

The Lady Of Rage

"Big Bad Lady"

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In the middle like Monie

You're phony cause your styles bologna

But I rock with no filler, ain't a girl m.c. illa - puttin'

Rappers on ice, then lock the body in a chilla

The way I fucks it up, I upchuck nasty style like

Throwup blow up, then go nuts

Like a lady Ninja killa

I'll drill deep beneath the surface

It's the Rage, front page, I heat up like a furnace

My stelo gots bulk

Check the gamma rays from the she Hulk

Stomping through your territory

New rap female category

Winner, and your style gets played out like the

Spinners

Not a soprano, or alto, the Rage is a tenor

My voice is just right - I bust hypodermics to your

Inner minds eye

Makin' you hip-hop junkies wanna fly

Like eagles, my stlye sharp as cathedral steeples

Showin' & proving even a lady can be diesel

So uh - breaka, breaka, you best keep on truckin' unh

Unh roll on with that chicken shit your cluckin'

Your stuck in stupid you dufis - I'm hittin so hard

I'm knockin' out your

Toofis - or teefis(believe this)

You butthead you'll get played out like Beavis

Receive it, it's yours Lyrical murderera - still rockin on

(Hook)

2Pac/Makaveli:

Rock on, rock on - The Lady of Rage lyrical murderera

The baddest lyricist born(1x)

Now I'm a explosive vocalist, make you readjust your

Focus, no hocus-pocus, no bogus, I'm the dopest

Lyricaly the locest it's all copacetic

I see through your synthetics with my telekinetics

I mean my telepathics from this mouth of madness

Flows one of the baddest

In my exsistence, my

Exsistence is prevalent, hesitant not you'll get dropped

I'm rhymin' so hard I see it knocking out snot, cause I

Slam like colloision so your vision of me

Is you can't touch not even a smidgen of me - you're

Pigeon shit to me

So drop it(damn - hit this shit Rage)

I take a puff then I blow like Moby

Runnin lyrics quicker than Toby

What's my name? Yeah you know me

(Rage lyrical murder, what's my name? Yeah you

Rage lyrical murder, yeah you know me)

So if you wanna see me turn on your headlights, I'll

Make you run red lights

Trying to catch it

Slam into the Rage you'll end up wreckage

Towed away, blowed away, cut down, mowed away

Curled up like Ola Ray

So let me straighten it out cause I'm a thrill

Mutha fuckin' MC cold killa

When I drop that you better drop back dat you hop back

I rock dat till dawn

Yes I still rock on

(Hook)

2Pac/Makaveli:

Rock on, rock on The Lady of Rage lyrical murder the

Baddest lyricist born(2x)

Now when it comes to the hippest in hip-hop

I make the lips drop kness knock

Buckle and shake, now who's to the wrong

Move - get dusted - busted

Wack MC's who can't cut the mustard

I stick it to you like voodoo so who do you think

You're foolin

Yot Rick but rulin'

You can't hang with the noose, your goose will get

Cooked

Look up in the sky it's fly Robin fly

Givin whatever sutis you

Got the size 8 timberland, to boot cha oops

Up side your head, a yo I'm seein red

Like a bull baby I got to pull, of an ox Redd Foxx

Couldn't out fox me, because I'm Foxy lite Brown

Unh, break it down now, from the end to the start

Lyrical murder pumps fear in heart

I'm tearin parts to pieces like Reeses

I freaks it, speak it in tongues put you on like Bonita

AppleBum

You can't see me you blind to the fact I'm all that

Swingin in the wack strikin' 'em out like bats

Hats off blast off watch me rock it sock it to ya

Whatever it takes to do ya done top gun

It's The Lady of Rage still rated number one

Muthafucka!

(Hook/fade

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