

## **The Lady Of Rage**

### **"Some Shit"**

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Aight Alright so, am, turn my mic up, turn my  
headphones up, somethin

I'm not...

Yo, can you hear it, yet?

Can't hear it right

You can't hear yet?

Nah, nah turn it up

Yo

Alright

Premier

So...

Yeah?

So, you want me to just kick some shit?

Yeah, just kick a freestyle, whatever, it don't matter

Alright. Bring me in

2-3

Verse:

Hey, hot damn, ho, here I go again

You know who I be, and you know watcha in for

For your information

Me, I be comin harder than ejaculation

Evacuation on the premissis (I'm what?), I'm limitless

Run it to the limit, like Emmitt Smith, I'm listed in the Guinness's

For in the book of Genesis it reads

In the beginning God created Heaven then he created me

So you see

It ain't no way on earth you can see me

That's just how it B.E.

You might as well drop that thought, cause it ain't goin down, G

You wishin, I'll leave you curled up in the fetal position

Impossible mission you think you gettin with Rage, well, then listen

You're thinkin the unthinkable

Rage is the unsinkable

Who can do it better

I gotta art for linkin letters

A diva run it like Gail Dever

Style so sick you think I got swamp fever

To all non-believers

Y'all ain't believin I rocks hard when I'm stoned like Steven

The way I kill it I leave you in a process of grieven

Leave you barely breathin

Kicks it so hard I knock out your teeth and leave you teethin

Take aim and shoot, knock you out your boots

I be the beginning of a New Testament like Matthew,

Mark, and Luke

I turn the motha out in Levi Strauss

No doubt, make suckas do an about

Face, cut to the chase

They told me haste makes waste

And I'll waste you if you're hasty

Lyricaly, it don't take much to make me

Fly off the handle

Go off like Roman candles

Scandalous not

Band you like wristwretch

Watch me clock a end, clock a grip

Watch me grip that microphone and cold rock that bitch

To your socks get hit

From the esophogus my vocal range will expand

And raise up and smack that ass like back hands

I got that shit that leave your whole section deaded

And, if you got no common sense you won't be  
ressurrected

Fed-Ex it, my successes didn't make it over night

But over mics for you it could be over in just one night

Cause the R hits like Thundar the Barbarian

Neva in your life could you ever scar the Aquarian

Water Bearer

Great Granddaughter of Clara

Bring the terror to your dome

As you get nearer to my throne

Them bones get crushed to dust

Cause when it comes down to struttin my stuff

It's necessary

I get rough

Cause I'm a lyrical genius no other could swing this

Better than I (Why?) cause I'm one of the meanest

Not givin a damn statin to all who I am

No need to cram, cause now you fully understand

That Robin is rockin, causin hippers to hoppin

Try to stop what I'm droppin, and a box you'll be  
popped in

Think twice, save your life, give me the mic

I say it again, yo, it won't be nice

You think I'm huffin and puffin, think I'm blowin and  
bluffin

You hens can't begin to contend with Robin

Voice smooth, lyrics lovely

The hippest hip-hopper, got brothers tuggin to hug me

Ah, dig

Outro:

Aight, damn, aight, that's enough. You got a level now?

I'm shook cause I'm gonna be hoarse in a minute,  
come on

Let's, let's do the song, the song, okay

Premier, DJ Premier, Pr-Pr-Pr-Pre-mier

Premi-Pr-Pr-Pr Wait, no, no, no, no, no, okay, okay

Go back, go back, go back

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