

The Lady Of Rage

"Get With Da Wickedness Flow Like That"

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From the end to the intro meaning the beginning, so

I got the microphone one-two one-two here I go again

Ready, to do damage, but just a little bit, slower

To let you know Rage is that lyrical flow blower

I'm smooth and creamy, milky silky steamy

Eyes get wet and dreamy everytime a brother see me
(cause why?)

Cause they can't understand the gift of tongues

That left em standin still and dumb

in the dust, dare I bust, what I must, and I must son

Continue to crush those that rushed, played dumb, and
got done

Yeah you played the high stakes and got baked

Tried to be icing and wound up cake, translate

meaning I broke em down to the least common
denominator

Not afraid of a sucker cause I drop em like a hot potato

? later, if you still be or wanna be a instigator

Daz cross the fader (why) cause no one is greater

I be that chick with the hits and I'm hittin it

I be that chick with the lyrics and I'm spittin it

(c'mon now)

Microphones, I'm definitely rippin it

So come come, come again, get with da wickedness

Now it's like bang to the boogie, I'm one tough cookie
(betcha what?)

Betcha bite a clit loaded wit lyrical arsenic

as I hit wit my spitfire bullets

wit licks from my tongue, so watch me pull it (uhhh!)

Take it to the hilt, I'm thick like quilt (yeah)

Raw like silk, uh-huh, or creamy like milk, ok now

Let me break it down to the slab

Silly rabbit, you can't get with da wickedness (why?)

You gots to have true grit, and feel it

from the gut, to the cut, move that butt, cause I'm
rippin shit up

Make em fall a victim to my def flow

Lyrical murderer, that's why I'm on Death Row

Lethal injection couldn't, fade me

So, Suge and Dr. Dre scooped me up and paid me

Now I'm, hah, rockin ruff and stuff with my Afro Puffs

Hah, blowin em away like the Big Bad Wolf-a

Huffin, puffin, blowin, no bluffin

When it comes to the Rage I ain't nothin nice (uhh!)

on stage or mics, lights, camera

Even Jeru calls me the Damaja!

Chorus

Now you're questioning the thought of gettin with me

I tell ya, ya pumpin that ass up for failure (why?)

I nail you to a cross (huh) hang you out to dry

Me nah worry bout dem ting dere, cause me nah gon die, or fall

Slaughter by the daughter of God

That makes me a Goddess, the one who rocks the hardest

Uhh uhh, definitely show and prove

Lyrics hit like left jabs as, I stick and move

so what? Back it on up like reversal

Or get broke down with flows I run like Herschel, cause ahh

frankly my dear I don't give a damn

It's been a long time comin, and since I'm comin I'ma slam

harder than your hardest (uh-huh), cause all that shit is garbage

Now if you want the real deal, then step into my office

Cell block H, hold up wait, think twice

Cause if you don't it ain't gon be nuttin nice

Cause I, ain't nuttin nice turnin men to mice

Women are like, fallin all over me like I'm some type of dyke

but uh-uh, you can take that bull and can miss me

Because when it comes to sex I'm strictly dicky

They pick me quickly (like what) like eenie meenie

I eat MC's like Marie Calendar's creamy tortellini

Now who, who be the baddest, who be the roughest (who be)

The toughest, Afro Puffs when I bust this

Chorus 2X

I be that chick, get with da wickedness (2X)

I be that bitch chick that be spittin shit

So come come come again come come get with da
wickedness

Uhh! Get with da wickedness

Come come come again get with da wickedness

I be spittin it, microphones I'm rippin it

Get with da wickedness, hah

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