

Annakin Slayd

"Don't Even Know"

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I came to finish this. You see the rap game triggered
this
The battle's so over, I'll have the fat dame singing this
With a phrase spoken, I disable opponents
Like periodic tables I can label your components
D-S for dull style, B-R for bland rhyme
Like the Transformers matrix, I'm in my prime
I scream MTL! now this verse is territorial
When stepping in this section be expecting a tutorial
A hip hop lesson? Give your best to those blessing
And walk away unscathed and live to fight another
session
My meticulousness versus your fickleness is just plain
ridiculous
I ain't even ticklish at your frivolousness
To those who pose and step in my section
It's like stopping teen pregnancies, don't bust without
protection
I call this is soul spitting, I'm replacing the name
Takeover's like a makeover, change the face of the
game

[Chorus]

Y'all don't even know, my flow
Haven't seen my show
I come to this game with my heart on my sleeve
and I got no choice left but to blow
I know. I've been down, I've been low
Headed straight to the top because
I got nowhere else left to go

I'm the distinguished linguist, my fire's hard to
extinguish
Cause I'll come like William Wallace and slaughter your
English
It's the lion heart firing darts at counterparts hearts
The twenty first century state of the art Mozart
The prodigy, make mcs weak at the knees
As I ease with the breeze like Zhang Ziyi in the trees
Now Bill Gates jealous, cause I'm word perfect
When I excel, check the windows cause it's for sure

curtains
In these days, artistic integrity is seldom seen
Mcs recite the letters of their names like it's a spelling
bee
A-double N-A-K-I-N till the end 'em
I'm Mr. Fantastic to standards, I extend 'em
It's obscene the way I use mcs as a latrine
And leave them enviously green, when I'm Bill Bixby
mean
Anni's the find, simple minds tryin to define
It's like snorting cocaine, check the dangerous lines

[Chorus]

I'm the one man band born a rambling man
I roam far away lands with a mic in both hands
legend expands, like Mad Max on vast sands
They say I don't give a fuck where the mic stand lands
When I blow up the stage, full rage
The Powerman, Luke Cage on the comic book page
You read it, as Anni turns it. Cause y'all the ones who
yearn it
So hot in the spot, they call me Carrie when I burn it
I reminisce of the artists who battled the hardest
When I spit "Life Goes On" I'm leaving rappers
retarded
I fire at rappers cause I'm tired of rappers
These days there's nothing to admire in rappers
to raise it to the ceiling, don't have to be beat stealing
This battle's like merging traffic, y'all keep yielding
My elite fleet, completes defeats with concrete beats
Mcs retreat to easy street when we compete
I bring punch to the speakers, my attack stuns the
weaker
And leave you speaking incomprehensible like Bunsen
Beaker

[Chorus]

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