

## **The Lady Of Rage F/ 2Pac**

### **"Big Bad Lady"**

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In the middle like Monie  
You're phony cause your styles bologna  
But I rock with no filler, ain't a girl m.c. illa - puttin'  
Rappers on ice, then lock the body in a chilla  
The way I fucks it up, I upchuck nasty style like  
Throwup blow up, then go nuts  
Like a lady Ninja killa  
I'll drill deep beneath the surface  
It's the Rage, front page, I heat up like a furnace  
My stelo gots bulk  
Check the gamma rays from the she Hulk  
Stomping through your territory  
New rap female category  
Winner, and your style gets played out like the  
Spinners  
Not a soprano, or alto, the Rage is a tenor  
My voice is just right - I bust hypodermics to your  
Inner minds eye  
Makin' you hip-hop junkies wanna fly  
Like eagles, my stlye sharp as cathedral steeples  
Showin' & proving even a lady can be diesel  
So uh - breaka, breaka, you best keep on truckin' unh  
Unh roll on with that chicken shit your cluckin'  
Your stuck in stupid you dufis - I'm hittin so hard  
I'm knockin' out your  
Toofis - or teefis(believe this)  
You butthead you'll get played out like Beavis  
Receive it, it's yours Lyrical murderera - still rockin on

(Hook)

2Pac/Makaveli:

Rock on, rock on - The Lady of Rage lyrical murderera  
The baddest lyricist born(1x)

Now I'm a explosive vocalist, make you readjust your  
Focus, no hocus-pocus, no bogus, I'm the dopest  
Lyricaly the locest it's all copacetic  
I see through your synthetics with my telekinetics  
I mean my telepathics from this mouth of madness  
Flows one of the baddest  
In my existence, my

Existence is prevalent, hesitant not you'll get dropped  
I'm rhymin' so hard I see it knocking out snot, cause I  
Slam like collision so your vision of me  
Is you can't touch not even a smidgen of me - you're  
Pigeon shit to me  
So drop it(damn - hit this shit Rage)  
I take a puff then I blow like Moby  
Runnin lyrics quicker than Toby  
What's my name? Yeah you know me  
(Rage lyrical murder, what's my name? Yeah you  
Rage lyrical murder, yeah you know me)  
So if you wanna see me turn on your headlights, I'll  
Make you run red lights  
Trying to catch it  
Slam into the Rage you'll end up wreckage  
Towed away, blowed away, cut down, mowed away  
Curled up like Ola Ray  
So let me straighten it out cause I'm a thrilla  
Mutha fuckin' MC cold killa  
When I drop that you better drop back dat you hop back  
I rock dat till dawn  
Yes I still rock on

(Hook)

2Pac/Makaveli:

Rock on, rock on The Lady of Rage lyrical murder the  
Baddest lyricist born(2x)

Now when it comes to the hippest in hip-hop  
I make the lips drop kness knock  
Buckle and shake, now who's to the wrong  
Move - get dusted - busted  
Wack MC's who can't cut the mustard  
I stick it to you like voodoo so who do you think  
You're foolin  
Yot Rick but rulin'  
You can't hang with the noose, your goose will get  
Cooked  
Look up in the sky it's fly Robin fly  
Givin whatever sutis you  
Got the size 8 timberland, to boot cha oops  
Up side your head, a yo I'm seein red  
Like a bull baby I got to pull, of an ox Redd Foxx  
Couldn't out fox me, because I'm Foxy lite Brown  
Unh, break it down now, from the end to the start  
Lyrical murder pumps fear in heart  
I'm tearin parts to pieces like Reeses  
I freaks it, speak it in tongues put you on like Bonita  
AppleBum  
You can't see me you blind to the fact I'm all that  
Swingin in the wack strikin' 'em out like bats

Hats off blast off watch me rock it sock it to ya  
Whatever it takes to do ya done top gun  
It's The Lady of Rage still rated number one  
Muthafucka!

(Hook/fade)

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