

Madd Kapp

"Outta Line"

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[Intro]

Just me and my microphone man
It really is, it's just me and my mic
Nananananana

[Madd Kapp]

My sense is warped, my mind's in orbit
And I'm, speakin clear to make sure that you caught it
And I'm, not full of sense of this one gets some
It's entertainment so take a swig of the red rum
A, rap king or just another deatbeat bum
You make the conclusion, illusion headsprung
I, take in abuse but I make no excuse
The pain I express, the trail leads back to you
Revenge, you're listenin to just the beginnin
I ain't even started yet so just keep on grinnin
I've been, written off, blacklisted twisted
By some, industry haters so I coughed up this shit
The hach up from hell, the rock of the bell
The story to tell, the market to sell
Welcome to life and the truth that it brings
Avenge me Lord and fulfill these dreams

[Chorus]

The things I say or things I do you say that I'm outta line
So shove this song right up yo' ass I'm only speakin my
mind
Things I say or things I do you say that I'm outta line
So shove this song right up yo' ass I'm only speakin my
mind

[Madd Kapp]

THIS IS~! Where the corner bars bar me out
Tellin me I can't drink is like kickin me out my house
(YEAH FUCK YOU BITCHES!) We got problems, he heh
to say the least
You a tough guy, but you ain't convincin me
You real tough when the odds get stacked in your favor
But I've been watchin you, yeah I'm real cool wit'cha
neighbors
I'm a predator, lionheart, king of jungle

Chippin away at your flaws 'til you trip or stumble
Brrrrr, I make it a point to throw you a curve
You think you know all about me through the theft of
my words
You can't help it, just an ignorant soul
A chunk of cheese in a red hot bowl (sssssss)
I see you smilin on the TV bro
It's all gravy, but the style that you got is mine though
Madd Kapp, the most hated in this
Cause I don't ride bitch, I take no bullshit
Motherfucker~!

[Chorus]

[Madd Kapp]

I heard you talkin, I seen the blood
I've lost some friends, and I've been thoroughly fucked
up
Emergency rooms and wacko wards
I got, hits for days but I ain't got an award
From Detroit to down river, the hard hitter
Rappers get all up in my face cause they just bitter
Fuck 'em all with a roll call, eat my dust
Y'all ain't shit, without me you ain't got no crutch
When I switch my brain from Kenny to insane
Madd Kapp is alive, remember the name
Sixteen years in the game I suffered
And I'm, ready to rumble so call Michael Buffer
I can't leave it alone, addicted to life
I'm a drunk muh'fucker with a gun and a knife
Fuck bein fancy, I never tried to be
Fuck an image, how can I lie to me!

[Chorus]

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