

# Case Closed

## Tonedeff

Let's get a bit acquainted  
Hey, it's t-o-n-e-d-e-double-the-eff, with the famous flow  
Known to be flipping syllables even when the pace is slow  
Gracious, No! Save your soul, guess who is coming to take this throne  
Break this whole motherfucking game down, and reclaim crowns  
Cause I'm sick of layin' down  
Watching these companies reign now  
When it's obvious something is playin' out  
On the stage while you're unconscious they shoving to gain ground  
And sedate crowds with the same sound  
They've been layin up into your brain loud  
Enough to take any rational thought  
And leave your brain clouded to rap as just pop  
Isn't it insane how - niggas be keeping their face frowned  
Perpetrating their need to erase clowns  
They remain proud, till the minute you see them in lace gowns  
All the sudden, they flee to escape town  
They're ashamed cause they got busted  
Just because of that, and not really  
Because they regret what they've done, is disgusting  
This discussion's meant to function as a general centerpiece  
Sent at these enemies bent on resenting me  
Better be set if we enter the end of peace  
Settling isn't an option no more  
We gon' box in this war  
You'll be hearing them bells before we knock on your door, it goes:  
Buckle up! Brace yourself! Knuckle up! Take no l's  
Dust to dust! Say farewell! Numbers up! Save yourself!  
Buckle up tight! We're gonna tussle! We gonna fight!  
Until you never touch another mic, or it's your life, then - case closed  
This is the way, we ever gonna see that it stops  
And if not, you might as well give up on hip-hop  
Cause this is the case, in this day and age  
We gotta kick in your face if you're just in for fame  
Now that you been initiated up into this movement  
Get at your favorite idiot who's spits  
Hit him a little bit with your 2 fists  
Kick in his grill until he is toothless  
Give him a min to get up and cue this  
Single out eve-ry limb that's wounded  
Whip him again with a heavy pool stick  
Dig on his bitch, and then beg he do shit

Ruthless roots of abuse set loose for execution  
Of any groups that get us confused  
With petty fools who'll let you crew win  
Fluent as I ever was, I said it! Because-  
You would never think that a nigga that never drink  
Would ever step it up to get a better buzz  
the odds you've leapt ahead of us  
Are prolly less, than Oedipus hating his mother  
Or Disney hiring sexual predators  
Senators getting elected a 3rd consecutive term  
A nurse who doesn't do enemas  
Permanent henna  
A surfer that catches more waves then your current antennae does  
Sure, I make it look effortless  
With every sentence that tends to be cleverly  
Penned,. More wreckless then Session ingesting hennese blends  
More treacherous than even being the Kennedy - Men  
And for any requesting the identity of the technically Best MC?  
Guess, but, Yep - it's Me  
The a new strain of the plague  
Raised to abuse breaks  
Unphased of what you say  
Cause I dead lines, all without a due date  
I'm the new age. New school. New page. New rules  
Any attempt to try to pull away is just a doomed fate for a few fools  
QN5, represent the true scene, so we're guaranteed one of two things  
Either we're showered with praise  
Or we're simply hated by every review team  
What I've stated was meant to reduce kings into paupers  
And to seduce queens to get topless  
And to revolutionize everything you think hip-hop is  
Buckle up! Brace yourself! Knuckle up! Take no l's  
Dust to dust! Say farewell! Numbers up! Save yourself!  
Buckle up tight! We're gonna tussle! We gonna fight!  
Until you never touch another mic, or it's your life, then - case closed  
Buckle up! Brace yourself! Knuckle up! Take no l's  
Dust to dust! Say farewell! Numbers up! Save yourself!  
Buckle up tight! We're gonna tussle! We gonna fight!  
Until you never touch another mic, or it's your life, then - case closed  
This is the way, we ever gonna see that it stops  
And if not, you might as well give up on hip-hop  
Cause this is the case, in this day and age  
We gotta kick in your face if you're just in for fame  
This is the way, we ever gonna see that it stops  
And if not, you might as well give up on hip-hop  
Cause this is the case, in this day and age  
We gotta kick in your face if you're just in for fame  
(And if you're with me, just)

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>