

The Lady Of Rage

"Unfukwitable"

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Come on

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

"Check the flow"

"Rage in effect"

"So now you know"

"Kick up"

"Dust"

"As I begin to bust"

"Back on up"

I'm foldin'

Emcees like Times with dirty consonants and vowels
When I creepin' on the prow 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

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...)

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