

Percee P, Lung Collapsing

<eh yo, Perc> eh, yo, what's up?
<eh yo, kick some ol' lung collapsing lyrics
for the feeble minded MCs to assimilate> all right
<yo, let the homicides begin>
I know what you mean, yo, give me the mic

I'm the capital P-E-R-C-double E dash P-P dash double E-C-R-E-P in me
shots in top lyrical fitness that's why you bit this
get this, I got a witness and I won't quit this
and flip flop, get dropped, shit I'm in tip top shape
lyrics escape, can't even catch him with tape
main attraction using my brain a fraction
of my knowledge or wisdom a lyrical rhythm'll give 'em
a migraine, before I reign on stage
you better walk like the fingers on a yellow page
rhymes and homicides are lethal, nobody's equal to me
no one survived, so why make a sequel?
MC Percee P give no mercy to anybody MC'in 'till they reimburse me
I cold grip the mic, strike then rip his life
my raps dilapidate adversaries with kryptonite
hit you with a verse, make you disperse but first
call up a hearse 'cause Perc leave you worse than this
brain cells shatter, MCs scatter
I splatter them all with something that ain't even matter
got a ladder on stage women runnin', comin' every age
but never(?) ring on my finger this thing'll linger un-engaged
renegade, Percee P ain't afraid of no one
no gun or son, I'm gettin' paid and my rec's played
every weekend like lottery, rap's a part of me
words flow but don't show no blood in you artery
ladies greet me, treat me like the stars
when I show up they start to throw up all their panties and bras at me
rap is the last of me now to gas women with my pencil
I send you into a mental catastrophe
this rhyme ain't designed for prime time
and a battle line for logic behind every mind
tryin' to rhyme with intellect, spellin' all incorrect
defy your every line, mine's an introspective
those in the premises will always remember this
record, elected your top ten, stop then and reminisce
Percee P, no rapper get worse than me
when it comes to rhymes every verse will be
harder than titanium, parts from your cranium
burst, disperse, every verse explodes like uranium
so, yo, don't upset me, 'cause that will only get me
mad enough, it's bad enough, I had enough of
lettin' this amateur rock a cord or wallabies
I bet they're all the P's
and if they ain't they gonna be
to all y'all critics, just admit it
my style is dope
you can't cope and you hope to get it
you're captivated, activated, rap related fans leave infatuated
when I get open the place starts smokin'
you start chokin', showboat and Perc get broken
rehearse a while, let it get versatile
I reverse your style, ok, be then maybe Perc'll smile
you're put in a stretcher
when I let the style get ya', I bet ya'
sweat the Rhyme Inspector
records you manufacture are so wack you can't
sing 'em or bring 'em, people fling 'em back at ya
you're the fattest, baddest, of the best copycata's
when you played it, it's rated G for garbage 'cause that's your status

nobodies iller
on the mic you never know when I'mma strike 'em like the Zodiac killer
this twenty two year old veteran, you ain't better than
medicine won't help, slicks think we're peddlin'
when writers bite and hype the type parasites swipe
you're bitin', you're stage fright, don't even hold the mic right

yeah, this is the Rhyme Inspector Percee P coming from the Boogie Down Bronx
I want to give a shout out to the Ultramagnetic, Organized Konfusion
to everybody around the way at Paterson Projects, I want to say peace
I dedicate this to my cousin, Kevin Turner, rest in peace