

Virtuoso, Beatdown

(Virtuoso)

Yo, I be attestin' bad you soon discover I'm the best around
Virtuoso omnipotent medulla rule the extra crowds
Step in battles weapon-rals give ya chest a pound
'til ya breast is ground meat
Pharaohs Army sound fleet
Snatch ahold of half ya soul make, casserole
Crack a pole on ya back and roll you in the blackest hole
The winter brewed, enter nude Amazonian jungle warfare
Silver back guerilla I'm covered in more hair
than four chairs in a barber shop
Vocals hard as rocks and the beat's on smash
Make ya veto, jigga weak foe
Cause my machete unique flow fuckin' beat yo ass
I got the key to sense or hear a deer sharp as fox
Sound as when carver chop, galaxies and stars'll drop
You know Virt, run with ogres who throw dirt
Stomp ya ass 'til ya bones squirt like yogurt

(T-Ruckus)

Aiyyo rush extreme pervert, I'm undercover covert
You need to put in work, and get ya games out my face
Let the flames in the place, you fuckin' wid Ruck's a fatal move
You stand in disgrace yo my brain's in outerspace
Taste the toxic, improved reflexes like shadowboxin'
Sternum crack, extreme force applied to ya back
Pick ya torture that's the rack
I'll scotch ya with the lift
And word style I clash like, (woof) with full clips
Guerilla war I killed ya core
Atilla the Hun don't want none
I rap shit, into the floors
Spittin' shots through ya door, and kick that bitch down
From the bowel, where Ruck throws the mic to the ground
In discussin' Ruck you trust, word to us
You spittin' the shit we flush time to bust
And crack the earth's crust with one thrust
Nasty as shit, toxic the hazardous, analyst

(Hook)

"I got it locked from the 2-1 pound to beantown"
From Philly to Boston we tossin' cats to the ground
"Then some clown jumps up to get beatdown"
Virtuoso, T-Ruckus, Jedi Mind for the crown
"I got it locked from the 2-1 pound to beantown"
We cats that speak growls to blast ya weak sound
"Then some clown jumps up to get beatdown"
Big Virt, Ruckus, Jedi bring the beatdown

(Vinnie Paz a.k.a Ikon)

Prepare for the blitzkrieg, ya wrist bleed into six seas
Ya veinless, my stainless will split trees
The fist need to smash through the brain
Soul of the *tyrant is* cast into the flame
You'll come to learn that my flesh is unslashable
You damn coward ya man power is laughable ya chest blastable
The *jackal* smash you in the adam's apple
for not doin' what's asked of you
That's the last of you, I'm a sick bastard
I spit gases and split rappers *with* pick axes
From Illadelph Shambala to Los Angeles
Rappers are mummified from the number of bandages that I inflicted
With guillotine swiftness
We mean vicious and fiends can get they spleen shifted

(Jus Allah a.k.a Megatron)
Jus Allah and Vinnie Paz, leave ya flags raised at half mast
Niggas walk with less pride then fags have
The wrath, leavin' you outside and jacked
Then we drop more shells than pregnant crabs
The glock make *niggas* bow down in hell
You opened immediate, like priority mail
That's my dog and I clean up after it's *kill*
So the evidence can't pin the god in jail
Leavin' you peeled, buried in an underground cell
While your family still hopin' you alive and well
Call the Reaper, tell him I got, lives for sale
I'm paid for each *nigga I* supplied to hell
I can tell y'all can provide work for me
Just like Hercules *verse Freddy* Mercury
Virtuoso pass the blunt
And let Megatron smoke these trees down to *stumps*

(Hook x2)