

# Heavyweight

## Tonedeff

V1 (24)

The premises get vacated, The millisecond I kill the seven niggas that play jaded/  
Within a record I chill the tepid temperatures they've created/  
With their pitiful minimal efforts to make statements  
I spit on em got em schillin out money to cover their late payments/  
Cause they're way dated, these dumb motherfuckers have never paid dues, and believing that  
they've MADE it/  
For as long as Im repping intelligent lyrics I figure I'll stay hated  
But my mindframe is to Remain Patient/  
With niggas posing about as hard as a stippers nipples on stage naked/  
Yo, I can't take it, I'm keeping em plummeting toward the bottom like stocks that's daytraded/  
Net-fiasco's, Get these asshole's Fates Tainted/  
Got em flaming & relocating like Gay Vagrants/  
Tonedeff's slays giants, as if my legal name's David/  
What I say's Blatant, no apologies necessary to glaze the game blazing/  
Touch overdubs or change the phrasing/  
Lyrically maintaining/ my jugular vein's straining/  
Tonedeff adds to the pressure with bass so deep it makes your brains cave in.  
I'll break it down for the laymen, for the niggas that ain't acing basic training/  
My rations got their trays swaying/  
Galleries use my verses for Page framing/  
Cause, hey I stay flagrant with lyrics nastier than Tammy Faye bathing/  
Keep comp shook like charter plane when it's raining/  
I stay phat on the underground like there was a buffet in the main bassment/  
Sometimes I be slaying for entertainment/  
Im outclassing motherfuckers, without even having to weigh in.

V2 (24)

No one's as gifted or as vigorously meticulous with a writtern scripture/  
Or spits with this infinite syllablism that I've been equipped with/  
Should I quit with the quick shit or pitch shift a negative 50% in an effort to get rich/  
Or stick with the swiftness for the niggas that get this/  
Even when I'm simplistic, I can be unbelievably cryptic/  
The rhythm endures the physical force to split a tree with a discuss/  
With the ease of a flicked wrist, your soul can be seized from a distance/  
In an instant - by this Plague affiliate that's seething with sickness/  
I seem to get listless with these kids when I see what they dismiss/  
Cause anything missing a punchline'll get eased outta business/  
Like delivery's not important! Rhythm and rhyme schemes are ignored it's horrid/  
Son, if you can't flow - then become a comedian a ghost writer or poet/  
If you ain't repping the artform then don't record it/  
Heads are starving and fiending for an assortment of global proportions/  
If you ain't feeding the scores of supporters, then you're hoarding/

And you're a whore that's killing your heritage like Lizzie Borden/  
The dexterity I display scrambles your cells like you was a dizzy warden/  
Committed to scoring more than a jiggy mormon/  
With a diamond studded bible that bling-blings in the sunlight/  
When I rhyme at full throttle, I'm titled "Supreme Being" when I come tight/  
And these things are finally done right/  
Like obscene scenes riding your slut wife/  
Our extreme flings stifle your love life/  
Stun like blunt strikes from a swung pipe someone was hiding from sight/  
And exceed speeds of fire in gunfights.

V3 (16)

And you can bank on it! The playing odds'll stay solid/  
If you remain brolic with name calling, leave with a ganked wallet/  
I take solace in making profits like fake scholars/  
That want you to waste dollars for paid knowledge in state college/  
With great prowess, I face off with and shank cowards/  
And waste all their debased followers, Break laws with a brave heart like the late Wallace/  
I chase robbers, escaped convicts who rape songs and create garbage/  
Embrace carnage, they ain't artists! Sample their flavor and you'll taste vomit!  
I need a reminder to intake oxygen/  
Space-Polymer Based oxidants. Say hot shit, display confidence/  
Hey audience! Just wave arms till it's plain obvious/  
Play God, and persuade crowds to behave honest and pay homage/  
And pray thoughtlessly awful authors are marked for death like stained coffins/  
I keep clean cause I bathe often and never illegally trade documents/  
Hate-mongers, repent! Let me set it straight!  
I'm the heavyweight, like long lines in front of a Jenny Craig or Weight Watchers!  
Potna.The Heavyweight flow!  
It's tonedeffinite - Everything goes/  
Can you Play? NO!!  
With Your Petty Stage Show  
It's Tonedeffinite  
Ready, Wait - GO!!  
The Heavyweight Pro with the heavyweight flow!

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