

Lethal Toxin

"Frogstyle"

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Reptile forum, lyrics like insect repellent, harmful if
swallowed
Not argued, its like deep throating a harpoon
Wrong like Muslims disobeying Allah rules
Packing them in like Rikers island modules
No jiminy crickets or kermits, non-dysfunctional
derelicts
Your whole style serves no purpose, feather weights,
penny betting
We separated the mic from the men, with any weapon
I touch breaks with a windmill, footwork, and three
head spins
And I'm answer all of them before you can ask any
questions
We separate the lyricists from the lyrically less
fortunate
Trying to make a come back with Mickey Mouse
choruses
Had me, yawning, often cause your boring
Your styles is so dead your whole clique should be
mourning
Lyrical frogmen, unknown origin, human amphibian
The industry, don't want to let me in
Frog without the big eyes, warts and green skin
Dangerously hype like the Hulk on coke
Don't discriminate I'll rip niggas on both coasts
And I can even write a rhyme without mentioning my
wardrobe
Acapella or music, rhyme exclusive
Everybody wants one like a cigarette in a bullpen

Why must I feel like that, why must I rip the track
Its nothing but the frog in me, nothing but the frog in
me

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Thirstin Howl the third, I become one with the mic
When measured on potential, mc's around here aint

my height
According to these microphones I should be the
emperor
And fuck all record labels, who said I should have
brought a sampler
If rap was a game I'd be M.V.P, misinterpreted violent
penalties
And when I rhyme backwards it looks like I'm catching
epilepsy
Half man, half rhymes, only have myself to impress me
Respect to Sabbath, remember when the rhymes were
just a hitting habit
The man felt it wasn't a part of him that didn't matter,
still gave God thanks
Had two social security cards and birth certificate that
was blank
Escape from psychiatrics, chewed upon my mattress
And showed them the number one reason why they
don't allow matches
Throwing gut shots, I heard organs and un-guarded
glands
Could have eyeballs in your palms and still couldn't see
me, with the hands

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Since I'm the frog, you emcees are courageous cats
Forcing me to leave you like a Chinese woman, ass flat
I remind you of your ex-wife's' cooking
You don't know nobody who would eat me
National geographic labeled endangered species
Rip it, rip it, not repeat, repeat
Emcees are minor contestants, done in, neatly
Rap boxer, punch lines hit below the belt
Explicit lyrics stickers, telling me to control myself
Parental guidance, I learned from the muddy waters
and deep shit
On Skilligans Island where religion is violence
My flow will leave you lost, like men wearing women
disguises
Lyrics tighter than the clothes made for bicyclists
Rap's offspring, right about now my freestyles costing
DJ Spinna
Show them they're rusty and need oiling
Had an affair with miss piggy, till I got tired of her

oinking
Hope to never see the pin like a gutter ball in bowling
Thirstin Howl the third, frogstyle's priceless
My mouth must be full of insect feces
Cause I'm always saying some FLY SHIT

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