

## Angela Ammons

### "Qweloquiallisms"

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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

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