

Saafir, Battle Drill

Boxcar sessionist black magic is
The magnet breakin' 'em down to
Micro fragments. I might go dragnet
Shoot joe on friday if I miss i'll
Get your one day won't forget officer
Monday I'm good with gun play I get
Wreck check the boss don't remove
Your firing pin punk 'cause I get
Off - comes the safety freak a clip
Or get plugged with the four - 5th
Off my niggas hip best believe the
Triggers gettin' gripped we stroll
The back doors to the railroad is
Where we go when we flow hell
Knows
And elbows are shot thrown don't
Blink
An eye gets ruff when I flex the
Ingrim chrome don't even try it.
I'm the arsonist 'cause I'll burn you
With the slug I'm funky plus I got
Carpet fresh in my rug tug a war and
Get dug six feet under floor plans are
Banned
Combat hand to hand cowards clocks
Is gettin' cleaned with detergent if
You want to freak a funky flow we
Can splurge it so I'll perk like an
Expert I'll send a flow that'll kill
Bet I won't break a sweat in a
Battle drill

Start ya engines but you look
Exhausted like carbon monoxide
I'm sly
Like a foxeye see me I'll jack you
For your bundle g I'll be lurking
In the rear smirking when you're
Crumbling the hobo junctionist
Function
Is to freak the lyrical smoke a
Blunt to the grill till we reach
The spiritual world then get wit ya
Girl dip her like a tea bag up it
Another notch for the flea bag king

Queens be freaky fiends don't sleep
And
Fall think the cocks the bomb but like
Tom you'll get brokawf sheer energy
So u know I be stockin' rear entities
Eatin' linto beans and I do reek when
I speak true who's this ya girl nice
To freak you let me freak a clip slip
One
In the chamber click clak that's the
Sound of the gat right before the jack
Comes true I thought you knew
That's ya cue oh! but you're a hero
Muscles kinda swollen but you ain't
Real you wouldn't strike if we was
Bowlin' to the left march arch ya
Back the impact is fat when I tag a

Grill
With a battle drill

The nomadic attic dweller never
On the cheddar cheese grease down
The plank yankin' mentals clean
Slates
Are freaked treats for the tricks like
A magician doin' halftucks genies and
Arabian's chest be cavin' in and I be
In the rubbish rubbin' this like aladdin
Through obstacles my saliva be
Liva than stoppin' flows in they tracks
Cuttin' the tape it's nutthin' to debate
Fate tells me this is the last grape
To be cracked rippin' the plaque
Between the gums hums this lift ya
Lip a little more to the chef's recipe
For flavor they be beggin' me to stop
The torturing but forth I bring
A subconsciousness which means no conscienceness
On this effort no mercy on a groove
No
Space to move check mate it's
Reserved
For the disinfecting I'm projecting
Flavor till you choke chalk
One add a kill for the battle drills