

## Yak Ballz

### "The Plague"

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Yo, yo, yo (sick intentions)  
Word up Yak Skywalker (sick intentions)  
Balls (sick intentions)

[Verse 1]

I blast a page from thoughts cast away  
Lettin off like a AK, equiped wit a full clip  
But hollow tip bullets sent my finga on the trigga  
Sicka than tom green and a sinna god dressed as  
Hitler  
It's Yak the Ripper, pay your respects or get dealt wit  
But I ain't playin witta full deck  
Sort of a prodigy, emcees drop quietly  
Found wit espestice in they nose after the autopsy  
Yo don't get vexed cause your whore jocks me  
Coppin pleas for detox tryinna xerox the raw copy  
Step to the master and peace god it's over bee  
If on an instrumental I see the bitch in you  
Gimme a second and I'll tear out your ovaries  
This is the code of the beat from the low key  
Scientist with the iron fist, who acts strange  
Got a monkey in my lab witta virus that attacks brains  
But I'm immune to it, see mine's polluted  
To the point where sunnin kids ain't enough rappers  
get executed  
Few understand the character behind the music  
Let alone try to meet my skill halfway  
I'll cremate your little rap in a ashtray  
Yo to all you muh'fuckers feminine like ballet  
Yo take this as I dictate the script  
You wanna battle? Don't take the risk just bear witness  
And listen to the God as he blaze the shit

[Chorus]

Sick intentions [x3]  
Leave most MC's lost in my sentence  
...  
Fuck a four five you know how I'm rollin  
Trip six rock and leave the mic smokin  
Balls caroded disease and unleashin the demons  
Poses your frame you stop breathin

Till the air is pleasin but softly killin ya  
No mercy god, you given up  
Those who tested me before remain inferior  
It makes you sick, the plague's in your area

[Verse 2]

I spit a verse and the earth tilts in all  
Cause I twist the sinister add a beautiful metaphor  
Watch how I manipulate the raw, sing along or bring it  
on  
I write ya future till the ink is gone, word bond  
Life is like grewed tech scenes, operation stress cream  
Worn out Guess jeans, hope flow and joke cluts  
A million and one kids rhyme  
And they all tryna sound like gold fronts  
But they all tarnish they all garbage  
I'm so dope you should go into comatose  
Cause too much of the voice will lead to overdose  
It's heartless consider the issue wit ya conscious  
Twice before my squadron strikes embalms the mic  
Causing conflict crucially, cause musically  
You just can't take the abuse, the juice is loose like  
Starburst  
I flood ya brain witta million ball verse  
And I demand your attention man  
This is eons beyond your simple level of  
comprehension mind bendin, I'm sendin,  
Infects ya straight to your cranium quick  
It makes you sick, it makes you sick  
Duns get lit like indiglo  
It's Yak Ballz your neighborhoods Deuce Bigalow  
I leave em breathless like death kiss under the  
mistletoe  
For real who think they seein me?  
Better get a eye examination, so I'll there is no  
vaxination  
It's like masterbatin when I take off  
Load of stress out on paper  
Just play the drum track and I'll slaughter it  
Hold up first let me snatch the M-I  
Like it was helpless still kiddie in the orphanage  
And make the hottest act on ya label feel subordinate  
Have your dome pourest ya mind singing my chorus  
Fuck a audience gods like this muh'fuckers on some  
shit  
Yo it's about to pour just don't get caught in it  
All you faggot deejay's, if you ain't got me on ya  
playlist  
Incorporate this, shit is dangerous, contagious  
My voice effects your cranium quick, it makes ya sick

[Chorus x1]

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