

Tonedeff, Ridiculous

V1

It is un-fucking-believable, whenever I proceed to besiege beats
With a mean streak, lacing tracks platter than sneakers in Beat Street
Seeing to it that each week I've agreed to defeat the weakest of MCs
Including G's with Keys, Cheese & Bentley's
Guaranteed to receive a high degree of status
Due to my steeze using this apparatus, toss rappers like faggots do salads
Staggered by the amount of malice that I've managed to average
Any MC grabbing this mic after me is needing their hands bandaged
Master mechanic, assembling verses
I'll be jerking your purse, return with a smirk and a proof of purchase
I'm verbally perfect, and I'm assertive when I serve who deserves it
Y'all coming up short, you've got smurfs in the circus nervous
I've been alerted you've heard this, pounding with crazy shit
With a tendency to hurt kids don't allow me to babysit
The compounding's amazing it's slated to change the face of this
Restoring the fear of skills in you lyrical atheists.

Chorus x2:

When I rhyme just a little bit, Everybody's feeling it
Making sure the rhythm is hitting when I be killing it
Really, I make a chicken wanna get with this
Baby, say my name, "TONEDOFF", that kid is ridiculous.

V2

I'm rearranging the game we play with a blazing array of ways
To display dismay and decay on the faces of fakes that say
They be claiming to turn the page, when they're plainly afraid of change
So, like God with a laptop I'll be saving the day
Never the one to disgrace a blank stage or stay in the same place
Aiming to lay waste to these snakes that ain't vacating the 48 states
And locating them in the other 2. Making em pay
Blatantly taking away their weight and then gaining a W
And then I be coming through with a nastiness
That ain't been seen since your girl came clean, and really revealed just who the daddy is
Happiness is rapping and splacking chicks
I dominate tricks, and turn pimps into pacifist masochists
The most tactical activist and I'm letting the world know
These cats is more half-ass than the award show that the Source throws
Feats are Herculean like Kevin Sorbo
The lyrical Zorro, carving initials into your torso.

Chorus x2

V3

I'm a man on a mission
Skills on the mic don't equate to your paper chase or the hate you place in your ammunition
It's fact or fiction, I'm acting towards your abolition
I'm cracking you ghost just to battle you're fractured apparition
Rhythms I map with hand crafted precision
No longer will I tolerate these cats that's fraudulent like Darva Conger
To be famous for 2 minutes
When their whole delivery comes off flatter that a 12-year-old female gymnast
They have neither the capacity or the fitness for instance
These cats be thinking they're ill just cause they've got syphilis
I come prepared with a quickness
Their boys could testify nude for them in a courtcase and wouldn't bare witness
Competition best to be scared shitless
I'll sever their legs and toss a ruler in front of em see if they go the distance
This is readily on my wishlist
Like, sticking a chick that be sipping the tip of my dick until she's lipless
The gist is it only takes a second to diss ya
Bitch, you couldn't match wits if you cloned a twin of Alicia
With lesser odds of winning with a militia

Blackmailing your bitch, telling her that I'm gonna send you the picture
Of me and her playing strip-twister
These are the consequences you face when your only aim in the game is to get richer
Making intelligence legitimate when I be spitting it
You may be hard but you're lyrically impotent
And I've been ripping shit since square one
Persistence in killing insolence like when women insist to get their hair done
I tear the sun out the sky if it's hogging my shine
If a track is ill, then it's probably mine.