

Brainwash Projects, The Fight Song

Wait wait-Pop pop-
Looking like what?
Feeling like what?
Up in the place with the ill type strut
Gotta pay my tickets or be in handcuffs
I told you before I be opposite what

You know I freak that four letter word with Inglewood styles
No purchase necessary
Legendary like Larry
With the greatest of ease
I leave wack emcees in denial
Disciplinary action
handed to the beneficiary

Yeah yeah yeah, that was cool
Whatever, I'm in my cute sweater
I'm here like weather
be your style like leather
You need to switch it up
cause you sound straight wack
Back up a little
Cause you need a tic-tac

You walkin on some eggs boy,
You better quit them nonsense
Your silly styles are soft
like a hitman with a conscience
Exaggerated antics are those of an adolescent
When we hang out I take anti-wack rap suppressants

Ha ha, I laugh cause I'm in my bubble bath
You livin with your mom while I'm signing autographs
Really, what would you be
without a rhyming dictionary?
My wrestling geek styling

The autographs you sign are on twenty traffic tickets
with a warrant for your arrest
The best for getting this car impounded
I'll pound you with the same line
like 24 times in the same rhyme
Only one time is enough
Don't ever try to take mine

Ooh, b is kicking dope lines
Scary! Niggy Ziggy's got dope lines
I'm race you to the door
without a metaphor
Verbal styles '89 while I'm dipped and refined

You only dirty bird thought you was fly
Jumping off the stage
only to engage in a concussion
This fool is bum-rushed that can only lead
to the experience of a body-slam
Cause if you want
I will simply change the program

Let me speak upon your mic
My intentions-

Beat down!
Broken down to his very last compound

