

Lost Secret f/ Christbearer, Storm Da Ghetto Mutant

"The Biff Song"

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Multiple talking & shouting [G-Clef Da Mad Komposa]
My CD did a driveby on yours in three different whips
and Platexd kill wife beater, put steel to your lips
Semantical scientists to your romantical graphicless
Testicle-free Stan slash fanaticist So affected in five
different areas A fradulant specimen, a demon spawn
carrier It's so upsetting when the evil front righteous It
aggravates on a molecular level 'til I might just
Kompose the perfect murder like a symphony Using
mystic symbols and cypher code to exonerate my
infamy This is how Melchizidek deals with liars I
suspend them in stasis then burn them with astral fire!
My working tools are way too precise when they slice Ya
English second language into shish kabobs and rice Go
ask Allah why you chose to fuck with da Clef I hold in
my hand an instrument of death [Chorus: Archangel
Metatron (all)] When you bite the concept and don't pay
(You get biffed) When you perpetrate a fraud and you
front (You get biffed) When your internet crew never
met (You get biffed) When you lie (You get biffed)
When you're wack (You get biffed) When you steady
fakin' moves on my crew (You get biffed) When you act
like you ballin', but you broke (You get biffed) When
you record gunclaps in your raps (You get biffed) When
you snake (You get biffed) When you're fake (You get
biffed) [Christbearer] Yo, Christbearer gave life to you
punks With military mausbergs and more mouth than
monks When the storm wasn't bigger than your hand
You never gave a damn, when shit changed you ran I
fought with Lucifer and held tooth-nail When the
hounds kept hunting me just on how the boots smell
Christbear bionic laconic conversation Killa king fact in
rap captivity I take 'em all to the limit (no gimmicks)
The white phantom pulling up tough with ya mall in it
Christbearer contra-catastrophic catalyst Wu-Fi-Wu, ha,
do or die analysis The only thing is I come and came
clean For my guts and my numbnuts hang when they
swing Now that's real like Preacher pack steel Practice
what you preach, those who can't preach kill! I ruled the
world before my momma was a girl And some rich
white boy bottled jeri curl And you don't stop, yeah

[Interlude: Sample] The ultimate... [Archangel
Metatron] This is Metatron version 1.0, original flow
One hundred percent guaranteed fresh, causing fraud
emcee's stress Don't be deceived by names that's
similar Products on the market that's inferior The alpha
bout to make omega, out this faker Call me the ghost
of your future, bout to take ya To the scene of your
death Tongue seperated from your severed neck You
get biffed tryin' to challenge my rep Real angels don't
speak feces, beware- Mystic-Jewish-White-Godbodies,
that preach Jesus! Confused quasi-spiritual Wu-Tang
fan shit, Your verses be more corny than Watchtower
pamphlets I got more styles than you got religions I spit
vicious incisions that slice your inner visions So think
back to the day you were terribly wrong And ask
yourself 'how the fuck I make it on the biff song'?
[Chorus] [Outro: Storm Da Ghetto Mutant] Yeah, but
there ain't gonna be no ressurection for your fuckin'
ass You know what I'm sayin? You ain't gonna get the
right hand extended to you You dirty muthafuckas,
yeah these are the last days and times You know what
I'm sayin? And unlike the man, ***** you really
gon' get biffed You know what I'm sayin? To the
bottomless fuckin pit Hell, baby, burn for eternity...

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