

Prelude To A Freestyle

Jay Electronica

I fell out the sky like baby Superman to a farm on kansas
Now the world wanna see my story all on camera

That's Magic
Described by a Hater
That's tragic
Billy Shakespeare was in his grave doin backspins

The attractive power of every verse was so intense the ladies required napkins

The credits rolled:
Below average seemed lavish
Garbage ass rappers
With a goudy no class chain and a fitted turned backwards
Black on black anti semite rap wazyap
I'm out that nolia So niggas'll surely clap if I ask em
Whip a nigga out his clothes from Freret to Jackson
Nobody'll ever wonder or talk about what happened

C'mon Son
Who Better than us?
Them?

They ain't even figure out they own style yet man
And every rhyme I ever spit out my face was spotless
Any bitch I ever said strip to got topless
Any click whoever said shit
They got rocked
So sugar Shane Mosley yo ass up out the cockpit
We natural born fly guys
Twist up yo Garcia Vegas and toast to the wise guys
We made it to the high rise
Georgy and Weezy and Lionel and Jenny Kravitz
Jigga and J. Cole
Jay Electronica
Magic

Jeeeeesus
Uprisings in Egypt
The black Gods free up
The Land erupt

I hope one y'all is feelin me
Some of yall gotta wait til the final act of the trilogy to get it
Oh I get it
Niggas wanna hear me spit it
But I never take shots
Without establishing pivots

Itsy bitsy spider climbing up the water spout
Moses with his ra hit the staff and got the water out

Powerful parables
I learned from the lips of my uncle Charles comin outta the VA like Clipse

Now there's a whole wealth to dig thru

But yo shit it's too shallow for me to dig you

Feel me

Man these wack niggas kill me

The wordplay was sweet but the rhymes don't thrill me

You lose

Quit believing in the news

The Asiatic Blackman conveniently rude

Sincerely yours

The Most Global