

## Saafir The Saucee Nomad

### "Worship The 'D'"

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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 thrustured 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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