

# Extended Famm, How U Doin?

(Chorus)

We don't say "Hi" & We don't say "hello"  
The only thing we say after wrecking your show is  
How U Doin?

(V1A - PackFM)

It's outrageous, The way I stay rippin up these stages  
I spit shit so sick, you wish it was contagious  
Spread like The Plague is with vibes like silent pagers  
Niggaz kickin fake shit, blame it on the matrix  
You're so wack that you'll leave a theif screamin "I cant take this!"  
I get Biz like Mark, I'm catchin weck, you're catchin vapors  
All you're perpetratin' is pure cetification  
That you wouldnt be as dope as me if you did ya best impersonation  
I still cant stand you, rhyme parapallegic  
Niggaz thinkin I'm ill, 'cause their raps are makin me sick  
So what you want from me?, Evacuate my company  
You could swallow my sperm, and wouldnt be spittin as nuts as me

(V1B - TONEDEFF)

I'm cussin when I'm bustin frees, I'd love to see you fuck with T  
If I crush your team with cuts that means, I clutched you in my custody  
I touch a beat reluctantly, cause of what it does to me  
There's something freakish up, it seems, I suddenly can jump the trees  
The function is perfunctory, with stunning ease I lunge for Greece  
And only cease, because, you see...I stumped my feet on Tuscany  
My running cleets were scuffed to pieces. MC's are cunts in heat  
That scrub and clean for nothing, B - Their mugs are freakin' ugly  
They're clumsy in their drudgery. Shit...my tongue is tweaked abundantly  
My luxury money's eaten by monthly fees  
In summary, I stunningly can stomach these abundantly unfunny geeks  
These scummy freaks are somewhat neat to hunt for weeks  
I strut the streets comfortably, cause punks duck in retreat  
I'm the one that makes you shun beliefs, like nuns & priests with cummy sheets  
I've brung complete sums of treats. You're buggin how I strung this feat  
The subtlety is null indeed, so don't confront us when we meet!

(Chorus)

(V2 - MECCA)

I will go all out, to humiliate you  
Burn through any squad that affiliates you  
That'll give the kids on the corner something to chat about  
Give all these mad rappers something to be mad about  
I'm made for this, like guns was made to buck  
Got entertainers pissed, cause I break their legs for luck  
Stuck watching this son of southside who accomplished this  
Blocking this? Tell me how you plan to stop apocalypse  
That's claiming to be all the flame & the heat  
And how we, reign in the street and put your name if defeat  
Have a seat...don't ever come through acting loud  
Cause I will leave you slumped on that block you're so proud of  
You bow, cause I always impress, always amaze  
Straight arsonist...constantly coming with blaze  
In another minute, you g'on wanna chase me  
Cause your vibe just can't replace me, flow just can't erase me  
I remain rhymer-proof, time constructed  
Forgive them father...they know not who they fuck with  
Cause as an MC, I stay baptized to bang  
While you could be crucified and still couldn't hang  
Whoever think they got something for it, get up on it  
I'll teach you and your crew what it means not to want it  
I don't air out tracks...I ventilate, rhymes penetrate  
Crews disintergrate... it's mecca's way or the interstate

(Chorus)