

Saafir The Saucee Nomad

"Swig Of The Stew"

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Another massive dose I'm sendin' in

Hittin' when I step back to the deck

Sidebets kick 'em in then raise up

Jet from the ivory it's time for me

To see if I can graze the cut

Just a hint I'm shuttin' down

ya pistons you'll have to listen

'Cause I'm clippin' of the wack

Bracket shit that's soft so go

Back to the troft and put it

Back next to the Smirnoff bottle

Where u found it from it sounds

Numb has no feel an organic

Synthesis did I mention this in

The last verse no I drive a fast

Hearse they'll have to catch the

Flow I'm snatchin' a row of burnt

Corpses and hopin' they lernt the

Forces that they're up against the

Immense in this shit will a

Fist to the grill instill a fraction

Of common sense you would want
Providence to play a part but it's
Obvious you have no heart I'm
Protruding a pro-tracker the
Proportion of a slacker is where I
store

The shit give me ya cup what's ya
Flavor it's juice taste it a swig of
The stew

Now that I have a deepdish spoon
Niggas be attackin' get blackin'
Eyes like racoons blew up like
Balloons busted rusted they're
Getting thrust with them
Screw drivers who's the livest
Me and I love it when the
Slug rubs another from a rusty
Life they couldn't cut it so I cut
'Em with my trusty knife
Skinned alive and when deprived
Of one's life one thinks twice
Three time a lady Lionel couldn't
Pay or you to fade me 'cause
I be learnin' shit makin'
Ternikits for broken English

I'm yokin' the seamstress 'cause

I'm sewin' up shit. You know

I can rip, I rest with the

Hobo's yo yo's stay up no

Mayonnaise on the cut but I can

Bust it wit the mustard my

Spice is hot the radish

Adds this seasoning that creates

And make taste buds wanna make

dubs

Of a swig of the stew

Box Car 23 is my freight train

I'm not strippin' for the cock except

the Diesel the weight gain I make pain

and

I take it 'cause I'm humble a dirty rat

A sturdy gat is the back up for the

Smack up easy for me to pack the

knack

Up braggadocio rhymes I'm braggin'

while

I'm laggin' saggin' 'cause my jeans

hafta

Be lean for the cuisine who dat! Dick

Dasturdly could never master

Me drew raps after me comes me

stop

Suction cupping you got nothing

coming

But cum of burns hon. I'm doin' it

For my niggas in the oak-land where

I plan my escape from traits of empty

Crates and busted grapes are not

Part of the gomay hey just an

Appetizer filet mignon but the song

is the stew

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