

Vakill, The Darkest Cloud

I pray to God for His blessing to consent slaughter
Your seven ounces of brain holds 2 percent water
Literately your dried idea belongs under your arm pits
Full armed spit. My palms slick with (?)
Vakill in quotation's the nicest
After I come fuck this liquid hell
Only hoes that's giving head is getting flotation devices
Digest words to kill by
Auto-pilot my technique so even if I sleep on my own shit it's still fly
I'm Gods only begotten renegade angel; saint-sinner
Make (??) heritage I can draw graphic scenic image with paint-thinner
Let the bullshit stop to a screech with hot lead
I beseech hip hop heads til the tool crush is obsolete
Many fuck around and catch a reach flip top head
I set respectable trends
Til the sickest emcees blueprint my testicle skin
Don't worry if I write rhymes, I write checks to your chin

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Put your tool on safety and a mic in a mic stand
Your fight plans now's in Christ's hands
Cause the darkest cloud shall roam the rest of your natural lifespan
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I'm forcing oral crucifixion with a mouth full of nine inch nails
Conceptually blazing entrails, with your skeleton remains in inn trails
In pails, snug and cushy
My hip-hop status is c-section (why?)
Cause I'm a cut above you pussies
My DNA spliced with a Japanese feudal lord
Proving sword lacerations with impartial rhymes
Keep a bitch that's a ten
Pimping's like Farrakhan with cerebral palsy,
I can start a million march of dimes
Significant sever uncertain signs salivating
Circus around cyphers of a venomous serpent kind
Dizzying bitches, merking nigga (?) being vicious
Til they minus flesh and bone like Layzie, Krayzie, Bizzy, and Wish's
Who's the sickest shitting this year?
And your continuation of breathing all depends on how good's the answers
Fuck up and the judge will sentence me so many times
You'll have to indent this shit and put it in stanzas

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I don't talk shit, I give shit a second language
You ass betting a dyslectic Spanglish
Hope for the best but expect the anguish
Presently, sleepers dying pissed off
And my sole solution for the chronic bed wetting is electric blankets
My (?) tribe merks entire tribes
I'm the 13th ghost for (?)
So want to make the alphabet before Karma Sutra
The English language'll have to be stapled and stitched back together with stainless steel armored

(Trucking?) word techniques for (?.....?)
Shit bananas with appeal and a Chiquita sticker
(Heat a clip up?), puts kids to sleep
Spitting Korean entrepreneur flows that (push wigs to eat?)
Illuminous whip, darkest cloud cumulous (?.....?)
Nickel, slick, quick, humorous spit
Liquid sword salivation til throats of every consumer is slit
Shit. In every recessive state my flows a regal spectacle
If I was born with one nut I'll still be legal testicle
And niggas shit-popping more outstanding worth than weight
Can't hold a fucking candle to me with Bob Hope's birthday cake
I've enhanced that you've had rules
Putting bodies on the mic and watch the flies make a leap to its death
If the name of my profession is "Fuck You"; then basically what I'm trying to say is...
Never mind, my work speaks for itself

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