

Angela Ammons

"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

