

## **Toby Lightman**

### **"Mercy Killing"**

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You can find me in the club where the huns at  
Muthafuck that trucker hat hug-rap  
I know who I am, who I be, who I always was  
Not a rapper that would dis another just to start a buzz  
You should know that, just let the beef go away  
How many weathermen do I have to slay  
El-P give that mouth a rest  
Go and get yourself in shape give that couch a rest  
I sent you a demo in 94 with straight original shit  
No scientific shit  
And you cats talk about it like it's still in your whip  
If you're large as you say, why you still sweating Shay?  
Pissed cuz I reminisce about boom-bap  
You just made cuz you make your money off nerd-rap  
And can never change that, the fact you make soft shit  
Embarassed so you gotta remind us about the profit  
Sorry that I study from the blueprint  
And don't associate with your nerd-rap movement  
"Independently I sold..." man, get over yourself  
Every interview I read it's like your blowing yourself  
Putting doe on your shelf? Stop hoeing yourself  
You're a herb, look at you, you know it yourself!  
I showed you love from day one and I kept on  
But now you upset because your boys got stepped on  
If you were as smart as you claim to be  
And had beef muthafucker you should've came to me  
But no, write a dis, hope you won't get caught  
Cuz you know I never peep shit from Gaysop Rock  
Listen, I liked Funcrusher that was that  
But then you heard Dr. Octagon and never looked back  
"Blue Flowwwers" Allow me flex my true powers  
And send this fucking hobbit back to the two towers  
.....No I'm not stopping yet  
Bars of Death ain't done it ain't dropping yet  
I got jokes about your face believe me  
But dissing you because of your looks is too easy  
You can't help that you a Keebler elf, "Mr. Be Yourself"  
You should see yourself  
I saw that DVD man I can't understand  
Why you find it so hard to shake a fan's hand  
These are the cats that love you when you do shit

And actually think the stuff you make is music  
But this is hip-hop kid don't confuse it  
With herbs trying to hard to make "that new shit"  
Bitching about doing a show for short change is fine  
But taping it is assinine  
Then releasing it? That's an ego trip  
Get off your own dick, that's some ego shit (fuck outta  
here)  
Revolution ain't them beats you record  
Sounding like my girl's cat when it walks across my  
keyboard  
You ain't different, you just can't work your equipment  
Now don't come back with that run-on sentence rap  
Spit it slow, so I can understand you, yo  
Went from Co-Flow to no flow, rushing your rhymes

No punchlines, just a bunch of punched in lines  
Bed-wetter, you as hip-hop as Eddie Vetter  
If you a true b-boy, explain that mohawk and the Fred  
Perry sweater  
That look is priceless!  
Now who's the muthafucker with the identity crisis?

You ain't mad at me dog, you mad at what you've  
become

(part 2)

Banned from New York? Muthafucka don't sleep  
I got a freak in each borough, I was there last week  
You cancelling shows in Boston, acting shook  
Say you from Harlem, telling me to come to Red Hook  
You wanna rep Brooklyn? Ain't no Biggie in you  
Fat sloppy fuck sound like Winnie the Pooh  
Plus dwelling on this beef is a bad decision  
The only fight you ever had is with your own  
metabolism  
Making them mixtapes, mainstream coverband  
Wannabe G-Unit but sold like 3 units? Damn!  
Baby Huey talks like he had a stroke  
I remember when he told me "Be Alert" was sooo dope  
You was a fan home soaking the bed  
See when I was eating rappers you was eating loaves  
of bread  
A big oaf with dreads and a clammy handshake  
Now you making records that even your fans hate  
I'll treat you like a Taun-Taun, and slash your flesh  
And give New York's homeless a place to rest  
It ain't about the Weathermen, it's whether or not your  
men  
Whether or not your femme, Vast drop and gimme 10

Know your limits, Grimace, you can't finish  
All out of shape fishing for beef but out of bait  
Sherman Klump's in a writing slump no lie  
Nutty Proffessor, minus the sweater and bow tie  
Come take my lotto? Man, that's a waste  
With that tape, all you really robbing is your fan base  
You be claiming you a man but got big saggy tits  
Coppin all your sweaters from a store for fat chicks  
"If this was 86..." man if this was 86  
You'd be sitting in baby shit, crying for some cake and  
shit  
"Vast is deep!" You kids don't understand  
Anyone can sound deep to an overzealous fan  
So protect that neck Shrek, before I strike again  
You and El-P = Lenny and George from Mice & Men  
The shit is getting old but the beef is fun  
It's like, 5 on 1 I got you fuckers on the run  
So get your facts straight, stop running your mouths  
I keep this mic with me, dog come and get me

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