

## Termanology

### "Serious Rappin'"

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INS, your highness  
He returns, the revolution will not be televised  
It will be taken to your front door, brace yourself

It's the aura, don't break or take orders  
I drink holy water, they follow me like the Torah  
Getting tore up, for months, out in Europe  
Deck told me, Term, you're up, don't curl up

We making cheddar out there  
Smoking on some leather couches  
Stretching ounces, been about this bread  
Baking coke mountains

From Law Town to Staten  
To Boston to Manhattan  
This is what you call serious rappin'

The serial scratcher  
Murder materialism ratchet, fearing the blackness  
Til your soul drift in where you passing  
I gotta be a thug angel, smoking angel dust  
Who can I trust, I'mma bust til my stainless rust

The devil harm me til my pillow soaking wet and  
steaming  
I see the demons, they creeping in my biblical teaching  
So just remember if I'm next to split, catch a clip  
Catch a ditch that I wreck the shit with Inspectha Deck

INS, your highness  
Terminology  
Planet Asia Medallions  
Murder rap, spray at your dome  
Serial scratcher, murder material  
Murderous math

Catch a clip  
My turn is right  
Catch a clip  
INS

Terminology  
Planet Asia Medallions  
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I'm cold blooded like Rick in his time  
You can see me prime time at the top spot  
Sitting with shine  
I leave 'em froze like they sniffing a line  
While they bitching and crying  
You find me always in position to climb

I swing like Serena, hard as Medina  
We can be the beast to keep mamacitas moy bonita  
I breath ether, 103 fever  
Spread through receivers, infect the true believers

Murder rap spray at your dome  
(Killers don't lurk there)  
Killa likes hang up the phone  
He a gangsta, claiming he bold  
Real loud with the crowd  
But I doubt you can bang on your own

I earn my stripes, I burn for life, I turn your wife  
My turn is right, you heard me right  
I learn to fight, I work the night, I splurge the price  
I swerve on bikes, my word, I'm nice

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Yo, seen it all scenery, post-war poison taste basil  
Meanwhile, casino we was gambling  
Multi cigar scent drench, cake splashing  
That's my alibi, to outfits flavors, so taste fashion

Handmade handkerchiefs, bottles popping but I don't  
drink  
Fuck it, since we celebrating I'mma take a sip

Black down, couple of killas who never back down  
Choppa clappa mack splash, burgundy backgrounds

And stitching a tradition that's passed down  
Murderous math, watch me duffel bag a couple of  
stacks now  
At the bottom with mean face, bottling anger  
Till I got woken out of that dream state

Reality is a must, my doo-rag dynasty is to gold rush  
Gold Chain Military's the soldiers  
Low and behold us, the poisonous ring promoters of  
the cobra  
Planet Asia Medallions, the fucking shogun

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