

# Tricky, Of Fury

I'm rated "R"...this is a warning, ya better void,  
Poets are paranoid, DJ's destroyed,  
'Cause I came back to attack others in spite-  
Strike like lightnin', It's quite frightenin'  
But don't be afraid in the dark, in a park,  
Not a scream or a cry, or a bark, more like a spark;  
Tremble like a alcoholic, muscles tighten up,  
What's that, lighten up, you see a sight but,  
Suddenly you feel like you're in a horror flick,  
You grab your heart then wish for tomorrow quick.  
Music's the clue, when I come your warned,  
Apocolypse Now, when I'm done, ya gone.  
Haven't you ever heard of a MC-murderer?  
This is the death penalty, and I'm servin' a  
Death wish, so come on, step to this  
Hysterical idea for a lyrical professional  
Friday the thirteenth, walking down Elm Street,  
You come in my realm ya get beat,  
This is off limits, so your visions are blurry,  
All ya see is the meters at a volume,  
Pumping lyrics of fury  
Terror in the styles, never error-files,  
Indeed I'm known-your exiled!  
For those that oppose to be level or next to this  
I ain't a devil and this ain't the exorcist.  
Worse than a nightmare, you don't have to sleep a wink,  
The pain's a migraine every time ya think,  
Flashbacks interfere, ya start to hear:  
The R-A-K-I-M in your ear;  
Then the beat is hysterical,  
That makes Eric go get a ax and chops the wack,  
Soon the lyrical format is superior,  
Faces of death remain,  
MC's decaying, 'cause they never stayed,  
The scene of a crime every night at the show,  
The fiend of a rhyme on the mic that you know,  
It's only one capable, breaks-the unbreakable,  
Melodies-unmakable, pattern-uneescapable,  
A horn if want the style I posses,  
I bless the child, the earth, the gods and bomb the rest,  
For those that envy a MC it can be,  
Hazardous to your health so be friendly,  
A matter of life and death, just like a etch-a-sketch,  
Shake 'till your clear, make it disappear, make the next,  
After the ceremony, let the rhyme rest in peace,  
If not, my soul'll release  
The scene is recreated, reincarnated, updated, I'm glad you made it,  
'Cause you're about to see a disasterous sight,  
A performance never again performed on a mic:  
Lyrics of fury.