

In the middle like Monie
You're phony cause your styles bologna
But I rock with no filler, ain't a girl m.c. illa - puttin'
Rappers on ice, then lock the body in a chill
The way I fucks it up, I upchuck nasty style like
Throw up blow up, then go nuts
Like a lady Ninja killa
I'll drill deep beneath the surface
It's the Rage, front page, I heat up like a furnace
My stelo gots bulk
Check the gamma rays from the she Hulk
Stomping through your territory
New rap female category
Winner, and your style gets played out like the Spinners
Not a soprano, or alto, the Rage is a tenor
My voice is just right - I bust hypodermics to your
Inner minds eye
Makin' you hip-hop junkies wanna fly
Like eagles, my stlye sharp as cathedral steeples
Showin' & proving even a lady can be diesel
So uh - breaka, breaka, you best keep on truckin' unh
Unh roll on with that chicken shit your cluckin'
Your stuck in stupid you dufis - I'm hittin so hard
I'm knockin' out your
Toofis - or teefis (believe this)
You butthead you'll get played out like Beavis
Receive it, it's yours Lyrical murderera - still rockin on

(Hook)

2Pac/Makaveli:

Rock on, rock on - The Lady of Rage lyrical murderera
The baddest lyricist born(1x)

Now I'm a explosive vocalist, make you readjust your
Focus, no hocus-pocus, no bogus, I'm the dopest
Lyrically the locest it's all copacetic
I see through your synthetics with my telekinetics
I mean my telepathics from this mouth of madness
Flows one of the baddest
In my existence, my
Existence is prevalent, hesitant not you'll get dropped
I'm rhymin' so hard I see it knocking out snot, cause I
Slam like colloision so your vision of me
Is you can't touch not even a smidgen of me - you're
Pigeon shit to me
So drop it (damn - hit this shit Rage)
I take a puff then I blow like Moby
Runnin lyrics quicker than Toby
What's my name? Yeah you know me
(Rage lyrical murderera, what's my name? Yeah you

Rage lyrical murder, yeah you know me)
So if you wanna see me turn on your headlights,
I'll make you run red lights
Trying to catch it
Slam into the Rage you'll end up wreckage
Towed away, blowed away, cut down, mowed away
Curled up like Ola Ray
So let me straighten it out cause I'm a thrilla
Mutha fuckin' MC cold killa
When I drop that you better drop back dat you hop back
I rock dat till dawn
Yes I still rock on

(Hook)

2Pac/Makaveli:

Rock on, rock on The Lady of Rage lyrical murder the
Baddest lyricist born(2x)

Now when it comes to the hippest in hip-hop
I make the lips drop kness knock
Buckle and shake, now who's to the wrong
Move - get dusted - busted
Wack MC's who can't cut the mustard
I stick it to you like voodoo so who do you think
You're foolin'
Yot Rick but rulin'
You can't hang with the noose, your goose will get
Cooked
Look up in the sky it's fly Robin fly
Givin whatever suits you
Got the size 8 timberland, to boot cha oops
Up side your head, a yo I'm seein red
Like a bull baby I got to pull, of an ox Redd Foxx
Couldn't out fox me, because I'm Foxy lite Brown
Unh, break it down now, from the end to the start
Lyrical murder pumps fear in heart
I'm tearin parts to pieces like Reeses
I freaks it, speak it in tongues put you on like Bonita
AppleBum
You can't see me you blind to the fact I'm all that
Swingin in the wack strikin' 'em out like bats
Hats off blast off watch me rock it sock it to ya
Whatever it takes to do ya done top gun
It's The Lady of Rage still rated number one
Muthafucka!

(Hook/fade)