

Hyperdermix

Inspectah Deck

Yo, the bare facts make 'em take flight like Air Max
Hyperdermix raps share it and you'll both have tracks
Dope man, supply fire to wax, push your wigs back
Hit ya like a tall cat, make ya relapse
Never before have ya ever heard this level of raw
My metaphors touch down like the hammer of Thor
Knee deep into the war sirens and gats roar
Livin' life, ragin' bull life's the Matador
I soar, above the law, branded illegal
They still rush my door 'cuz I'm power to the people
Sharp as an eagle's claw, certified lethal
Keanu Reaves can't match the Speed I exceed to
Crash the party, make 'em jump like Ken
Evil
I take cash in advance and blast off on retrieval
C-c-check the bangin' sounds that I invent, marvelous
C-c-check, marvelous
C-c-check the bangin', the bangin', the bangin'
The bangin' sounds that I invent
Yo, I can't, won't, don't stop rockin' to the rhythm
Droppin' wisdom for my niggas locked in prison
For those on the streets, rock it in your system
One's restin' in piece, in my heart ya livin'
Representin', all those who ain't got a pot to piss in
Went from small timer to a top position
I'm not kiddin' so what? Radio's not mixin'
While shots whistlin', niggas on my block listen
To the Uncontrolled, mentally hold you P.O.W.
Comin' through, ain't no good, ain't no love for you
Chameleons play the wrong side of the fence
Switchin' like Clark Kent when the drama commence
Ladies and gents, my poetry's beyond intense
Find me in the trench, while you hold your spot on the bench
Best invest in me, favored heavenly
INS, address me, as your excellency
Successfully, defendin' my belt with first rounders
Where close friends get treated the same as out of towners
C-c-check the bangin' sounds that I
invent
C-c-check the bangin', the bangin', the bangin'
The bangin' s-s-sounds
Yo, Jurassic insides, I rise above the norm'
Urban icon, ridin' on the eye of the storm
Veteran form, spaz like memories of 'Nam
Duckin' bombs on the rendezvous with Miss Saigon
Calm assassin', showin' my face so they can
know
When on Beatstreet, I paint a picture like Raymo
On the lay-low, makin' dough, aimin' to blow
Got away to go so I'm just takin' it slow
From the Shao' borough, throwin' the thoroughbred flow
Echoin' from the ghetto throughout the metro
'Bout to let it go, give me some room to elbow

Watch bitches stick to a nigga like VelcroYo, the plan is to grab what I can within my reach
Expand like the crystal white sands that fill the beach
With my hand on the piece, one eye is on the beast
Through the rhyme I teach history class and move the massI can't, won't, don't stop rockin' to
the rhythm
Droppin' wisdom for my niggas locked in prison
For those on the streets, rock it in your system
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Droppin' wisdom for my niggas locked in prison
For those on the streets, rock it in your system
One's restin' in piece, in my heart ya livin', livin'
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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