

Rip The Jacker, Dark Knight Returns (Omni3)

I think I had about enough of your tough talk
Come over here, spit for sport
Poetically paralysing, no biting allowed
Just two MC's
Kill you with my Machine, kill you with energy lyrically
Kill you with Poetry
I don't care if I make history
I wanna be apart of infinity, look at what your Sun God did to me
I am energy I am He spiritually and mentally
The fools who through away my jewels offended me
When I'm rhyming like this I don't need no help
Battle Rap I don't need no help
I'm a scruffy old man, with bloody cold hands,
On my arm is a tattoo of a sully old brand,
If I am not myself, then how would I be?
If I do not look tell me how will I see?