

Cadence Weapon, Grim Fandango

skulls like crossbones, boneheads and barelimbs
a spare grim when I tear the air, apparent
daring to be truthful, but with winners with no scruples
using the useful lights that would suit his pupils
looking at suitable samples a chance be sold
i'm not illin, chillin or chillin on lamping cold
i'm rational even when i'm slashing your nose
they think it i'll snatch your nose quick
on a pass with show flicks
i'm just pass with flow shit
no diss like your progress, i know best
you can role a script without blown test
i notice they no this is no diss
just showmanship on my programs
which i had a dream in which i wished i had my hands raised
to my place in complacency at the manblades
memory vague, but the scene resembled a police raid
fanned up, dance grim
fandango fade

yo I come through your hood with a sick demeanor
cause I got thick skin like mixed edema
and on it is an anthem of a movement of the greatest speech of
princely park to save in his cheek, raising you bleak
this is bunker rap, punks react
put screens when the the thunder claps
fuck knowing I rap truth, well-versed in a ledge
punchlines smack you gap-toothed like Percy Sledge
as the fluid movement knowing i kinda do it
if you do 3 life truants 1 translucent, i'll bust
a capillary and bust another one above that
and i'll cop one of your late records
yes, i'm fucking with that, i see you bumping with gats
i'm slapping you wrists, amble your shit, student
i'm the master of diss
I tote a smoking gun and hope that cancer sticks
so a star was born, now you have no ass to risk

i flew a delta kappa rapper in you mouth reticle
I might as well keep it all alphabetical
If you are what you eat, and I am what she eats
that makes me a chicken and her a consumer, believe me
and if ICU and UBC then I C seein and I see you
and I know you don't wanna twirl with bars
cause if you and I verse we'll end up worlds apart
I got love for twenty-two 2's with scene flow
change the station with amazing grace, they call me "free-throw";
it ain't foreplay for banisters to doorway
a whore say "play four" while I say "foreplay";
damn right I fuck fans, all with live ringers
meaning I fuck-up fans, get punched by five fingers
line splitters, catch D.A.K Day Clipperer
six shooter who does seven sins
to make eight figures.