

Lady Of Rage, Super Supreme

Ahh.. now I be drillin MC's
when my lyrics spill like Valdez, oil
Bubble and toil, the brew without the bitches
I'm wicked as the witches
Hittin hard as switches
Once again, Ms. Big Britches
Uhh, uhh, I'm puttin my weight down
Who's gonna take DOWN, one hundred seventy-five, POWWWW
Break a sucker down to dust, ah-hah
Do what I must *inhale* oooh what a rush
Now hush, someone's callin my name (RAAAAAGE!)
The only girl to knock you out the frame
Call me Mrs. Butter-cause-I'm-worth it, I work shit
overtime, definitely blow your mind
when the instruments become mental (I what?)
I flow through the dental frame, cock back and take aim
All you cavity creeps, the baddest to be
Start static with me, it's definite catastrophe on MC's
Sheeeyit, Super Supreme
When it's time to let off steam, I'm a microphone fiend
'phone fiend, Super Supreme, Afro Queen
Ahh..

Now.. I..
Breaks them down to their very last compound
when I come stompin on the ground
My territory, I mark it
like dogs pissin on trees, umm, don't piss me off because
(why?) I might go off baby
Flow from the larynx
Take a puff and blow MC's like clarinets
I ride beats like a Yama'
Cause more drama than your baby's momma, PAUSE like comma, HAH
Right in your face it's, live and direct, the
lyrical murderer, you best +Protect Ya Neck+
You can Inspectah Deck over the hills
I don't fake Jacks, I'm not yo' everyday Jill
My, Shadz of Lingo, got more flavor than Pringles
I, shoot the gift, more swifter than Kris Kringle
You talk about, gettin with me, miss me
cause you'll be left misty blue
shit your drawers, piss em too, HEYYYYYY
Suckers get dumped in my dungeon
MC's hard as tress, but I'ma play Paul Bunyan
Chop chop, like an axe, my vocals stickin like thumbtacks
Ha hah hah, don't try to mock me cause my voice is on wax
It's, fireproof and that's the God's honest truth
Hard as a brick (*UTFO sample*) "Bite it!" and it'll break your tooth
or teeth chief, and that's the end of the beef, chew it
Cause I don't see a damn thing that you can do with it
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When it's time to let off steam, I'm a microphone fiend
'phone fiend, Super Supreme hah, Afro Queen
Ahh.. definitely rough..

Now I gets sick like chlamydia from here to Syria
Drip burnin lyrics like venereal diseases
Strategic procedures (done at the what) done at the leisure
More +Flavor+ than Khadeija, inject you with my anaesthesia
Break them down to one cell like an amoeba
ARRI-VAH.. derci, you crab MC's irk me (ungule vato) but
I'm known as a heavyweight, my grandmother
told me to clean everything off my plate when I ate, so I
Crunch'n'Munch, on you suckers out to lunch

Definitely hittin em with the hardness
that'll leave em all punch drunk, uh-huh
I'm rated top choice
with a grip on the mic like Royce Gracy
Ultimate champion, stand +Alone+ like +Acey+
Takes me about a sec to catch wreck (so what?)
So you can play like Rex and go fetch cause I'm too high tech
So once again (UHHHH!) let's break it down to the nitty
You used to be the shit, but now you're just plain SHITTY
Hah, now, I leave you, with a mouth full of lumps
like the mumps, never play me like chumps; +Punk+
Hah, +Jump Up to Get Beat Down+, see now
Lyrical murderer, still R-A-G now, E now, sheeyit
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Sheeyit