

From the end to the intro meaning the beginning, so  
I got the microphone one-two one-two here I go again  
Ready, to do damage, but just a little bit, slower  
To let you know Rage is that lyrical flow blower  
I'm smooth and creamy, milky silky steamy  
Eyes get wet and dreamy everytime a brother see me (cause why?)  
Cause they can't understand the gift of tongues  
That left em standin still and dumb  
in the dust, dare I bust, what I must, and I must son  
Continue to crush those that rushed, played dumb, and got done  
Yeah you played the high stakes and got baked  
Tried to be icing and wound up cake, translate  
meaning I broke em down to the least common denominator  
Not afraid of a sucker cause I drop em like a hot potato  
? later, if you still be or wanna be a instigator  
Daz cross the fader (why) cause no one is greater

I be that chick with the hits and I'm hittin it  
I be that chick with the lyrics and I'm spittin it  
(c'mon now)  
Microphones, I'm definitely rippin it  
So come come, come again, get with da wickedness

Now it's like bang to the boogie, I'm one tough cookie (betcha what?)  
Betcha bite a clit loaded wit lyrical arsenic  
as I hit wit my spitfire bullets  
wit licks from my tongue, so watch me pull it (uhhh!)  
Take it to the hilt, I'm thick like quilt (yeah)  
Raw like silk, uh-huh, or creamy like milk, ok now  
Let me break it down to the slab  
Silly rabbit, you can't get with da wickedness (why?)  
You gots to have true grit, and feel it  
from the gut, to the cut, move that butt, cause I'm rippin shit up  
Make em fall a victim to my def flow  
Lyrical murderer, that's why I'm on Death Row  
Lethal injection couldn't, fade me  
So, Suge and Dr. Dre scooped me up and paid me  
Now I'm, hah, rockin ruff and stuff with my Afro Puffs  
Hah, blowin em away like the Big Bad Wolf-a  
Huffin, puffin, blowin, no bluffin  
When it comes to the Rage I ain't nothin nice (uhh!)  
on stage or mics, lights, camera  
Even Jeru calls me the Damaja!

#### Chorus

Now you're questioning the thought of gettin with me  
I tell ya, ya pumpin that ass up for failure (why?)  
I nail you to a cross (huh) hang you out to dry  
Me nah worry bout dem ting dere, cause me nah gon die, or fall  
Slaughter by the daughter of God

That makes me a Goddess, the one who rocks the hardest  
Uhh uhh, definitely show and prove  
Lyrics hit like left jabs as, I stick and move  
so what? Back it on up like reversal  
Or get broke down with flows I run like Herschel, cause ahh  
frankly my dear I don't give a damn  
It's been a long time comin, and since I'm comin I'ma slam  
harder than your hardest (uh-huh), cause all that shit is garbage  
Now if you want the real deal, then step into my office  
Cell block H, hold up wait, think twice  
Cause if you don't it ain't gon be nuttin nice  
Cause I, ain't nuttin nice turnin men to mice  
Women are like, fallin all over me like I'm some type of dyke  
but uh-uh, you can take that bull and can miss me  
Because when it comes to sex I'm strictly dicky  
They pick me quickly (like what) like eenie meenie  
I eat MC's like Marie Calendar's creamy tortellini  
Now who, who be the baddest, who be the roughest (who be)  
The toughest, Afro Puffs when I bust this

Chorus 2X

I be that chick, get with da wickedness (2X)  
I be that bitch chick that be spittin shit  
So come come come again come come get with da wickedness  
Uhh! Get with da wickedness  
Come come come again get with da wickedness  
I be spittin it, microphones I'm rippin it  
Get with da wickedness, hah