

4 Lyn, Realcuties

what comes around goes around...
and you fukkars gotta get yours.
chekk this out...
i never wanted this to happen,but it did.
now ill leave a message for all you little kids.
you were drunk that night, full of adrenaline.
played a big show in a big hall,but nobody was in.
oops,sorry i forgot...all your invisible fans were there to blow up the spot.
your moshpit was as big as your dikks!
and thats the reason why you wanted to fukk up the whole 4lyn-clikk.
sorry boys,but thats how it is.
you got no talent,no style and thats the reason why youre pissed.
you little girls wanna play ball?
so grab the mic and fight bakk,i knokk you faggots off the wall!!!
you never get the throne im sittinon...
not even the toilet that im shittinon.
nobody needs your crossover-cabaret!
your rapper sounds like "gamma ray"; that is about to "ram a gay";!!!
i let you little pussies likk my balls!
so much competition...i kikkedem all.
i let you muthafukkars know the deal...
you aint got mass-appeal,but you are gays for real!
for sure!
you want to do it like i do,baby...
you wanna be in my position,
thats the reason why you muthafukkas keep on dissin...
you want to do it like i do,baby...
you wanna reach the status im in...
what,what,this is a battle that you cannot win,no!
that brings me straight to the next contestar.
the next victim of my lyrical molester.
you thought,you were save,little ordinary?
i fukk you up,too,mister o-----!!!
go,and buy yourself a new pair of arms,
so you can reach the microphne that i will turn into a timebomb.
i smile at you and then i hit the switch...
i blow your fat butt into pieces...sorry bitch!
remember the shirt,that you gave me in the past?
i only used it one time..for wipinmy ass.
with your "wannabe punk-rokk"; you will get nothing done,
and the only girl you date is your mom!
you cannot sing when it comes to that.
i cannot believe that i gave your sorry ass respect.
i gave you props til i saw you play live..
in this game you wannabe-professional, you wont survive.
you try to be the next "r.a.t.m.",
but hey,to me you faggots look like "YMCA";!!
keep your big mouth shut and stand in line...(muthafukka!)
against me youll need an army...while i just need one rhyme...
believe that!
you want to do it like i do,baby...
you wanna be in my position,
thats the reason why you muthafukkas keep on dissin...
you want to do it like i do,baby...
you want to reach the status im in...
what,what,this is a battle that you cannot win,no!
please,take it personal!
keep your wakk-ass-songs in your rehearsin-room!
bitch,i said please,
dont mistake me when i speak about your shit,
because your shit is weak!!
crap,is what i call your style,
youre like a formula one-tire...low profile!
thats it,thats all,my friend.

ey yo, russo! hook me up again!