

Lost Secret

"You Suck"

Visit ["You Suck"](#) on MotoLyrics.com

[Intro: Ironfist Pillage sample] You see, You Suck, your crew is totally lame I just kicked your ass with a bucket [G-Clef Da Mad Komposa] And I don't make beats for humans But I'll celebrate ya deathday for free I'm unaffected by ya spells and all that weak hypnosis bullshit I've been sent here to settle all accounts period You weak emcees, do you really take music for a game? Just a little green or some fame? Welcome to the universe, it's time to feel the pain Face reality, I don't even subscribe to your beliefs never mind ya magazine You puny mortal substance is futile Ya world is double extra small, it's gonna fall While you busy reading The Source, I'm one with the force Hello, my name is Toth, I'm pleased to beat ya Descended from the sky, to try to help pathetic creatures You're living proof that wack emcees are alive But still you don't exist and when I say it you get pissed Dont' get angry, remember Lost Secret's letting you live But when ya time is up don't be looking for forgive-ness I make a list of all the things you can't do to me And then outrage ya fams when it's me reading ya eulogy See? What's the difference between me and you? The truth can kill a liar, but with me bullets travel thru [Chorus: G-Clef Da Mad Komposa] You suck, we rule, you're wack, we're cool You suck, we rule, you're wack, we're cool You suck, we rule, you're wack, we're cool You suck, we rule, you're wack, we're cool [Archangel Metatron] I write rhymes for mortal, physical form I metamorphose Aimin' at the head of you zombies, so bring some more foes You all hoes, dead presidents be your pimps Who would you be, without cars, ice, 2 balls and a dick Would you exist? Nah and you ain't still You fake wit' fake shit, this rhymes makes you real As for me, I'm livin' lavish, ballin' wit knowledge I gots to have it, see me passin' by ya clubs laughin' What a shame, but I keeps it movin' Mechizedek be showin', as Metatron be provin' You losin', against the force of the rising sun I do what ya God said in Luke 12:51 So spread out, I'm like a real Spanish nigga from Corona But who gives a fuck? No one I know some, but I'm a mystery to many Next time you write a rhyme, act like you met me

[Chorus] [G-Clef Da Mad Komposa] (Archangel
Metatron) I be shooting solar flares at your hair (Eat ya
poridge, kill Goldielocks and murder the three bears)
Like I care? Y'all niggaz is cold markin' time (I'm cold
marking space, fuck the human race) Race for the cure
(shut the fuck up, this the voice of Jesus) For you there
is no salvation (Pupil dialation, I'm pointing needles at
ya iris) Whether ya Irish, Italian, or Polish (It doesn't
matter, in this universe you smellin' like you homeless)
I'm leaving all you fake rappers poemless [Chorus]

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

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