

# 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 neccesary  
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 suppresants

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

