

Toby Lightman

"Learn From the Druid"

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Glastinary manticore raps say you've gone to warpaint
I orchestrate tapes to torture fakes on your door dates
And formulate, sound escapes the ground snakes in
town lakes

Heavy hammer swings pound fakes until the ground
breaks

Your foul tapes, I'm a rap since nineteen eighty-seven
Twelve years of age grabing AIDS like (?)

Yo I tear the stage and build a guild with dissection
Strong willed and skilled and killed your whole
dimension

Henchmen, think they're paying dues off the head
I'm sucking venom out of bites through deadly
copperheads

Your dead, because the venom's been regurgitated
I've terminated every "Sucka Duck" that perpetrated

Work related, cuz' MC is my profession

Spittin when I rock a rhyme it's never written

I keep em' off papers so there's no evidence

To tie me to the murder of your rap regiments

The body of your composition is what Shamus clutches

Lyrics are the legs and the swares are your crutches

When you battle me it'll be real clear

That I'll leave cats alone watch their life in wheelchairs

When I say a rhyme {Sucka's I drop ya'}

Drain your blood line {Sucka's I drop ya'}

You'll be executed (Sucka's I drop ya'}

Learn from the druid {Cuz my words rock ya'}

Seamus is the God-Awf, step to this kiddo

My styles poisonous just like the Black Widow

Ditto, facsimile your master copy

Take you back to the lab your raps sound sloppy

Those who want to battle the Teradactyl that's fatal

I'm ripping up your rap crew but burning down your
label

Suffocating suckers like yourself is madd fun for me

Tell your company Esoteric is triumphantly

Terrorizing all these dictionary reading crabs

Verbalist lyrical rap just ripped the track

I'm back, to smack all the cats I crucified
The council of kags, self-centered like a nuclei
I'm in the wilderness trapped in a syllabus
For each of these dummies that want me as their
ventriloquist
I'm killing this, consorting all my rap critics
At a murder-rate of ninety-one beats per minute
The body of your composition is what Shamus clutches
Lyrics are the legs and the swares are your crutches
When you battle me it'll be real clear
That I'll leave cats alone watch their life in wheelchairs

When I say a rhyme {Sucka's I drop ya'}
Drain your blood line {Sucka's I drop ya'}
You'll be executed {Sucka's I drop ya'}
Learn from the druid {Cuz' my words rock ya'}

Now hip-hop heads I have like ten on my shelf
Make it twelve when I leave the simple-minded cat
beside himself
I watch all these so called mic-rippers
Battle the Esoteric and get fed to wood-chippers
Strip his, section add to my collection
I toss a lot of foes in my crossbow's direction
Press them up against a tree and watch the rat shiver
Now it's time to pull another arrow from my quiver
Deliver, a rapier to your trachea
How I'm striking mics it's pysching out Vikings in
Scandinavia
Maybe a, apocalypse when God Awful rips
I catch three frames a day like comic strips
The body of your composition is what Shamus clutches
Lyrcis are the legs and the swares are your crutches
When you battle me it'll be real clear
That I'll leave cats alone watch their life in wheelchairs

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