

# Venomous Box Jellyfish

MC Lars

Better not be taking my Lucky Charms  
I've got an army of scary creatures  
Stop taking yourself so seriously we put weird effects on the voice, WHAT?!  
Computer hip-hop

Yo, I'm more deadly than a venomous box jellyfish  
My poetry is hella sick, and relevant let's celebrate  
Forensic DNA is the way I murder tracks  
I'm iller than a killer on death row so watch your back  
Like Walt Whitman stacking stanzas damn it's awesome when it flows  
The hip-hop Henry Rollins starting moshpits at my shows (born this way)  
I'm a (monster) going (Gaga) do you want to take a ride?  
The ghost of Byron talks to me and helps me write my rhymes  
Like "Dnuorgrednu dedaeh M'i, srewes eht ni gnidih M'i"  
Translation: "I'm hiding in the sewers, I'm headed underground"  
And I'm alive, so glad we both can share this moment  
Lack of passion, don't condone it, like Em said you've got to own it  
I'm nice like Albert Einstein, a walking talking Stephen Hawking  
Dark matter, spit it faster, got these kids at home all rocking  
Horris Records, that's the label, so respect the competition  
Still swimmin at the Y because I'm frugal when I'm winning

I'm a venomous box jellyfish  
Box jellyfish! Box jellyfish, I'm hella sick  
Venomous box jellyfish  
Box jellyfish! Box jellyfish, I'm hella sick

Greenpoint, that's where my girl and I both stay  
Grill & Greens, copping lamb pitas like every single day (mmm)  
Peter Pan doughnuts, yo I go nuts for the coffee  
Spill it on my Moleskin journal cause sometimes I'm kind of sloppy (whoops)  
My homey Zack is working on his Ph.D (get it Zack)  
My homey Mike is working on his Ph.D (get it Mike)  
I got my masters in emceeing on these stages  
My generation is the greatest, someone had to say it!

On Monday, I'm writing rhymes  
On Tuesday, I'm writing rhymes  
On Wednesday, I'm writing rhymes  
On Thursday, I'm writing rhymes  
On Friday, I'm writing rhymes  
On Saturday, still writing rhymes  
On Sunday - that's the day I experiment with logic presets

Up in the New York Public Library  
I was workin on this song  
An old man to my right was on YouTube  
Watchin music videos and singin along  
Then this other guy got real mad  
and he yelled at the guy like "Dude shut up!"  
They started to fight but a cop broke it up  
I kept writing the whole thing was nuts!

On Sunday, I'm writing rhymes  
On Monday, I'm writing rhymes  
On Tuesday, I'm writing rhymes  
On Wednesday, I'm writing rhymes

On Thursday, I'm watching fights  
On Friday, I'm writing rhymes  
On Saturday, I'm writing rhymes  
Hey guess what? Still writing rhymes!

Let the fish breathe on this one  
Jellyfish [4X]  
I'ma let the fish breathe on this one  
Jellyfish [4X]

The internet has become this place for evil to dwell  
You understand me? People who blog, whoever  
No sense of reality, they just blog about you  
Don't even know you  
I got kids man that be readin stuff that ain't true 'bout they father  
You understand? I know you know  
Cause the people just blog, but you got to have  
some God, you got to have, a piece of you  
that holds you when all of it's bad  
I give God all the credit for my existance man  
For everything that I've ever become, because  
He, he man, pe-pe-people don't know  
[laughing] Oh boy