

Extended Famm, How U Doin?

(Chorus)

We don't say "Hi" & We don't say "hello"
The only thing we say after wrecking your show is
How U Doin?

(V1A - PackFM)

It's outrageous, The way I stay rippin up these stages
I spit shit so sick, you wish it was contagious
Spread like The Plague is with vibes like silent pagers
Niggaz kickin fake shit, blame it on the matrix
You're so wack that you'll leave a theif screamin "I cant take this!"
I get Biz like Mark, I'm catchin weck, you're catchin vapors
All you're perpetratin' is pure cetification
That you wouldnt be as dope as me if you did ya best impersonation
I still cant stand you, rhyme parapallegic
Niggaz thinkin I'm ill, 'cause their raps are makin me sick
So what you want from me?, Evacuate my company
You could swallow my sperm, and wouldnt be spittin as nuts as me

(V1B - TONEDEFF)

I'm cussin when I'm bustin frees, I'd love to see you fuck with T
If I crush your team with cuts that means, I clutched you in my custody
I touch a beat reluctantly, cause of what it does to me
There's something freakish up, it seems, I suddenly can jump the trees
The function is perfunctory, with stunning ease I lunge for Greece
And only cease, because, you see...I stumped my feet on Tuscany
My running cleets were scuffed to pieces. MC's are cunts in heat
That scrub and clean for nothing, B - Their mugs are freakin' ugly
They're clumsy in their drudgery. Shit...my tongue is tweaked abundantly
My luxury money's eaten by monthly fees
In summary, I stunningly can stomach these abundantly unfunny geeks
These scummy freaks are somewhat neat to hunt for weeks
I strut the streets comfortably, cause punks duck in retreat
I'm the one that makes you shun beliefs, like nuns & priests with cummy sheets
I've brung complete sums of treats. You're buggin how I strung this feat
The subtlety is null indeed, so don't confront us when we meet!

(Chorus)

(V2 - MECCA)

I will go all out, to humiliate you
Burn through any squad that affiliates you
That'll give the kids on the corner something to chat about
Give all these mad rappers something to be mad about
I'm made for this, like guns was made to buck
Got entertainers pissed, cause I break their legs for luck
Stuck watching this son of southside who accomplished this
Blocking this? Tell me how you plan to stop apocalypse
That's claiming to be all the flame & the heat
And how we, reign in the street and put your name if defeat
Have a seat...don't ever come through acting loud
Cause I will leave you slumped on that block you're so proud of
You bow, cause I always impress, always amaze
Straight arsonist...constantly coming with blaze
In another minute, you g'on wanna chase me
Cause your vibe just can't replace me, flow just can't erase me
I remain rhymer-proof, time constructed
Forgive them father...they know not who they fuck with
Cause as an MC, I stay baptized to bang
While you could be crucified and still couldn't hang
Whoever think they got something for it, get up on it
I'll teach you and your crew what it means not to want it
I don't air out tracks...I ventilate, rhymes penetrate
Crews disintergrate... it's mecca's way or the interstate

(Chorus)