



**WAYKUP**  
Vampire

» - Promo Song of the Day: who...point blank? by Point Blank (las vegas) play lo-fi play hi-fi

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## emceeaccident

### Massacre.

(ACCIDENT)

I one touch this dumbfuck and come up  
 Like kumquats in dumptrucks your mics been hung up  
 Through the bumrush  
 You cant rap put your motherfuckin pencil down  
 I catch adrenalin but you sit the bench in this town  
 You aint the rivaside rydah, you a rivaside kid  
 Matter a fact lma claim you the rivaside bitch  
 If bones bre b, can hold his own  
 Then bones bre B will stand alone  
 Well he got no choice, didnt know I was insane son  
 Im smackin you back to wherever the fuck you came from  
 Its been like that since day 1, jus another steady day  
 You better pray or get away I set it straight with melodays  
 And after that I shatter wackness put ya matter in a casket  
 But the madness catches static cause this battles crashin down  
 I bring tha track back around and beat you lyrically  
 This is hip-hop dawg, Now even bres feelin me  
 Feelin me and Fearin me, honestly your wack  
 If you aint a bitch then whyd u tell johnny that  
 And if you smilin, then im smackin ya grin  
 I'll knock your eyes out and come up out tha back of ya tims  
 Im smackin u sonny, got ya self in the rumbte  
 Your fucking wack go do tracks w/ brad humble  
 And J dubbz hey thugs, now you wanna say stuff  
 Bre turn my fuckin track off this aint a gay club  
 Ill shove the blade and cut ya face so fuck ya man I'm gutter waste  
 You studder on the mic I hope you understand any other place  
 So runaway and go grab a vocab  
 Oh snap, dawg your to skinny to approach axe  
 I'm disolvin ya fight, so call it a night  
 Look at his lips! HE COULD SWALLOW THE MIC!  
 I will not be fucked with by a kid that sucks dick  
 And even worse he fucking loves it  
 Ima ghost this fucker, all motions covered  
 Ima sendin you up 10 feet like yosts brother  
 And if you new in the game, then your soon to hear  
 That Accident ruins careers  
 So keep movin in fear, and get took as a bitch

Your a rook im the king, and im cookin ya quick  
Im lookin to stab dont even look for the strap  
Roll up on churchill get caught wit a hook and a jab  
This aint open for discussion im the dopest and your nothin  
I'm rollin with a bunch of motherfuckers thats known for buckin  
You cant even cope wit the stress, the tick tocks timin'  
Cause you was fuckin wit hip hops finest

END CHORUS ;-)

I smoke so much weed that I'm probably burnt  
Why the fuck cant you stretch out a toddlers shirt  
How the fuck can you look like that shit sonny  
Ok money, dawg your fucking ugly  
Why do you keep puttin this shit upon yourself  
You resemble a 6 foot keebler elf  
What you say is lies, The word is you burned me  
How in the world could this urcle serve me

(©ACCIDENT)



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# emceeaccident

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## emceeaccident

### *Actin' Fast ft. Grimey*

(ACCIDENT)

I only got my lyrics..

They call me AXE-I-DENT ya skull  
 Intellectual legend in the second row  
 Check it i'm inventin measures that flow  
 You'll get it - lets roll, I got a resinous bowl  
 You can find me, wit grimey dont mention to step  
 We straight wreckin heads, getcha vest through ya flesh  
 After that i'm comin' back get the boot to tha dome  
 Who could overthrow 2 nukes through ya home  
 Its about juice and the throne, we move on our own  
 Just to see you haters get fluked then you'll know  
 I penetrate security, gettin blazed a certainty  
 Many pages of words has faces worshipin me  
 But it ain't about who/what/when/race/or skin  
 Its about rhymes - who can flow - whos usin they pen  
 Whose usin they head, I address the haters  
 But fuck it mayne yo jus collect ya paper

#### CHORUS\*\*

Cause i'm actin fast an ya matter bashin splattering savage  
 Up on cats to counter-act it hows it sound to rap as fast as  
 Any other normal past track the fashions exactly Passionate  
 Fact is grime and axe put ya pastor in a casket

Its irradiate i'm stabbin kids tearin up the map again  
 Inadequate gatherings flashed through the cash again  
 A stash of catch-phrases rather batter up your batch of friends  
 A pitter padder of the dagger in my hand they call me accident

So watch what you say about me, i'm everywhere son  
 And the word of mouth is that i'm carrying guns  
 Now that im comin for you -- what the fuck you gonna do  
 I come double with the pump tons of slugs that will punish you

(©ACCIDENT)

**Story behind this song:**

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