Kane And Able F/ Mia X, Skandolous, Steph ''Rappers Rappers Rappers''

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(What I mean is basically there's no one The hunt for an MC brings investigation)

This goes to all you ugly rappers, pretty rappers Big city rappers, country rappers, greedy rappers Itty-bitty rappers, witty rappers, two-for-fiddy rappers Hello Kitty rappers, Frank Nitti rappers and [edited] rappers All you dapper rappers, young whippersnapper rappers Gun clapper rappers, fun rappers, Gamma Kappa rappers Gum rappers, idiotic rappers, psychotic rappers Melodic rappers and narcotic rappers All you phoney rappers, baloney rappers Me-and-my-homie rappers Tony Toni rappers and all that, yeah All you hood rappers, misunderstood rappers Think-it's-all-good rappers Let me tell y'all somethin

Look.. I just wanna work it all out I just want everybody to do they thing and be cool Be who they are, you know

First thing you should know is 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 rappers sort of like Barnum and Bailey's My stardust-bust is bigger and brighter than Hailey's Comet, I vomit up the astronomic on the daily Peel the steel skin off the mic and do a scaley The think rapper to shrink-rap that rapper And sink that boat of his My rap motor is a million mega-cycles My rap folder is a megaton and higher than the Eiffel Tower with sniper rifle power To blow off your melon and it ain't no tellin All you heard was rappers yellin My lyrics start propellin I get to wellin on em from the dome

After I trail em home I like to catch em alone and STRANGLE em with the microphone And drag em back to Project Blowed Hold as many mics as I can possibly hold And rip up the session after the last rapper flowed I never fold, even though my pokerface is old The world's cold, probably why I stay in battle mode I would love to touch your ego European, latin or negro Rap Evil Knievel, but I ain't evil It's all nice, especially with the mic device When it's in my hand it's like throwin the trick dice It's the worldwide underground heist And what I'ma give back is more than suffice Pour me over ice and drink to think You're only as strong as your weakest -I dwell amonst the deepest As long as there's speakers I make songs for the peoples I push the ink, who gives a f[edited] what they think It's tight now, wait until I iron out the kinks It's tied down, wait until I iron out the kinks

..Wait until I iron it all out, it's gon' be cool But like I said I want everybody to be able to do they thing successfully

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 And rah-rah rappers, yeah, all that, yeah To all you Big Willie rappers, silly rappers 'My-mack-milli' rappers, smoke-a-Philly rappers Illy-illy, killy-killy rappers Not really rappers Yeah, 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 Yeah, you wanna go around the world, but you got a half tank You wanna paint a perfect picture but ain't got no paint But I'm the painter with the brush and the easel I like to rush em and I hit em with the ??fleezle?? I got a stick of dynamite, you got a stick of gum He tried to chew it up before I blew it up, it's done It's done, it's done, it's done...

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