

Heiruspecs

"Fist"

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

(Felix)

First things first we control the outbursts
lurch like a nurse to your service
the worst is yet to hit wax, there's too many new cats
that lack the raw ability to work on slip mats
agility is key, need to know how to flex
or church, get religion is your next best bet.
you kill me with your death threats
the mere possibility of coming with some ill enough shit
is worthless
you couldn't scratch the surface with a grinder
I would've never guessed that you would try to be a
dope rhymer
givin' shiners to the toys that think they're dope
If I wanted mumbling I would rap with the pope.
nope, he didn't go there at all
I'm decorated like an Easter egg
you get smacked around like a handball
I'm landin' all my shots at the finish
you'll be like "I don't want the loss can we call this a
scrimmage?"
I don't care about image, I just do me
I see your game plan but I don't want to live a movie
you know you fucked up? you're goin' the wrong way
one day you'll wake up pimped just like BeyoncÃ©
we all say we want to get paid
but ain't a whole lot of us that just want to get played
every single one of us thinks we rip it fat
if I'm Scarface you get the shaft like Craig Mack
you're wack.

(Muad'dib)

Pen touch the brain, lightning strike the rod
Mike barrage
Disjointed, poignant, slightly odd
Off the stairs, where?
Oops, you might get lost
Cross your fingers, boss
T minus 1 to liftoff
Spring, sport the Air Jakalope tactic, snatch the rope
Grappling hook grab, swing past the moat

Platinum magnum welded from melted medallions
spoke
"Number 1 with a bullet" the quote, membership
revoked
Slow down, openly grope the pronouns
To properly pronounce the whole sound
Open your mouth, don't mumble, stumble, or punk out
If you don't need your hair parted, duck the fuck down
Now, you might like to believe that I'm trying to preach
I'm trying to keep my back teeth from laughing at me
The wise ones
They like to size up the speech, hide between tongue
and cheek and get
to cackling
if it's weak
They see it even before it gets to tapping its feet to the
beat,
y'all
Early deterrent system, standard feature

We both came here to rock mics
Turn it up if you like this
Don't stop what we all like
put your hand up in a tight fist

(Felix)

My major is intensity, my minor is the beat
any bouncing rhythm and I'll sweep it off its feet
I'm bound to wreck shop in any hood or barrio
'cause I crush the competition like I'm Super Mario
It goes 1 for the treble and 2 for the bass
come on y'all, I like the satin and the lace.
while battering the place the pace reaches a sprint
I curse like the Osbourne's while doing my stint
in the summer you tint skin we tint that glass
we keep all cool and roll with the top brass
from top cats to home we keep killin' them ears
you ain't killed a show yet but you've been killin' them
years.

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