

Ann Peebles

"Outcha Mouth"

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I heard ya wanna know about me,
Where I'm at and who I be
And why they call me Jumpsteady
I'm just a ninja from the Carnival grounds
With so much flavor that
I blow the taste up outcha mouth
I heard ya wanna know about me,
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I'm just a ninja from the Carnival grounds
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My name is Jumpsteady
But are you punks ready for the samurai machete
To make you make your betty
Of the ones to contend, steppin upon my path
With inferior dextior, don't make me laugh
I'm a daredevil and Bruce banner rolled into one
"cause ya wouldn't wanna make me angry and you're
blind, son
To some of the things, tactics and such
That we apply to the Carnival
So check nuts!
I'm the jack of many trades, glued to the old days
Laughed at in the hallways, fucked them bitches
anyway
I wonder what they're doing today
Most of them bitches probably broke, homeless, tricked
out, or underpaid
How the pendulum swings -
Laugh now and cry tomorrow
In exchange for the happiness and sorrow
Time will borrow
And again unfold and better like
Casting corrupt souls deeper in the shadows of night
C'mon!
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Where I'm at is in your earholes
Bumpin outta ya stereo
Loud enough to crack your tinted windows
And I suppose that ya still don't know
How I exceed to levels that ain't never been seen
before
Master of the Shaolin
Tiger walk while joustin'
No hand blimp right hand and round housin'
Beatin like the beat of the drum
Slightly sicker than some
And I exterminate beef so you don't want none
J is for the journey and the thieving gain
Followed by the U - uncanny
And completely insane
M is for the madness spawning my ideas
And P is for Psychopathic and props to people that see
us
Steady, steady like a Chevy
Out of control
With no brakes and wrapped around a phone pole
Then I explode on the world like C-4
Before the demo team can even hit the door
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I'm the last seconds on a doomsday clock
Like an open box of Anthrax chillin on a desktop
Execution and illusion of art
Like a wizard's magic pencil steady aiming at your
heart
Always backed by the hatchet
Drop a body in a casket
Like a guillotine, rollin heads in a basket
As for the busters unleashing some rage,

In the folds of my jacket I cradle my gauge
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screaming
Alright alright and yesiree! A clean hit! A perfect hit!
And no pain for the target.
Too bad the guy was only 38. Just 2 years older,
He'da been worth 3 times the points.
But for the second year in a row,
Machine Gun Joe, has splattered the...

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