

High School High Movie

"Semi-automatic Full Rap Metal Jacket"

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[Chorus: U-God]

You can't hack the tactics

Of a semi-automatic full rap fanatic

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Of a semi-automatic full rap fanatic

[Verse One: U-God]

I make mean lean when I pump my spunk

and hands of chump, of machine gun funk

I bliss, like the fist, of the mantis

Those who oppose get dropped and hit the canvas

With rigormor', I hit you in the core and

pop your legs well in the figure four

You can't stop the force when the blood is coursing

extortion, I'm comin like the headless horseman

Enforcin, tortureous slang from a fortune

Swordsman, throw your rap corpse in coffins

Don't pop glocks at me then cop a plea

A hundred thousand leagues beneath the sea

Deep depths makes rappers salted

Weak rappers asses I cracks my foot, off in

Lay down them lines with them hard hits

And I'm harmin, bombin, with heavy bombardments
Pushin, poetry, like weed by the pounds
Underground railroad RZA track lay it down
I'm hard as pavement, you gaze from amazement
Knock you in the head you wonder where the days went
It's golden bangles, microphone getting strangled
Five-star general, scars you want to angle
Bizarre thriller, war scar for a killer
Sheisty mic device got my hand-piece throbbin
Slice mics precise on down to ice carvings

[Chorus 2X]

[Verse Two: Inspector Deck]

Yo

I set the mic in flames, bomb like fighter planes
MC's are shot down long range with sniper aim
No question marks, the session starts with sparks
My flows explodes like hand grenades through your parts
Universal soldier, MO's the holder
globe in both hands, born to be sole controller
Hit the world full blast, my crime pays cash
Slip past these cyphers and the flash from the photograph
Best-seller compose a rough draft
Razor Sharp vocabulary cut glass
Actual facts crowds of thousands collapse

You can't catch my style with bugs and phone taps

Whether rhymes or crimes, I want mines regardless

Hard targets, underground like black markets

Pirates of the darkest water feel the aura

Importer of rough raps that's snuck cross the border

Semi-automatic attack'll spray y'all

Liquid Sword swingin slay all, I'm AWOL

[Chorus 1.5X]

[Verse Three: Street Thug]

Wu-Tang be, killin you softly with this song

You won't survive the outcome I bring Def Jams to your
eardrums

P.L.O. hits the hardest, regardless

Felony offenders catchin murder one charges

Open cases, got me smoked out in staircases

The dark crusader jackin cats in elevators

I strike back like the Jedi, from N.Y.

It's I illifyin, dope rhyme supplyin

I be all you need to rock these mic devices

Projectile Shaolin style exiles your juvenile freestyle

I'm not your basic street entrepreneuer, crime tour,
packs the luger

High pursuit for the CREAM like the bodyguard from
Bejing

Inject you with the morphine, then I flee the murder
scene

On your facilities, the penalty, DOA

Bomb shell your burrow like Bombay

Opposites attack that's why these thieves stay strapped

As we, travel the globe to put Shaolin on the map

I show loyalty, to my fans fully

Operational raps, that bust through your skully

I'm rated second-to-none I be the top gun

From the land of the Slums spittin blades from my
tongue

Park your slug slinger, hit you with the sleeper

Hit-seeker, sounds that be a-ttackin your speaker

Watch me bang the headpiece kid there's no survival

My flow lights up the block like a homicidal

Murder, underground beef for the burger

P.L.O., criminal thoughts you never heard of

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