

# The Wreckoning

## Lateef the Truthspeaker

[Lateef]  
Look bitch  
You know I'm comin' tight  
So you can switch them hips from left to right  
All night and won't nobody give a shit  
If you were sittin'  
I might ask you to stand so you can take a load  
Off your mind  
Cause the lyrics you kicked were so butt, your brain  
It must be synonymous  
With your behind in the time and you know your rhymin'  
Sucked black  
That's why I still can't figure out why the fuck  
He was all on my nut sac  
He was droolin' on the tool and who are you foolin'  
Tryin' to act so cool and  
When it comes to the duelin'  
Pull up a stool and we can begin the schoolin'  
Oohin and Ahhhin  
Really don't matter as long as the rapper  
They know who's shit is phatter  
And who should be beggin' the pardon  
For the disaster as I blast you into  
Anti-matter make you scream out uncle  
As I punk you with the funk  
Watch you buckle like a punk will  
Another chump killed  
As I chuckle pumpin' steel through the steel  
So that I can steal the show  
The bunk had no appeal  
Meaning that I don't feel the whack  
EVEN when you be feeling that  
No matter how slow you go  
You still got no-THING to say  
When skills are softer than clay matter  
C'mon man, that ain't where the cash is  
You musta thought that pretty ass shit was gon' make  
Some dough on the strength of those promo pictures  
Ho  
Blow me down

I gets down  
That even if we go just one more round  
And I'm from the 'O'  
Challenging you in your own goddam town  
And I know the homies gon' clown  
When they hear the profound thoughts and  
Experiences applied from my strife to the  
End of your life on this mic  
The years run off by the hour  
The aspirations FLEE with the YEARS  
As they get devoured with time  
Eventually you will age and collapse  
What good are your raps if your  
Synapses can't fire  
The rapid rhymin' and tactics  
That I can flash with  
Automatically blastin' back and  
Cappin' and laughin' at all of this whack  
Material that you brought  
Devoid of substance lacking  
Action between word and thought and  
Perhaps it's best for e'rybody  
If we just cut short

Silence  
You itch you lust  
Your breath is taken  
When you awaken  
In the state of the shock  
Thoughts of ex-communication  
And the implications of that situation  
Racin' through your floggin' stopped up  
Noggin' as you're massagin'  
You're jarred  
What's that you saw  
You try rememberin' but it's foggier than  
Fisherman's wharf  
At six in the mornin'  
Through the gloom of dawn  
Your doom is doomin' like the  
Moon you know when you'll be due  
And you'll die and soon

And when you die  
Your heart stops  
The brain is TECHNICALLY ALIVE  
For three or four minutes  
Digesting the curse for the next 24 hours  
Give or take a smidgen

Blood remains viable for several hours and  
Settles down once the body's downside is  
Darker and you will mottle  
The grip of rigor mortise clenches it's fist  
And two to six hours  
Relinquishes  
Two to three days later by this time  
The stomach is bloated with gaseous  
Fumes consumin' will blow shit up fo' sho'  
Oh by the way  
The flesh decomposes fast  
Veins and skin turn  
Blue, purple, green and black  
Nose and softer tissue turns to a  
Jelly consistency thicker than Jell-O  
Cornea of the eyes are no longer clear  
Sickly jaundiced yellow  
When you see and it softens  
Eyes they melt in their sockets  
Watch the skin pull away  
From the gum-line leavin' no lips  
So what's left and  
A wicked grin  
Bacteria thrive nightcrawlers fill  
No morrow only hunger  
Maggots arrived and now's devourin'  
Decayed and sourin'  
But hey  
Really though  
Why even trip  
It ain't  
Only the physical in which  
Your consciousness exists  
And in the end  
Forensic details are about as important  
As the gear your sportin'  
So why even resist  
Ya trick  
You should desist and listen  
To the mix your missin'  
With the kicks that's hittin'  
In the midst of the mist  
Into which your slippin'  
The lights start to dim  
And the lesson of infection  
You're witnessin' is the wreckoning  
  
Winded old and you'll POP  
You cease to exist

Terror in your eyes  
And a smile on your lips  
When you hear the remix  
You cease to exist  
Terror in your eyes  
And a smile on your lips  
When your heart lights up  
You cease to exist  
Terror in your eyes  
And a smile on your lips  
When you hear the lyrics  
You cease to exist  
Terror in your eyes  
And a smile on your lips

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songlyrics.band/>