

Heiruspecs "Swearsong"

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(Muad'Dib)

Trap-jaw tap (snap)

Raw rap track, leave your cracked maw jacked on the floor, take a nap

Black, white, red, said all over, got slapped with the newspaper-type flavor (whap!)

To the back of the headline, needle teeters on the redline

No thread binds me to keeping decent bedtime

Double ended candle burner, grab a bit of fluid, turn it into a museum

Wanna see me make a being out of wax?

Breathe and relax

I'll drop it on the page, let me see if it'll freeze in its tracks

I need this, in fact if I quit, I'm a be dead

Sick of being neck-deep n scrubs like an aggravated pre-med

(Felix)

From jump been dedicated,

talking that rhyme junk

born out of records, boxes in car trunks

bred to rap, born to rock like Bruce Springsteen

Louder than Friday the 13th when the blonde screams

breathing harder, growing stronger

your girl oughta know, that we can last longer

It's like a condom when it gets broken

you either test yourself

or for the best shit you keep hopin'

keep holding heat

and as a matter of speech

this heat could make this to a scene from Normandy beach

that ain't to say that dope girls stay tannin'

its last man standin'

reckless abandon

battle cats spitting battle raps to shatter saps

ladder game playing

saying rhymes as laughable acts

unravel the raps and find some insight or a fuck you
wordplay so thick that a mack couldn't truck through
back, back, back, we go
Quarterback style backpedaling
champion like, always meddling
we always moving forward seeking out the dope shit
you act like a pilgrim for the weak shit your settling
novice or a veteran it's how you represent YOU
any way you do it, single or a crew
we always hit hard, got rhyme and reason
breaking new ground while you pray to break even.
what brain, heads full of trivial pursuit cards.
But alphabetizing and color-coding them is too hard
So just load'em up and throw'em as they come
'Til they blowing back the sun, never holding back the
tongue
Like the perfect romantic moment during a slow dance
Or a bisexual oral festival with no hands
Oh man, programmed for jams
Grown too big for these britches, but she can keep it in
those pants
Damn, I'm a be in trouble with that double bubble
popping like a pair
of twins split a pack of Hubba-Bubba
Slither, wiggle, shimmy, glide, ride to the fly vibe
It's all right, giggle and jiggle them thighs
Kids with the gift have arrived to provide the soul
stirring, no
slurring, closed current electric flow serving delectable
technical
blows to nose, throat, and sternum
Encourage over the coal burning of slow vermin

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