

# 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 moooove 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)

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

(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)