

Urban Dance Squad, Metaphore Warfare

I'm like batman, I'm glad man, I swing my boomerang
Clock stetsons heads on catch attention
Grab retired mc's their pensions
Dimension suspension, switch a button
Head runs like an engine should I mention
Brain excites after few grand donation - ovation
Brain ignites like benzedrine
Dieseloil, slick to be coil, foil
Spittin' rhymes like a gargoye
Mccoy all, destroy all who try to soil
My ground, path, space, even my zone
The clone - the one who rocks his mouth proud, soon sucks a syphon
Laxative, crap the shit, hyperactive for the bowels
Baby mc's should be clean here's the towel
Diaper, 'cos I'm hyper plus I'm the babysit
What time is it - time to refresh kid - my wit, you bit
My funky cuckoo crap - runs outta your ass kid - shit
Smell scents, whack mc's' fragrance
Heap of waste, crap-mc jams

Take a pick, take a style if you dare
'Cos I'm prepared for metaphore warfare

Stunner to the crumb-bun, I'm like a plumber

Pull yo brainplug, flow down the lump
Tumor, bummer, diseased cells make you lumber
Infect your humor, call my number
Again - the man - wit pepjam, medicine, anacin
Vitamin - penicillin
Pencil-push bacteria, you can't skill 'em
Local rapeteria for topbillin'
Slobbin' - nil and - timekillin'
For caterpillarin' - my rap caters like plants
Rap insects build eggs to propagate
To a butterfly phase to flaunt beauty
Wings fully detailed, all surrogate for
Your lyrics, but you forgot to wipe the booty
Moody I'm not sting like a bee on gerry cooney
Hocus pocus - styles to pick the one to whose bogus i
Focus my antenna, I'm gonna plague your dome like locust
Mentis - hench this - you like beans and cabbage
The ambitions so nutritious so call me beast or savage
Your style is poor, hard to score, against the carnivore
You got beef ready plus be steady on a metaphore

Take a pick, take a style if you dare
'Cos I'm prepared for metaphore warfare