

Cadence Weapon, Black Hand

I take the break where it is, cousin
cadence "fuckin" weapon
8 step programmer..listen

sleepers hand on the pillow
black hand like Gavrillo
I don't spit coke rap, what you gram into kilos
i was standing for real bro (yup)
sure I'll house you but i won't supply you a meal though
not really...keep your points slow unto yourself
i dropped out with a 4.0, have a way with words
heavy mental, gentle barely every single sound signal will rest me in development
I'm the intelligent black speaker
with a sound that brings every relevant black speaker
at the black dog, they're sort avoids me
raps future is blacker than their important employees
your dead if it's fight night cause with veg your quite tight
brittenite, so I got you pegged like light-brite
I stick it to bitches split decisions
I can tell your friends lying
and I don't riddle with griffins

style soft like a pillow
for real though
black hand like Gavrillo

I'm Bob Dylan on the fence
will I sellout or buy in?
either way, I'm indebted to science
pyramid schemes with quaintness on the grip
I won't push this block unless enough is much money is spent
the kid was shook to scandal, the pistol-grip punks do the work
cause the vandals took the handle
hope that hits you harder than an anvil
the way i wrote my Epitaph date
with that face and the handbill
like damn real, that's my space like Jetsons
your on Myspace with my line as a reference
that'll leave hookers with a dime and your preference
I'm hard-top copy, I don't whine or regret shit.
a question: how's it feel to feel the house like the speaker?
plus the wielded joust for the weaker and the poorer
hand black like O'maras and I ran to the back with 7 years and 4 scores

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i said "get' em" I'm done with dead riddims
the #1 question is "can the heads mix' em?"
i gotta vendettas with ice chains and grills
but I'll flame ya skills might pain your illness
fuck writers block! i block writers on the regularly
I'm sedimentary fight or talk with on the dusty berry
like going into battle, they say the warrior is god-like
means if your a civilian, your looking at a dogfight
colder than the frostbite, i walk with strikes in one blocks
like Pac-man but with more rubber then Dunlop
who's grimy? again who's rhyming? ask your girl, she blew my towel like Boots Riley
and now foods try me, catch me when the flows done
like it was 88, ripping lean patches off a homespun
no one can touch' em, so I'm takin my marker
to get my point across like an atheist archer

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