

## **Eric Benet F/ Faith Evans**

### **"Lyrical Wizardry"**

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(Kleptomaniac)

Lyrical wizardry dances on MC's like Murray on SC's  
Never flaunt, now motherfuckers come test me  
Burnin everybody hotter than torches at Jamaican  
parties  
Far from angels, niggas can't see me like Charlie  
Style weak? Hardly!  
Don't let the wacked persue you like Marley  
JM clique moves in packs like whities on Harleys  
Niggas get injured, fucked do' in 40 fingers  
Got bitches by bike bar bussin Glocks off a' niggas  
Klep don't give three shits to flip scripts  
Miss bullets from clips, leave niggas rollin up  
skateboards  
wit nuttin under they hips, bitch, so if you test me  
shit gets messy, bustin .38 speci  
outta paper bags like Joe Pesci  
Yo, you know the tune  
Make sure bitches don't eat when it's time to shit out  
them coke balloons  
Balked up the ninja when it got shady, now I got grown  
ladies  
bustin .380's outta E Class Mercedes

(Hurry the fuck up bitchm, get on!)  
(Fuck you motherfucker let me out this L)  
(There they go right there, dot them niggas)  
(Motherfuckers!! \*gun shots\*)

MC's get cut like glass, cut like glass  
Rag tagged and crash, hemp bags, come save dat ass  
Who wanna get broke the fuck up? Tell me!  
Freakin vocabulary like Chinese and spelling bees  
T-P-E-L-K held to reflect a device-es  
The nicest, Jesus Christ-es  
Junior Mafioso, niggas get torn off head to torso  
Bullets evacuated out windows  
From Hekkyl and Coch, P7 inmates  
Extra .380 on a string 'round my neck cos feds check  
the waist

No time to waste, grab the loot and escape before next  
break  
Heads are clockin, private eyes are watchin  
Nigga caught up in the hustle  
Fuck flippin packages and tyin up, minx and rings I  
bubble  
Trouble's what I look for in stores on expensive floors  
Beelin boots is essence, bookin Pelle's in my drawers  
Armani, Gianni Versace, V2  
lost count o' all the little sections me and mans ran thru  
It ain't hard to discard cans of mace on guards  
leave them bitch ass niggas screamin like a fuckin  
retard  
Lyrically I come off like ink alarms  
Got styles under the wing like spread is booked under  
my arms  
Niggas couldn't see me with closed circuit TV  
tryin to peep my steez, like DT's I get over like I'm  
fifteen

(Hey, you're not fifteen)  
I'm fifteen, what?  
(What do you think we are? Assholes or somethin?)  
Fuck you! Soundin like that nigga from Night Court  
Loose my cuffs I'm outta here!

MC's be fake like toupes so I transplant  
Implant my fist to their face makin their skin red  
Soundwaves disrupted, they fucked, kid  
Airholes bloody rupted but that ain't nuttin  
The best is yet to come  
MC's get strung like heads on drums  
They don't be knowin what I'm knowin  
Flowin like I'm flowin  
Makin motherfuckers take nose dives like 747 Boeings  
Obnoxious beef's squashes face-to-face  
Niggas get wet up like Alasha's on Klep's place  
Thru the hard time sayin prayers committin crimes  
Sick minds don't care, rockin parties from front to rear  
Brains engulfed by ferocious ???  
runnin up on Big wit Lex wit nappies doused with  
chloroforms  
Livin in a world where you do what you must  
If preachers be robbin niggas who the fuck can you  
trust?

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