

Bio Killaz, Rhythm N' Rhyme (Saint N' Klep Mix)

Bio Killaz

Saint Sinna

Tha Klepto

Tryin' to sound like Mr. J all intellectual

Where's ya f**kin' mustard man?

Check nuts like a physical

All mystical, balls glowin' like crystals

Rippin' of Ghost Fleet

Yo Dj! Hit Meeeee!

It's Saint Sinna you forgot about me
The Killa Kore Dynasty, Purgatory Propechy
You wanna battle me? Ya sucka emcee
You're like a calorie I burn you straight the f**k up offa me
I'm tryin' to kick a rhyme like no one else can Now whataya really know about the Triple Nut Clan?
Chilli A. Willster's what the bitches call me
'cause I ride it like a porn star bitch, Tee-Hee
Now I'm movin' to the rhythm of the mutha f**kin' beat
Like a monkey, ya momma swingin' off my meat
Runnin' naked down the street like a mutha f**kin God
Bouncin' like a po-go stick on my fat rod
I needed a zone, a place where I can roam
The CornField Ghetto the place I call home
Now God made this planet he made Adam and Eve
Then as a joke he created me
Like a mutha f**kin' nomad I gather up sluts
Line'm up bust nuts on they fat butts
Aww shucks this sucks I gives no f**ks
I run around bathtubs like Amada King Tut
I don't spit acid, but I drink battery acid
I like to skinny dip covered in blood in Lake Placid
Aw shit get three nuts tea-baggin' ya chin
Leave you like a piece of art with cum on ya grin

Movin' to the rhythm of the mutha f**kin beat
Bio Killaz, knockin bitches off they feet
Rhythm N' Rhyme, Rhythm N' Rhyme
Bio Killaz, slappin' bitches with they meat
Movin' to the rhythm of the mutha f**kin beat
Bio Killaz, knockin bitches off they feet
Rhythm N' Rhyme, Rhythm N' Rhyme
Bio Killaz, rippin' off Ghost Fleet

Yo, I be the Saint Sinno kickin' this flow my niggo Klepto

Yeah we stole this shit, whutcha gonna do about it?

Mental Walker, BOOM-SHAKA-LAKA
Yes, I stole ya shit but I switched it up mutha f**ka
I'm not Ghost Fleet, butcha movin' to the beat
Story time! "She Loved Tha Klepto's Meat"
Inside joke ya'll, and here goes anotha
Push the "Alright Button" and go to work on that mutha f**ka
F**k, why the f**k, do I f**kin' say f**k so much?
F**k it, and check it as I get in touch
With my feminen side, the old "Tuck and Hide";

Can't see my dick, ya know it's Rhythm N' Rhyme
Professor Poop, chillax and tip a beer
Stinkin' muthaf**ka in the atmosphere raise the f**k up outta here
I'm a hella nice guy like John Wayne Gacy
Dirty Dancin' Booty Bumpin' like Patrick Swayze
Herpeghonasyphallais gotcha ass down?
Well imagine if we f**k the next time around
It'd be like rubbin' ya pussy on a light socket
Run up, tweak ya nipples like "Who Rock It?"
Through ya out the vinder, then piss on ya butthole
Bust a nut in ya brown eye, lookin' like a Swiss Cake Roll
Tha Klepto repasentin' with a douche bag mask
Kinda smells like ass but I like it, don't ask
This song influenced me 'cause it's so f**kin' phat
To drink a W-D-40 and pierce my own asscrack

Movin' to the rhythm of the mutha f**kin beat
Bio Killaz, knockin emcee's off the street
Rhythm N' Rhyme, Rhythm N' Rhyme
Bio Killaz, tea-bag ya while ya sleep
Movin' to the rhythm of the mutha f**kin beat
Bio Killaz, slappin ya momma with our meat
Rhythm N' Rhyme, Rhythm N' Rhyme
Bio Killaz, rippin' off Ghost Fleet

Movin' to the rhythm of the mutha f**kin beat
Bio Killaz, quick to turn up the heat
Rhythm N' Rhyme, Rhythm N' Rhyme
Bio Killaz, leavin' cum stains on ya sheet
Movin' to the rhythm of the mutha f**kin beat
Bio Killaz, knockin outcha teeth
Rhythm N' Rhyme, Rhythm N' Rhyme
Bio Killaz, remix of the Ghost Fleet