

Dutchmassive, Revaporate

(Intro)

yeeaahhh yo the Evaporate Remix
you gotta love it my man Dutchmassive
Me, Majik Most
And Celph Titled
We hadda come back and evaporate your face with the remix

(Verse 1: Dutchmassive)

Ayo Majik says that I can say anything I want
So I crush this verse right under my writers block
Build a pyramid of punch lines and hover right above it
Pull out the red carpet, cause Dutch can't think of nothin'
And he's such a fuckin' star; can't you hear all the trumpets?
Trample on your drum roll, I brought my own percussion
Fuckin' up the industry, re-build as it was meant to be
A swift response for the gods who have sent for me
A centipede named crazy legs couldn't out-do
The B-Boy super-human, watch he's performin' his music
Star struck rappers screw face like John (?)
Too serious about they little underground movement
Press up some vinyl, hurry to do exclusives
Now your closet full of Puma's is filled with dusty units
(Just sittin there) next to the mic and a broomstick
Some people are just so so stupid
So mooove bitch get out the way
Equilibrium is drunk and gettin' wilin' on stage
Fuckin' up a verse and holdin' down the tropic states
And we make MC's worldwide evaporate

(Chorus: 2X)

{"I grab the mic and make MC's evaporate"}
{"All MC's lets make one thing clear"}
{"The madness is on motherfuckers you've been warned"}
{"Lethal rhyme styles considered unbelievable"}

(Verse 2: Majik Most)

Ayo I'm off the meter
Like Mr. Wizard launching 2 liters
The new and improved Majik Most, with new features
Gnawing on your girls little breast like a beaver
So pack it up bitch cause I'm coming through raw
Kid you know I'll smack you with a rusted hacksaw
Like, oh shit! Is that a piece of his jaw?!
Brawling 24/7 to sever your brethren
Got you beggin' for heaven, sendin' you straight to hell
And I'll be right here
While you chillin' in a morgue
I'm online sellin' your liver on organ.org
Get your face floored while your family applauds
For all of ya'll, grab the mic and never fail
While you go in gay bars and order a cocktail
Frontin' in the restaurant like you was the man
I bought your plants; send you a batch of bad clams
With more botchulism than a box of canned hams, bitch!

(Chorus: 2X)

(Verse 3: Celph Titled)

Ayo the words out, me and my team came to shut this down
And my guns came too, they wanna bust some rounds
Cold chillin on the block like I'm sellin' cane
Choppin' bodies up, wrappin' remains in cellophane
Don't mean to frighten kids
I'm just a star rockin' coats lookin like they're made from Mary J Blige's wigs

You should let your man speak on your behalf
Cause when I let the blade slice, you'll just be half
And I got a dungeon in my bathroom
Plus the way I torture motherfuckers it's like I'm Vidal Sassoon
Turn a blonde nigga to a redhead
Futon to a deathbed
Bullets keep you breastfed
When I'm aiming for the chest
Oh, now the games over
At the Up In Smoke Tour with a flame thrower
Lookin' for a dumb girl that's slower than a screw tape
With a fat ass, never tell that bitch to lose weight
From (?) Park to Waters Avenue
One of the only rappers who takes a trip to hell every afternoon
And still here to tell about it
It's Equilibrium 'till the death, motherfuckers get devoured

(Chorus: 2X)