

Extended Famm, Murder in the Verse Degree

(Chorus)

Gulity. Murder In The Verse Degree
Nationwide, cops on a search for me
Martial Law, state of emergency
Because I'm Guilty, Murder In the Verse Degree

(V1 - SESSION)

Session, will be the next cat ya idolize
worshipped for thousand of years after my demise
so I'd advise you try to hide, cause 4 you'd get divided by
lyrically, you could be me, and we still wouldnt see I to I
Judge Session this court's presided by, and you tried to lie
under oath, hand on my notebook, without a alibi
that a guy, you better quit now while you got spine fluid
fuck rap, I'll grab a blade and set your mind to it
I knew it, ya dome has over blown gas
in a trunk kissin ya own ass is were they gonna find you in
divine human, rhymin for days, finish off foes
my mind is a maze, were minotaurs roam
I got a senators dome, politikin to get my tape played
and get paid, flow off the chains like escaped slaves
make way, I'm strapped wit explodin rhymes
put the track to ya ear, take cover and blow ya mind

(Chorus)

(V2 - SESSION)

in raps you facin, someone causin lacerations to blast ya face in
and make you wear a mask like Jason
you harass the nation wit procrastination
make you leave the game as fast as Mason like its an evacuation
tax evasion, if you owe me
make ya face look like a patch of raisins, my concepts an immaculation
use imagination like masterbation
a fans fascination turns to infatuation cause I'm past amazin
the hash I'm blazin will make me look like half a asian
spit leave your habitation wit heavy saturation
the fact you wastin my time, runnin what you outta do
before I slaughter you, make your offensive lines do an audible
you know what? its somewhat honorable
cause suckin as hard as you do must be hard to do too
gettin served like I ordered you food, I'm the best at rhymes
packin my number 2's to withstand the test of time
so hold it if you wanna hold it, dog this mic's mine
Im not ahead of my time, I'm ahead of my life's time
got the tight lines, ill voice and a harder flow, so you outta go
thinkin you nice and get robbed for ya heart of gold

(Chorus)

(V3 - SESSION)

On mixtapes I spit straight atcha bruh, and massacre
ambassadors, get papes, and laugh at ya
I'll rip fakes and amateurs in two and battle half a ya
get raped, askin round the cypha how my dick taste when I rap witcha
I mastered the flow wit a bit rate of that crap of ya's
no mistake if I ask for ya, make ya bitch date a bachelor
you a disgrace, suckin like Dracula wit a big plate, makin an ass of ya
you aint a legend cause you switched plates wit a Acura
at this rate, Ima fracture the bones on ya rib plates
and snatch ya cadaver right out the back of da mid waist
I punch the earth and hit plates like a spatula
swing were your hips lay, unless you hit play on my sampler
make ya chic wait?, I'm snatchin her, have my dick ate

while I'm smackin the bitch face, and its late for mackin her
they say my shits great, spectacular
thinkin its smooth sailin till I have ya own shipmates attackin ya

(Chorus)