

## Juvenile F/ Magnolia Shorty, Manny Fresh "Battle Drill"

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Boxcar sessionist black magic is  
The magnet breakin' 'em down to  
Micro fragments. I might go dragnet  
Shoot Joe on Friday if I miss I'll  
Get your one day won't forget officer  
Monday I'm good with gun play I get  
Wreck check the boss don't remove  
Your firing pin punk 'cause I get  
Off - comes the safety freak a clip  
Or get plugged with the four - 5th  
Off my niggas hip best believe the  
Triggers gettin' gripped we stroll  
The back doors to the railroad is  
Where we go when we flow hell  
knows  
and elbows are shot thrown don't  
blink  
an eye gets ruff when I flex the  
Ingrim chrome don't even try it.  
I'm the arsonist 'cause I'll burn you  
With the slug I'm funky plus I got  
Carpet fresh in my rug tug a war and  
Get dug six feet under floor plans are  
banned  
Combat hand to hand cowards clocks  
Is gettin' cleaned with detergent if  
You want to freak a funky flow we  
Can splurge it so I'll perk like an  
Expert I'll send a flow that'll kill  
Bet I won't break a sweat in a  
Battle drill

Start ya engines but you look  
Exhausted like carbon monoxide  
I'm sly  
Like a foxeye see me I'll jack you  
For your bundle G I'll be lurking  
In the rear smirking when you're  
Crumbling the hobo junctionist  
function  
is to freak the lyrical smoke a

Blunt to the grill till we reach  
The spiritual world then get wit ya  
Girl dip her like a tea bag up it  
another notch for the flea bag king  
Queens be freaky fiends don't sleep  
and  
Fall think the cocks the bomb but like  
Tom you'll get brokawf sheer energy  
So u know I be stockin' rear entities  
Eatin' linto beans and I do reek when  
I speak true who's this ya girl nice  
To freak you let me freak a clip slip  
one  
In the chamber click clak that's the  
Sound of the gat right before the jack  
Comes true I thought you knew  
That's ya cue oh! But you're a hero  
Muscles kinda swollen but you ain't  
Real you wouldn't strike if we was  
Bowlin' to the left march arch ya  
Back the impact is fat when I tag a  
grill  
With a battle drill

The nomadic attic dweller never  
On the cheddar cheese grease down  
The plank yankin' mentals clean  
slates  
Are freaked treats for the tricks like  
A magician doin' halftucks genies and  
Arabian's chest be cavin' in and I be  
In the rubbish rubbin' this like Aladdin  
Through obstacles my saliva be  
Liva than stoppin' flows in they tracks  
Cuttin' the tape it's nutthin' to debate  
Fate tells me this is the last grape  
To be cracked rippin' the plaque  
Between the gums hums this lift ya  
Lip a little more to the chef's recipe  
For flavor they be beggin' me to stop  
The torturing but forth I bring  
A subconsciousness which means no conscienceness  
On this effort no mercy on a groove  
no  
Space to move check mate it's  
reserved  
For the disinfecting I'm projecting  
Flavor till you choke chalk  
One add a kill for the battle drills

