

# Lady Of Rage, No Shorts

(Verse 1)

On your mark set flows, fluid like that HO  
I'm hittin' wit' the force of a gale wind blow  
Windows can't stop the pain, can't stop the rain  
On your parade march on cause it's the Rage  
The baddest with the phattest lyrical apparatus  
Boost my status in cahoots wit' +Gladys  
Knight+ is fallin, from mics MC's are crawlin'  
Cause they afraid to get down with my lyrical braw-lin'  
Skills sho 'nuff, that's the rizzleal (real)  
Brothas on my tit fo' the way I hold a piece of steel  
So what you sayin', speak it  
Didn't think a wisdom body had techniques for freakin'  
So go ahead and keep sleepin'  
Because nuthin' comes to sleepers but a dream  
And I'm your worst nightmare with puffs in my hair, you stare  
At the big bo-ty (booty)  
Style kinda choppy  
Fill you up like Sloppy  
Joes, when I flows

(Hook) (Daz)

And you know it goes like that (mhmm)  
Who can do it better than this big chick in rap (oh yeah, oh yeah)  
Breaks it all down like that (mhmm)  
One hard act to follow and a tough nut to crack (oh yeah, oh yeah)

(Repeat 1x)

(Verse 2)

Now if your name was +Midler+ I +Bette+ you couldn't get wit' this riddler  
You could cross your heart and still couldn't detain this full figure  
It takes more than gridles to hold back my phatness  
You got more hurdles to jump so go back practice  
You must have forgotten  
I could give it to you like God gave his only begotten  
Son, you wanna run up on this and get chaught up in the twist like Bambu  
Not Onyx, but I can definitely +Slam+ you  
So +BacDaFucUp+ or set it off if you want it  
You can't escape these off the hook flows when I flaunt it  
Now who can you run to, ain't nowhere to hide  
When I kicks my shit I gets deeper than the Poseidon  
Adventure, your dentures get knocked down your throat  
Check the murder that I wrote, you couldn't hang with a rope  
Oh no, yo' flows unh-unh  
It's the lyrical murderer, stranded on the, stranded on the

(Hook 2x)

(Verse 3)

Now I rise to the occasion  
The Lady Of Rage, representin' the female persuasion  
Invasion of the 50th woman, comin' through  
One in few  
And If any, there ain't many  
That can get wit' me, I'm not a rookie like Penny  
Ain't a harder way than mine  
You gotta a long ladder to climb  
Like Jacob, wake up, your make-up is runnin'  
I'm stunnin' MC's, with the breeze that I'm blowin' wit'  
You can get wit' the wick and you knowin' it  
Here I go, lyrical gangbangin'  
Breakin' 'em down like diggy-dang diggy-dang-dang  
Now who rang, I got the whole shabang

The Lady Of Rage and them Dogg Pound Gang-stas  
Wippin' that ass like Charmin tissue  
Cause when I grab the mic it'll be a closed issue  
Oh shit, I'm still the shit that's all and that's it and...

(Hook 4x)

(Dat Nigga Daz talking)  
That's the Lady of Rage  
Comin', stompin'  
Aim all ya wack ass MC's  
So step back  
Remember the name...