

Kane And Able F/ Mia X, Skandolous, Steph "Rappers, Rappers, Rappers 12 for 10"

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Scratches:

What i mean is basically there's no-one
The hunt on emcees brings investigation

This goes out to all you ugly rappers
Pretty rappers, big city rappers
Country rappers, gritty rappers
Itty-bitty-rappers, witty rappers, 2-for-50 rappers
Hello Kitty rappers, Frank Ditty rappers
And bitch-ass rappers, all you diaper rappers
Young whippa-snappa rappers, gun-clapper rappers
pow pow
Fun rappers, Gamma Kappa rappers
Dumb rappers, idiotic rappers
Physcopic rappers, melodic rappers, and narcotic
rappers
All you phony rappers (phony rappers)
Balogna rappers, me and my homey rappers
Toni! Tone! rappers and all that
Yah, all you hood rappers, misunderstood rappers
Think it's all good rappers

Talking:

Let me tell you all something
I just wanna work it out, i want everyone to do their
thing
We cool

First thing you should know is that i'm not afraid
Every rapper has the potential to be laid down on his or
her back
When I'm down on my luck i get down on the track
I clown on the rap sorta like Barnum and Bailey
My star dust bust is bigger and brighter than Haley's
Comet
I'll vomit up the astronomical the daily
Peel to steal skin off the mic and do it scaly, the think
rapper
Then shrink-wrap that rapper and sink that boat of his
My rap motor is a million mega cycles
My rap photo is a mega-ton

Higher than the Eiffel Tower with sniper rifle power
To blow off your melanin, and there ain't no tellin'
All ya' heard was rappers yellin'
My lyrics start propellin
I get to well-known from the dome
After i trail him home, i'd like to catch Malone
And strangle him with the microphone
And drag him back to Project Blow (echo)
I hold as many mics as i could possibly hold
And rip up the session after the last rapper flowed
I never fold even though my poker face is old
The world's cold, probably why i stay in battle mode
I would love to touch ya' ego
European, Latin, or Negro
Rap Evil Kinevil, but i ain't evil
It's all nice, especially with the mic device
When it's in my head, it's like throwin' the trick dice
It's the worldwide underground heist
What i'ma give back, is more than suffice
Pour me over ice and drink, to think
Your only as strong as ya' weakest
I dwell amongst the deepest
As long as there's speakers
I play songs for the peoples
I push the ink, who gives a fuck what they think
It's tight now, but wait until i iron out the kinks (repeat)

Wait until i iron it all out, it'll be cool
Like i said i want everyone to be able to do their thing
succesfully

This goes out to all you shallow rappers
Bottom of the bottle rappers
Spit and swallow rappers, hollow rappers
Love to follow rappers, Apollo rappers then rile rappers
Yah, all that, yah
To all you Big Willy rappers
Silly rappers, my mack milly rappers smoke a Philly
rappers,
Illy-illy killy-killy rappers, not really rappers
Yah, all you signed rappers blind to what's goin' on
behind rappers
Crime rappers, i'm in my prime rappers
Part-time rappers, one-of-a-kind rappers too, yah
You wanna go around the world, but ya' gonna have to
take
Ya' wanna paint a perfect picture, but ain't got no paint
But i'm the paint, and with the brush and the easel
I like to rush 'em and i hit 'em with the feasel
I got a stick of dynamite, you gotta stick of gum
He tried to chew it up before i blew it up

It's done (echo)

Scratches till fade:

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