V1 (24) The premises get vacatedâ¬|The millisecond I kill the seven niggas that play Within a record I chill the tepid temperatures they've created/ With their pitiful minimal efforts to make statements I spit on em got em schillin out money to cover their late payments/ Cause they're way dated, these dumb motherfuckers have never paid dues, and believing that they've MADE it/ For as long as Im repping intelligent lyrics I figure I'll stay hated But my mindframe is to Remain Patient/ With niggas posing about as hard as a stippers nipples on stage naked/ Yo, I can't take it, I'm keeping em plummeting toward the bottom like stocks that's daytraded/ Net-fiasco's, Get these asshole's Fates Tainted/ Got em flaming & relocating like Gay Vagrants/ Tonedeff's slays giants, as if my legal name's David/ What I say's Blatant, no apologies necessary to glaze the game blazing/ Touch overdubs or change the phrasing/ Lyrically maintaining/ my jugular vein's straining/ Tonedeff adds to the pressure with bass so deep it makes your brains cave in I'll break it down for the laymen, for the niggas that ain't acing basic tra My rations got their trays swaying/ Galleries use my verses for Page framing/ Cause, hey I stay flagrant with lyrics nastier than Tammy Faye bathing/ Keep comp shook like charter plane when it's raining/ I stay phat on the underground like there was a buffet in the main bassment/ Sometimes I be slaying for entertainment/ Im outclassing motherfuckers, without even having to weigh in. V2 (24) No one's as gifted or as vigorously meticulous with a writtern scripture/ Or spits with this infinite syllablism that I've been equipped with/ Should I quit with the quick shit or pitch shift a negative 50% in an effort to get rich/ Or stick with the swiftness for the niggas that get this/ Even when I'm simplistic, I can be unbelievably cryptic/ The rhythm endures the physical force to split a tree with a discuss/ With the ease of a flicked wrist, your soul can be seized from a distance/ In an instant - by this Plague affiliate that's seething with sickness/ I seem to get listless with these kids when I see what they dismiss/ Cause anything missing a punchline'll get eased outta business/ Like delivery's not important! Rhythm and rhyme schemes are ignored it's hor Son, if you can't flow - then become a comedian a ghost writer or poet/ If you ain't repping the artform then don't record it/ Heads are starving and fiending for an assortment of global proportions/ If you ain't feeding the scores of supporters, then you're hoarding/ And you're a whore that's killing your heritage like Lizzie Borden/ The dexterity I display scrambles your cells like you was a dizzy warden/ Committed to scoring more than a jiggy mormon/ With a diamond studded bible that bling-blings in the sunlight/ When I rhyme at full throttle, I'm titled 'Supreme Being' when I come tight/ And these things are finally done right/

Like obscene scenes riding your slut wife/

Our extreme flings stifle your love life/ Stun like blunt strikes from a swung pipe someone was hiding from sight/ And exceed speeds of fire in gunfights.

## V3 (16)

And you can bank on it! The playing odds'll stay solid/
If you remain brolic with name calling, leave with a ganked wallet/
I take solace in making profits like fake scholars/
That want you to waste dollars for paid knowledge in state college/
With great prowess, I face off with and shank cowards/
And waste all their debased followers, Break laws with a brave heart like the late Wallace/

I chase robbers, escaped convicts who rape songs and create garbage/ Embrace carnage, they ain't artists! Sample their flavor and you'll taste vo mit!

[Gasp] I need a reminder to intake oxygen/
Space-Polymer Based oxidants.. Say hot shit, display confidence/
Hey audience! [BREATHE!!] Just wave arms till it's plain obvious/
Play God, and persuade crowds to behave honest and pay homage/
And pray thoughtlessly awful authors are marked for death like stained coffins/

I keep clean cause I bathe often and never illegally trade documents/
Hate-mongers, repent! Let me set it straight!
I'm the heavyweight, like long lines in front of a Jenny Craig or Weight Wat chers!
Potna.

## Chorus

The Heavyweight flow!

It's tonedeffinite - Everything goes/
Can you Play? NO!!

With Your Petty Stage Show

It's Tonedeffinite

Ready, Wait - GO!!

The Heavyweight Pro with the heavyweight flow!