

The Chainsaw massacre-er
Cause of the massive murder
Jaws flappin' and cursin'
I'll laugh to the curtain call
I make 'em cheer n' throw up their hands
Why you binging on hate and fear
And infringing upon what I'm makin' here?
I'll make it clear I ain't prepared to put up with your shit
Steer clear
I'll spank your rear like your parents shoulda did
Staring at me like you couldn't lift
If you kept your mouth shut
You'd be like down-up
Almost down again 'fore the round's up
I don't know how the fuck you found us
So feast your eye on
Seeing me is like peeping Zion
Delete your icon
I'll be the beast that eats the python
Boa constricts these
While you stand in the corner like: "Damn, nobody picked me"
A whore is just a slutty prick-tease
The whole of ya fist hurts
Like 'What's love? ' with Lawrence Fishburne
The difference is
While Clinton gets to pork his intern
You're forced to insure
To get a cure for that scorching dick burn
I killa bitch
Spill a clip
But I warn a chick first
On some gorilla shit
Drill her with a few rounds
Dump her, then fill a ditch
I'm I'll as it gets
Sick with the flick of his fingertips
I string up 'em from behind with my monofilament weapon
Dilligent with the skill that I spit
Ay, yo I'm I'll like a drillbit in the mouth of a demented dentist
Bitch
Because I know it's making sense
When I could rip my pen against
My ettiquette is always nicer
Watching just be shredding and beheading them

I'm here to make the cypher complete
Kind of crazy, like I'm siphoning gas
If I'm wack, Bernie Mac is as white as the Scream mask
My deams cast passed
With sega ever envision
My advanced check whould look like private college tuition
Pack the knowledge and rip it like a fat chick in small jeans
Inspired back when the Wu told me how do define C.R.E.A.M
I'm schizophrenic and you're scared of us
I've never been to the matrix
I just sold a couple pills to Morpheus
What you hearing now is incredible

But it seems to get a deal
Your rhyme style gotta be metrosexual
I write songs like I'm clerical plus
I'm parallel with a bunch of blades that'll sever you
And we can show you how the best do
But you can lose your lungs and tonsils if you try to smoke with Ces Cru
I understand when I rhyme you find it hard to compete
But imma burn until fire is obsolete
Rappers will say their bustin'
But Shadow'll say their slippin'
On every track
Sounding much gayer than Stewie Griffin
All your girls got their eyes on me
'Cause I'm a hot MC
And plus I'm cut like a
Too many niggas thinkin' they got the game sold
And I'm way too old
Forget about it, peep my credentials: I'm way too cold
The illest lyricist to ever spit with significance
No gimmicks, I go back to words I started my sentence with
Don't get it twisted though
I nips in the bud - everybody
From local dealers to an upcoming thug
'Cause after me, Shadow and Ubi spit dawg
We got this shit locked
They ripped shop
And I'm putting fear in niggas like Rick Ta
People think that I'm beside myself
But wasn't nobody in my corner when I cried for help
So please let me quote a bit
I know I'm the shit
And you would never find another nigga doper than this
You immediately at ease
And try to understand it
You couldn't hit a pitch I spit if it was underhanded
In a softball game
I'm off of the chain
I don't listen to you niggas 'cause your talk's all lame
Drawn to mics like a moth to a flame
All my radio-season vets so I don't need your salt in my game
I'm elaborate
Why y'all niggas stuck on some faggot shit
And couldn't see me if you had a dream and imagined it
You're searching for lyrics
I'm packing cigars
Give a total eclipse of the heart like Pat Benatar
Ya Bitch

J. Dean
What kind of genius are you?
Who the fuck are we?
The difference between a PS3 and Atari
This is not the acceptance speech and I'm not lying
I'll commit to suicide and be certain to die trying
I'm the bomb like
What the fuck would you do for a Klondike?
Make you disappear like a virgin on Prom night
Shine bright
Sure as Godi's a liar, I'm not the dopest
Couldn't afford a half a pound
So I previously stacked roaches
My grandfather's criminal record is 50 years old
Inherited freezers for bodies and keeping beers cold

Can't reach the machete
I'm stabbing you with these shears bro
Wanna be the next sacrifice for Jason? Well here goes
This is not the beginning or end plus
Sworn to manufacture verses 'til all of my pens bust
Traced the man who cast the curse on his closest of friends but
Knowing there can only be one, whoever don't win sucks