

Chorus:

When I rhyme just a little bit, Everybody's feeling it/
Making sure the rhythm is hitting when I be killing it/
Really, I make a chicken wanna get with this/
Baby, say my name, "TONEDEFF", that kid is ridiculous.

V1

It is un-fucking-believable, whenever I proceed to besiege beats/
With a mean streak, lacing tracks phatter than sneakers in Beat Street/
Seeing to it that each week I've agreed to defeat the weakest of MCs/
Including G's with Keys, Cheese & Bentley's/
Guaranteed to receive a high degree of status/
Due to my steeze using this apparatus, toss rappers like faggots do salads/
Staggered by the amount of malice that I've managed to average/
Any MC grabbing this mic after me is needing their hands bandaged/
Master mechanic, assembling verses/
I'll be jerking your purse, return with a smirk and a proof of purchase/
Im verbally perfect, and I'm assertive when I serve who deserves it/
Y'all coming up short, you've got smurfs in the circus nervous/
I've been alerted you've heard this, pounding with crazy shit/
With a tendency to hurt kids... don't allow me to babysit/
The compounding's amazing it's slated to change the face of this/
Restoring the fear of skills in you lyrical aetheists.

V2

I'm rearranging the game we play with a blazing array of ways/
To display dismay and decay on the faces of fakes that say/
They be claiming to turn the page, when they're plainly afraid of change/
So, like God with a laptop... I'll be saving the day/
Never the one to disgrace a blank stage or stay in the same place/
Aiming to lay waste to these snakes that ain't vacating the 48 states/
And Locating them in the other 2. Making em pay/
Blatantly taking away their weight and then gaining a W/
And then I be coming through with a nastiness/
That ain't been seen since your girl came clean, and really revealed just w
ho the daddy is/
Happiness is rapping and splacking chicks/
I dominate tricks, and turn pimps into pacifist masochists/
The most tactical activist and Im letting the world know/
These cats is more half-ass than the award show that the source throw/
Feats are Herculean like Kevin Sorbo/
The lyrical Zorro, carving initials into your torso.

V3

Im a man on a mission/
Skills on the mic don't equate to your paper chase or the hate you place in
your ammunition/
It's fact or fiction, I'm acting towards your abolition/
I'm cracking you ghost just to battle you're fractured apparition/
Rhythms I map with hand crafted precision/
No longer will I tolerate these cats that's fraudulent like Darva Conger/
To be famous for 2 minutes/
When their whole delivery comes off flatter that a 12-year-
old female gymnast/
They have neither the capacity or the fitness... for instance/
These cats be thinking they're ill just cause they've got syphilis/
I come prepared with a quickness/

Their boys could testify nude for them in a courtcase and wouldn't bare wit
ness/
Competition best to be scared shitless/
I'll sever their legs and toss a ruler in front of em... see if they go the d
istance/
This is readily on my wishlist/
Like, sticking a chick that be sipping the tip of my dick until she's lipple
ss/
The gist is it only takes a second to diss ya/
Bitch, you couldn't match wits if you cloned a twin of Alicia/
With lesser odds of winning with a militia/
Blackmailing your bitch, telling her that I'm gonna send you the picture/
Of me and her playing strip-twister/
These are the consequences you face when your only aim in the game is to ge
t richer/
Making intelligence legitimate when I be spitting it/
You may be hard but you're lyrically impotent/
And I've been ripping shit since square one/
Persistence in killing insolence like when women insist to get their hair d
one/
I tear the sun out the sky if it's hogging my shine/
If a track is ill, then it's probably mine.