

The Wilkinsons

"Bad Ma Fucka"

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I circle my opponents like a bird of prey, in search of a vertabra
Just to curse your day, and make blue sky revert to gray
Tryin' to work my way back to where the purpose gave birth
To the perfect way to quench my thirst to slay rappers
Penetrate your fragile brain matter
Stand glarin' at you with command, and frame, and stature
Actually mastered the talent it takes to seize the rep
Out of your chest and leave em shakin'
These heads never impressed us, I credit the best cause I
?Accept the rebreath? with respect from my predecosors
To die the best of deaths is meaning gunfire
Blessed with ??, testin the opressive
This dimension inside your pain is my domain
By signing my name I solidify the rain
In an instant I will drain em, get em out the game
Itsisted upon bickering with death until the quiet came
Then silence remained, touched him with his lights out and
Im in his veins, ushering his life out him
He cried when it came, at that moment he froze
And death pulled his soul through the hole in his nose

From the moment I sight em, decide I don't like em
I evacuate the little bit of life they got inside em
Somebody gonna get dead tonight
Bad Motha Fucka gottta split heads tonight
From the moment I sight em, decide I don't like em
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Let em watch the Brother rip, they need to fuckin study it
Have the missin pieces like they tryin to make the puzzle fit

Its some other shit, nothin like when we discovered it
Fools rappin like they tried to suck a dick and bust a lip
Half asshole and ain't mastered to grab the shit
They pacifists and ain't nothin bout them passionate
Never had a pay a bill, spent a day in jail
And hold mic's like theyre scared as hell to brake a nail
You ever hide inside your seat, eyes upon your feet
Need to keep riding the dick instead of tryin to ride the
beat

I come from a time when rhymin is too self defining
Aint no time for whining, protecting your little homage
If your crews really the shit, prove it in your set
You really should get off the stage, youre too pretty to
sweat

If hes not in alliance, beat him in the compliance
Somethin to do while I'm feeding him to the lions
Keep being defiant, ain't nothin I can say to you
Except you better stay out my range of view, a day or
two

Your friendly neighbourhood Rhymesayer, I lay a
Asswhoopin on you thats one of a kind, playa

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You live in a world of artificial turf past the sky
Got the nerve to stay up nights and askin why
Im fuckin your shit up, youre forced to pluckin your lips
up

That gets ripped up, you could kiss your own ass
goodbye

You don't understand me, I don't have Plan B
I don't have a mom and dad to help me land on my feet
I don't have the luxury of livin where the grass is green
Ink pen victims and ten of their friends with them
Ive been kickin, scratchin scrapin for respect
Since knee-high, believe I will take it to your neck
I release my, venomous sentiments at the drop of a hat
You motherfuckers got a problem with that?

I scratch through all possible tracks
Once you walk with your bones fully exposed its hard to
look back

And I gotta react, not for nothin, just to cuss you
There ain't nothin soul about an old fashioned "Fuck
You"

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