

## Lost Secret "Mad Hatter"

Visit "[Mad Hatter](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Intro: G-Clef Da Mad Komposa] What's up, yo, it's the Gods Not the true and living, Five Percent Gods Real, actual... Gods, in the house And it's about time we let ya'll triflin' ass niggas know We running out of patience with you, get it together Right now! [G-Clef Da Mad Komposa] You asking me? If this the, end of time? Go ask a human being and you still won't know You're like asking a man's penis where a dildo go Your shit be boring, and let's face it you can't think straight Your like a rat in a maze and I be the cheese maker Great architecht and you be the great faker Look around your planet and contemplate your fall Mansion world nigga, watch me bounce you down the hall You see there's so many ways to slay you, you making it easy Let's start with them cheesy ass beats And all that temporal nonsense full of non sequitors and incompletes Your shit cold garbage nigga, get a motherfuckin' clue You see there's two basic methods to approach in ruining you One, make like Puffy and overtly advertize you Two, make like Kool Keith and Ultramagnetize you I float like a Killa Bee, you bounce like a bumble I made all the thugs cry when I closed down the Tunnel [Chorus 2X: G-Clef Da Mad Komposa, Archangel Metatron] Trife niggas, you ain't got no wins in mi casa I crush your stupid dreams and eat up all your pasta Cuz you trife, a waste of life, dead matter Your pockets may be fatter, but I'm the mad hatter [Archangel Metatron] New York nigga, now it's time to switch the flow Ya'll rap's trash, who's dick, you blow? Was it Mr. A&R, did he say you'd get hoes and cars? Your dreams so fucking retarded, there's more than rap and b-balling Why can't you be a doctor, or try to sell some real drugs Leave Hip Hop to Lost Secret, I'll let you pretend you real thugs But you not, I asked your mother, nigga So I went back in time and punched her stomach, nigga And since I used that ignorant word to rhyme itself Can I sign a deal, or does my wackness need some help You so pathetic, blah blah, edit, whatever, fuck what I say Who the fuck listens to my rhymes anyway Bring the hook in early, nigga, fuck it [Chorus 2X] [G-Clef Da Mad Komposa] I'm not the mad

rapper, but yo, you can feel my wrath You callin' me old  
school to diss me, but you don't know the half The mad  
hatter's science goes back before creation Or later  
when I invented math and started civilization Triple  
greatness, with two pillars on either side of me Back in  
the days before the Gommorrah type sodomy What do  
you think is real? Be careful how you answer Make the  
wrong choice, my ASR will give you cancer Watch your  
back... [Chorus 2X]

Visit [Lost Secret](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.