

Toby Lightman

"Warning - Knife in Face"

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[Esoteric talking]

You motherfuckers
This is some murderous shit right here
It's the E-S, 7L on the track
Potent somethin' through ya bean hat
Don't try to pigeon hold me baby
You know the deal
About to black out on these motherfuckers
It's like this, hey yo

[Verse 1]

We don't pussy foot around shit, we beat down shit
We ain't the cats that you wanna fuck around with
Straight up, like a jump off
you make my skin crawl like a snake
I hold my weight like Triple H, the cerebral assassin
I beat you, defeat you wid the passion
Cash and girls are what motivates me
A small rapper like yaself is needin' safety
I don't claim to be a thug
But that would mean a slug
For any faggio that's givin' or receivin' love
I keep a glove in my right hand
So when I murder wid the mic
they won't trace it when they pull it out ya diaphragm
You're in the fryin' pan
I'm a violent man watchin' silence of the lambs
Ready to go out, and stab the jaws off ya mouth
I'm not the one to dis
I'm fearless like Parker than the deer hunter is
No doubt

[Hook]

You thug it out, cut it out
You fuck around we gon' slug it out, club it out
You playin' games we gon' shut you out
So now you know what we about
Pimp slap a thug beyond the shadow of a doubt

[Talking]

Y'all motherfuckers is actin' real fake right

Ya man's land ain't even that man
You ain't livin' that life
You ain't ready for that man, fall back

[Verse 2]

Bitch ass rapper, fake act clapper
Can't fuck around with the underground jaw tapper
Raw rapper, rugged like a Landrover
Handover the mic ya plan's over tonight
Ain't nobody flowin' as tight in y'all click
I'm to sick, to eat a dick
Ya can't get wid the words that I spit
I rip, can't stand none of this fake shit
This side of stupid weak shit, you a baby, go back to
Old Navy
Yo I shop Newbury, now you walk new bury
While I'm spendin' cash on Fifth Ave you get tabbed,
not a clue
Or the slightest inklin' of who you talkin' to
I slaughter you, my crew hit's you on the face off
First of all shake the hate off
Claimin' that you paid when it's my plates you ate off
The truth is you can't afford to take a day off
You stay soft like my purple label face cloth
My dick you need to stay off
If punch lines were punch clocks you'd be laid off

Hook x2

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