

Angela Ammons

"Qweloquiallisms"

Visit "[Qweloquiallisms](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

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 herses
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

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