

Body Bag

Madchild

Don't take it personal, I kick everybody ass
And stocking mass on masses, zippy propping and body bags
I'm probably brash, filling myself like a Chopping grass, just chilling with
my slime like a snotty rag
Y'all niggas too complacent, basic
We ain't the same, it's a shame
I hate it that I got to serve 'em like a racist waitress
The money motivation major while you're chasing pavement
Money make the bitch for me, so call it changing faces
No preventing all this venom in my sentiments
Don't need a suit and tie to tell these niggas what their business is
Break ribs, bitches, dollar bills, Genesis
Pop pain killers, pop pills, we ain't feeling shit
So quit the chit-chatter, simmer all the jibber-jabber
Chill with the image that you pitching after
Real, one step in, your ass been in scattered
You've never been a factor, and I'm the benefactor
Straight cash, don't get it backwards

Baddie gladiator major for a Jabberjaw
Saboteur
Smoke a rapper like a bag of Labrador
Matador
Came back in the game looking like Sid Vicious
Fuck the radio 'cause trying to make a hit misses
Baby dinosaur, don't fuck with me that's sacrilege
Crazy cracker cracking out, a spackled pterodactyl egg
Hanging like macramé, my accolades are played out
Barred barbarians are baffled never fade out
Hear my laughter, that's exactly what I said
While I fill potato sacks up with decapitated heads
Conan the conqueror, I kill kids combatively
Let the little monster out the cage 'cause I'm a savage beast
Heart's a dark compartment, I'm a dirty little dwarf
The shit I spit's acidic, I should be admitted for it
I had to let it go, gloomy from my vanity
Now open up my mouth and I illuminate insanity

Uh, look
I seen the visions like Will Grant chasing dreams
Bodies rip apart, pardon my art I'm just painting scenes
Like the artist, but my art is part of an eccentric team
Dirty up the party just because I'm partly sick of clean
I lift a hood without the whipper, slick as Valvoline
Got 'em hooked like fiends, pumping valve, valves of lean
And I do it violent, tyrant out of Aberdeen
The Alpha E. Jamal ain't got shit when I rob the scene
It's sniper vision, high pretention with a rifle tripping
But this mic is different, its half percentage delights niggas
I finished nap, I use a snapple to wrap it up
You ain't got the juice unless my bottle just slapped you up
I box 'em up to ship 'em out, a packing service
If anybody claiming the animals, I'm the taxidermist
Bunch of rappers heads on the wall
Damn it, their backs worthless
That's for acting nervous
You Microsoft when I blast the surface

No!...

I'm the kind of man that recognizes talent
And when I find it I put it to work