice with the Henny christ
But Vakill, ain't he nice? I spit virus none of you cats
fathom
Like spreading AIDS through turntable needles and
scratch paddles
Flows that seperated and detach atoms
Crackin jokes at motherfuckers while they on their
death bed like Patch
Adams
Is it the line between those thar rip the force flag
Play in the middle like a thug nigga dressin in course
drag
I'm rakin dicks up like divorced fags
The only place y'all gettin five mics is in your ass
Fuck the Source mag

[Chorus]

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