

## **Mr. SOS f/ Substantial**

### **"Hammered"**

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[Verse 1: Substantial]

Bring your crew if you're feeling them killing them with  
This past super lyrical, spiritual shit  
That bashes your physical to little bits  
It's that simple you'll want a miracle quick  
No one ask you to spit but you're yapping your lips  
So I have to just smack you and that's what you get  
So don't get me started. I get retarded  
Only when shopping are you hitting Targets  
I won't stop till maggots feel your carcass  
With little or no effort I'm ill regardless  
Get bombarded with this hard shit  
Only equal to a blow from God's fist  
Oh my God it's so obnoxious  
How I paint pain with words like an artist  
Probably at home right now eating garbage  
While my team's dining on greens and cod fish  
Doing squat lifts getting brawlic  
Giving pounds so hard that they tear cartilage  
Some may think what I'm talking's a gimmick  
Till they're cursed with a permanent limp wrist  
That goes perfect with your purse and lipstick  
Don't get murdered for perping on pimp shit  
You deserve to get hurt with a thin shiv  
And deserted while birds leave your skin ripped!

[Hook] {X2}

Silly rappers think they really matter  
In a trance so they can't hear the laughter  
Get your mans bet them bamas get fractured  
'Cause none of yall really want to get hammered and  
battered

[Verse 2: SOS]

Get braced for school. You too basic to come face my  
crew  
Battle ya like Gallagher actin like your face is fruit  
Movin to your ankles. True. This is my way of thanking  
you  
for preparing me to make me wanna try shanking you  
With a little bit of language juice, as I spit on your

damaged shoes  
Turnin this room into a tanning booth  
Leaving everybody that we feel is unworthy cracked in  
two  
That's what me and Substantial do to bad examples of  
Hip Hop... Arms, legs, and heads, they all  
Get chopped... Fingers and toes thrown in  
Ziplocks as they drip drop...  
Caning rappers like a Pimp shop...  
With single whores in Singapore so forget props  
Muthafucka you'll be lucky if you ever get shot  
To put you out your Misery like Paul did Annie I'm your  
daddy  
Call for Mammy 'cause my next target's your family

[Hook] {X2}

[Verse 3: Sub and SOS]

(Sub) Start weeping and balling the reaper is calling  
These weaklings for speaking I'll beat them and maul  
them  
(SOS) Crack your teeth and smash jaws and give ya  
momma breathing problems  
When I call and tell her you're asleep 6 feet deep in her  
garden  
(Sub) That's right stupid's now fertilizing her tulips  
& lawn for trying 2 get it on when the kid was sweeter  
than cinnamon  
(SOS) toast... crunching functions plus attacking joints  
Won't... see 9-1-1 coming cause that's the point!  
(Sub) Battering Men, Shattering limbs because we're  
badder than them  
(SOS) Brain, splattering them, damaging them all with  
hammers and pins  
(Sub) Die! You worthless serpent with no purpose  
(SOS) Sorry weak amateur flirting with hospital curtains  
(Sub) I'll put your once rowdy ass in a full body cast  
(SOS) Hit your little punanny ass like a tsunami blast  
(Sub) You shits call it quits like retired divorcees  
(SOS) Pissing on you kids, this is how it is now cause  
you forced me

[Hook] {X2}

Substantial, SOS, Cunninlynguists... QN5

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