

## **Tonedeff**

### **"Detonator (Aka Trife)"**

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I am the epitome of mentally fit lyrical wizardry  
Fear the ability, making miracles appear to you vividly  
With an affinity within me willing to deal every enemy  
penalties  
You're over the line, cause you crossed me like  
symmetry  
You're that pussy, cat that's finicky like Morris  
Serving ya' plate, but every inning you're scoreless  
Making ya' day like Doris, I'll put you away for good like  
storage  
My formula's more of a sure thing than a whore It's:  
Shorten your life-span with a verse and a chorus  
I'm certain to floor kids, the minute I rip the curtains  
before us  
Asserting the forces of nature, burning ya' forest  
Even hurling sterling performers twirling towards the  
camera lenses of  
Discerning tourists observing the horrors  
As they take it all in like porous surfaces  
Spurting these murderous lyrical scourges  
Cause I'm a purist and you're TRIFE life is purposeless  
Just give it up, like slutty mannequins, you're a fake  
fuck  
It seems you lost all your sense like Helen Keller going  
bankrupt  
I'm pitch shifting, making your facial display change up  
Detaching your superfluous pieces like pay stubs  
You didn't take nuff precaution  
Stepping to Tonedeff is like calling out Irish  
motherfuckers in Boston  
I'm hunting you down for goodwill, my game is out  
there  
You couldn't rock in your grandma's house chair  
My syntax rearranges your flesh like skin grafts  
The odds of you winning are slimmer than Ally McBeal  
on Slimfast  
You're like them other actresses  
I'm tighter than 4 virgins in solitary confinement  
With hymens as THICK as rubber mattresses  
With asses split to make a perfect fit- like a cock in you  
I only play your shit to remind me what not to do  
I'm executing verses you thought were impossible

From the JUMP, you were merely a hoppable obstacle  
Stick ya' like Popsicle's, in lines you stand in back of me  
On tracks, you couldn't bust a nut  
While a slamming a hammer in the Planters factory  
I'm seedier than your papi, you're a flower, son  
Your hour's come in a plastic bag, just watch me  
devour some  
Your delusions of power's done, cause each and all  
believe you need to fall  
So, I be torching up ya bleeding walls like Seton Hall  
Deleting beats and knocking your skull into a handy  
coffin  
So don't be shocked when you're the man on the moon  
like Andy Kaufman  
You'll be deader than Bambi's mom when the brush  
went up in smoke  
You're shit's cheesier than the state of Wisconsin  
Yo, fate is a consonant; cause, "AE!!", I-O-U nothing  
You've just been 'disem-voweled' as I've been rocking  
shit  
You know the difference between you and a dog's life?  
Yo, Eventually with training a dog'll be nice

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