

Death Crimson

"Suntoucher"

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One two

About to drop this
Right now for you
The original suntoucher
Lettin you know whats up
It goes like this

We about to, put it on you right here right now
Let you know how it goes down
This, this is what it is

It's the urban organic mic mechanic
Superhuman mc powers help me fly around the planet
Touch the microphone device Whole countries get
frantic
Saving damsels in distress So young girls don't panic
Putting mc's under pressure till they crack like ceramic
I was taught they could float or sink like the titanic
Rhymes rip through your skull
Like icebergs through the hull
Survive the impact and the arctic cold freezes your soul
I create a new style and then break the mold
Compositions aren't controlled and liable to explode
Like landmines my crew blow through like windchimes
Make it hot like fire 200 proof like moonshine
Risky, playing yourself is risky
And the flows mad jazzy like Dizzy Gillespie
And the sound be harmonious and deadly
Like a heartbeat call me the great one like Wayne
Gretzky
No man can test me so why try
Focus like a samurai stronger than a mai tai
Or a tsunamai I mean tsunami
I rock it from mtv to the bbc
Radio active waves short out your tv
Aliens be checking for me in the next galaxy
Put it in the time capsule till the next century
In a blackout use it for electricity
Danger high voltage don't feed me the daily dosage
I break it down mathematically 99.9 is a percentage

Like clothes and fine wine the rhymes are vintage
And the universal will give me strength like spinach
A danish I eat it like a tofu sandwich with cabbage
Ask your girl she knows that i'm not the average
Nigga who claims to pull the trigger
Reality's the root of the rhymes that I configure
Phoney, baloney, swear they're Don Corleone
But when shit hit the fan they start crying like Baby
Tony
Tender like roney(?) but wish to be bad like Bobby
Been there done that smashed it rockin rhymes is my
hobby
The crowd be like what's he on?
Because I rock it from the start til the beat is gone
Not in the mafia but i'm the microphone don
And the words that I shoot out my mouth are teflon
Jeru never touch ya microphone wrecker
Leave out in the stretcher step up into my sector
Try to match wits but the mental will crush ya
Jeru the damaja, the suntoucher
Peace

Ya
This is it right here
Our flow gettin down

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