

# 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