

Organic Machine

2 Skinnee J's

We've got mounds of sounds so buy them by the pounds or ounces
Countless are the pistons in this underweight V-8
With a force like a tornado we go
We're greater than the sum of our parts,
It starts
We arise from the peat moss
The inconceivable rapper brings the Special to the metal
And the artist, formerly known as Curious
Gave birth to J Guevara, the weird scientist
Dig the recital, it had to be that our anatomy was vital
The skinnee apparatus brings the ivy to the lattice
And the bigguns are enraptured by the people with the conch
The melodic symbiotic like the Geefel to the Gonk

Animal or mineral or something in between The organic machine

Hold up, let me just make this comment
We be universal like Haley's Comet
From our birth in the cradle of the earth
Where we spread civilization cross the nation bringing life to
the dead
Through poetry from zero gravity to subterranean
The rhyme in my mind to the brain in your cranium
This one's for my people's who come straight from the womb
With a box full of rocks and a bag full of boom
Stumpy, J Guevara, Mel and Special J
Spice, Andy Action, Eddie Eyeball, A-Mays

We've got vines of rhymes, we got roots of beats
We got kegs of pegs over magma heat
We've got engineers and their instruments
Blessed with supernatural intelligence
We've got hammers, spanners, springs and coils
Through 'em all into a pot and bring it up to a boil
So come down Skinnee crew
Time to get the job done
We don't need a holy grail, cause we've already got one