

T-bone

"Lyrical Assassin"

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Chorus - Cuz I'm the Lyrical Assassin, and my lyrics go
Buc, Buc, Buc, and all the demons get struck.

Steppin up to da microphone area its the roughneck kid, know to put demons in check, I'll beat em & jack em & punk em, shank em & hit em, wit a shovel cause when I see a demon I'm steamin; so listen little miejo or should I say chico, my name is T-Bone & I don't kick none of that Rico Suave. Instead I kick the jibidi jabba jabbin', I got more flavors than bigidi Baskin Robbins. They got 31 but I got 232, so what ya wanna battle for anyways I score points like Jordan, keep ya looked up like a warden flow like the ocean I'm smooth like lotion sweet like candy tasty like a cherry pie like Johnny Gill I got you saying my my my I'm hard like a rocka should I say a rock A I could take ya out & groowweell like Chabaka I'm not suped up & not in this for the loot cause that's not me in other words thats phony I got a vision like Sonny Arguinzoni so microphone checka 1,2, checka on the microphone yo, its the lyrical Azteca or should I say the one & only lyrical assassin, cuz Buc, Buc, Buc homeboy you get stuck.

Coming back to the track wit the flowin & goin & showin growin & knowin & hoppin & rockin & droppin skills if ya will. Doing it in English or Spanish cause I'm not a gringo, like Cypress Hill I kick the "Latin lingo" baby, taking MCs out wit the flow as you know, when I take em out the box I well gernimo or timber. Cause my rhymes linger for the Hente tu sabes que you soy funky like Tito Puente so check it demons I mutilate cause it's them that I detest. I gaffel em up faster than federal express, I got my spiritual duece now I'm on the loose, looking for demons so I can ummm... Shoot 'em up just shoot 'em up y'all yea, another demon got blasted, yea & thats the fifth one today, hey, here comes another demon around the way but thats ok because I'm gonna get ya, wet ya, & then straight up forget ya walked through my alley or should I say my hood, when it comes to demons T-BONE is up to no good, because I got my hands on the steel, demons try to step I blast em in the grill then load another clip & boo ya blast

em....

I'm just another west coast rapper coming out the bay area, but this one don't front or smoke a blunt so check it I grab the mic & then I wreck it now what am I (5x) what am i gonna do, i'm lift up the name of Christ wit this rhyme then take it to the vatos in the pen doing time & tell them that there's a better way don't delay, come on, make that change today. He can heal ya, change ya, in other words rearrange ya, kill the drug addiction, stop all the friction if ya got a problem now you know he can solve em, fix it, mix it, stop it, drop it, give the Lord a chance, but ya better do it pronto if ya don't then your just a straight up tonto, hente, bente, Satanás te mente, but I say the truth I wanna help the youth, so stand wit me in this fight against the devil, a rebel is what I am time to slam another dumb demon & make em start screaming then Boo-ya blast em...

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