

The Lady Of Rage

"Unfuckwitable"

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[Lady Of Rage]

Come on

(Verse 1)

Who talkin' smack bitch

You wanna get at this, think you need more practice

You weigh out your bracket, I rock the home of fuckin'
atlas

Save that racket for the tennis court inner

Bought your mission

Resort to kissin' these gluts, or you played like flutes

Cause the acne that I inflict, causes tragedy when I spit

And if you ain't the shit, you better dip, you better split

You better take off, before I before break off

Make off

Munch through cupcakes, that's soft

That's why I serve you like a bake off

I'll rip your Face Off like I'm

Nicholas Cage

You wanna face off?

That's ridiculous, I'm Rage

The mic brawler

The night crawler

I smoke 'em like I'm off that water

Clever Adlas great grand daughter

Would injure ya, your girl from Virginia (Uh, uh)

Make no bones about it

When it's all about it

I got a knights that remains raw, a ice's never thaws

Priceless, baby, hah

Rage, that's all

Chorus: DJ Premier

{*scratching*}

"Check the flow" --> Da Brat

"Rage in effect"

{*scratching*}

"So now you know"

"Kick up"

"Dust"

"As I begin to bust"

{*scratching*}

"Back on up" --> Lady Of Rage

Repeat Chorus

(Verse 2)

I'm foldin'

Emcees like Times with dirty consonants and vowels
When I creepin' on the prowl and stay wild out like an owl

Now who (Who)

Flows better than this rhyme writer

You in a click full of dicks and you still couldn't come tighter than

Live in red dress

With the afro puff hairdress

Young and restless, naw, you nah wanna test this, ha
I break it down baby, and best pray to the Lord

Cause

Fuckin' 'round with Rage is a

Wish you can't afford

I leave 'em standin' on they tippy toes, dealin' with a drippy nose

Bombardin' with my fifty flows, I ain't fuckin' with these silly hoes

Now

Shit's about to get so retarded

I just got dumped and I got left broken hearted

I ain't got shit to lose, the first bitch that move

They gon'

Catch it in the worst way

Rage blood thirsty

Attacks ready to throw down, that's how it goes down

I can't slow down

Judge Joe Brown convicted me a rhyme

Slaughter

Cause I spit killable syllables

Leave 'em pitiful, the cynical Rage, unfuckwitable

Repeat Chorus Twice

(Verse 3)

Now with my Timbos

I could leave a bimbo in limbo

Make 'em tremble when I spit through the dental of these instrumentals

When I'm chewin' on a mental, (???) from the intro

I told y'all from the get-go, I rock harder than credentials

Say that

Shit for your colon

I strike 'em like I'm bowlin'
You sweet cheeks can't compete with the heat that I'm
holdin', ha
Dingbats, better take their wings back and cash in
Lyrical murderer back up in this bitch to bashin'
So, ante up and pull your panties up
And call your granny up
Tell her you got your fanny bust
Weak shit banged off the backboard
How about some hardcore?
How about some rough, rugged and raw
With all sincereness
I spit lyrics with raw severeness
Gladiator fearless, Tyson style, leave 'em Earless
So
Which of you, want me to snatch you by your brithces,
boo
I, hit you with my witches' stew, turn 'em into bitches'
brew
Terror, when you up against Rage Hitchcock
From H block
With a flow that make 'em scream, "Rage, stop!"
Now that's crazy
Naw, that's the Lady Of Rage (Rage...)

Repeat Chorus Twice

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