

## Illmaculate f/ Iron Solomon

### "Fear Itself"

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(Iron Solomon) I'm just a regular guy With a piece of the devil inside  
Trouble over treble I am jeckle and hyde Foot to the peddle with incredible drive  
If you blocking my lane you will never survive My step is in stride  
To start wrecking ya pride Riding the rush the instrumental provides  
At the end of the line I'll stare dead in ya eyes And sense fear, You ain't ready to die  
See I'm an average person But if you peer past the curtain  
In my pupils, then you'll see a savage lurking Determined to capture the rats and vermin  
It's the rapture, snakes in the grass are squirming Mistakes from the past returning  
Embodied in the words of a pastor's sermon At the funeral pyre while your caskets burning  
I don't think this anger management class is working You bastards learning?  
Trying to mask the aggression Is a thing of the past You better ask for repentance  
The bastard who had been handed a sentence Just broke out the box and is back with a vengeance  
I testified that my best had tried to keep it in But my thoughts are unholy and my speech is sick  
It's time my hunger's unleashed again Supper motherfuckers, let the feast begin  
(Illmaculate) There's nothing to fear to fear but fear itself But I stare in the mirror and I fear myself  
Cuz I know what lies beneath, but I hide behind the beat Trying to disguise the beast  
x2 (Illmaculate) I'm a normal man With morbid torture plans And forceful hands  
That could turn a corpse to sand I was born to conquer foreign lands From Portland to the shores of France  
This is for the fans I be on tour to support me and Want my project in stores to try give me a sporting chance  
Of making a living Every statement is wisdom Laced to a rhythm Please save your hateful opinions  
"I'm not into making friends" I'm into raping this business And taking it's riches So I'm swing staight for the fences  
"No holding back" The majors are senseless They take what we give 'em "We make off sales what they make off the interest"  
When I came in the entrance I started making a shitlist Cuz the constant raping artist is what made me this ficious  
"I'm grateful I'm gifted" When my brain has a vision I relay it to the page, and fit it in the space of a sentence

"Engaging defences" I chugged granades from the trenches  
The industry shunned me, I'm just taking my vengence  
"You think satan is twisted?" If you a page on my shitlist  
I'll make you beg for repentance Like rapists in prison  
I mean, it's enough that I'm unknown and unsigned  
And all I have is one soul and one mind But all I need  
is one flow and one rhyme And one pen, cuz with one stroke  
I unwind Sometimes murder's something I'd be happy to do  
So when I murder the mic, I imagine it's you And don't have  
it confused That's actually true It's not to get a reaction from you  
"These rappers are fools" I focus on the tracks that I do  
Not fashion and what matches with my hat and my shoes  
Put the match to the fuse I'm just itching to blow man  
So get with the program If you dissing me know that... (Illmaculate)  
There's nothing to fear to fear but fear itself But I stare in the mirror  
and I fear myself Cuz I know what lies beneath, but I hide behind the beat  
Trying to disguise the beast x2

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