

## Case Closed

Tonedeff

V1 (16)

Let's get a bit acquainted, Hey, it's t-o-n-e-d-e-double-the-eff, with the famous flow/  
Known to be flipping syllables even when the pace is slow/  
Gracious, No! Save your soul, guess who is coming to take this throne/  
Break this whole motherfuckin' game down, and reclaim crowns/  
Cause I'm sick of layin' down - watching these companies reign now/  
When it's obvious something is playin' out, on the stage while you're unconscious they shoving to gain ground/  
And sedate crowds with the same sound they've been layin up into your brain loud/  
Enough to take any rational thought - and leave your brain clouded to rap a s just pop/  
Isn't it insane how - niggas be keeping their face frowned/ perpetrating th eir need to erase clowns... they remain proud, till the minute you see them in lace gowns/  
All the sudden, they flee to escape town, they're ashamed cause they got busted/  
Just because of that, and not really because they regret what they've done, is disgusting/  
This discussion's meant to function as a general centerpiece sent at these enemies bent on resenting me, better be set if we enter the end of peace/  
Settling isn't an option no more/  
We gon' box in this war... you'll be hearing them bells before we knock on yo ur door/

V2 (24)

Now that you been initiated up into this movement, Get at your favorite idiot who's spits/  
Hit him a little bit with your 2 fists, Kick in his grill until he is toothless/  
Give him a min to get up and cue this, Single out every limb that's wounded/  
Whip him again with a heavy pool stick, dig on his bitch, and then beg he do shit/  
Ruthless roots of abuse set loose for execution/  
Of any groups that get us confused with petty fools who'll let you crew win /  
Check the movements, fluent as I ever was, I said it! Because-  
You would never think that a nigga that never drink would ever step it up to get a better buzz/  
On the regular - the odds you've leapt ahead of us, are prolly less, than Oedipus hating his mother  
Or Disney hiring sexual predators/  
Senators getting elected a 3rd consecutive term, A nurse who doesn't do enemas/  
Permanent henna, a surfer that catches more waves than your current antenna e does/  
Sure... I make it look effortless, with every sentence that tends to be cleverly/  
Penned... More wreckless then Session ingesting hennesey, blends/  
More treacherous than even being the Kennedy - Men/  
And for any requesting the identity of the technically Best MC? Guess, but... Yep - it's Me.  
Step to see, the a new strain of the plague, raised to abuse breaks/  
Unphased of what you say, cause I dead lines, all without a due date/  
I'm the new age. New school. New page. New rules.

Any attempt to try to pull away is just a doomed fate for a few fools/  
QN5, represent the true scene, so we're guaranteed one of two things/  
Either we're showered with praise or we're simply hated by every review team/

What I've stated was meant to reduce kings into paupers, and to seduce queens to get topless/

And to revolutionize everything you think hip-hop is.

Chorus:

Buckle Up! Brace Yourself! Knuckle Up! Take No L's/  
Dust to Dust! Say Farewell! (Your) Numbers Up! Save Yourself!  
Buckle Up! Tight! We're gonna tussle! We're gonna Fight!  
Until you never touch another mic! Or it's your life... Then - Case Closed!

[Repeat - X2]

Buckle Up! Brace Yourself! Knuckle Up! Take No L's/  
Dust to Dust! Say Farewell! Don't fuck with us! Save Yourself!  
Buckle Up! Tight! We're gonna tussle! We gonna Fight!  
Until you never touch another mic! Or it's your life... Then - Case Closed.

[SUNG]

This is the way, we ever gonna see that it stops/  
And if not, you might as well give up on hip-hop/  
Cause this is the case, in this day and age/  
We gotta kick in your face if you're just in for fame