

"Using his axe, the executioner of worlds and at fantastic speed creating a blinding, spinning vortex, and Jane Foster is hurled into limbo, trapped in the misty shadows, of a nowhere world."

I launch a pencil through your central ventricle  
With tendrils and tentacles makin you a mental vegetable  
Biochemical, malpractice  
Mental sentinel known as Galactus, rippin through the whackness  
My molecular, structure, {fucked} your nebula  
Implode your lymph nodes through prototype replicas  
I'll smash your articles to particles, rap styles remarkable  
Words orbital, towards your cortical  
Programmed to rock, optic site panels flowin  
I'm triple majored in: astrophysics, rocket science and spot blowin  
Comprehension is critical  
My mental to digital sendin venomous visuals as reciprocals  
I reverse your retinas  
Take a look from within, Shay locks jaws like tetanus  
Optic paralysis, robo like Super Valkyrie  
My verbal alchemy blows you off the balcony  
I rock metaphors from here to Endor  
And stomp Ewok MC's like an AT-ST  
T-X three-zero-nine is Esoteric  
The Rebel Alliance medic kinetically wreckin genetics

Thrust my usable, 10 percent of brain to the maximum  
It's oozing out your audio like chewing mental laxatives  
But wait, for Beyond what you notice as conception  
I reverse digitize all my lazy eye contractions  
Through factions of London forces have me fallin down  
Dispersion of induced psychos and compounds, now  
MC's can't f\*\*k with these Godly complexities  
You know damn sure Beyonder thrashed the verbal section of his SAT's  
You drowning in half-empty glasses of cynical  
Lyric pumped from mic cords put in place of my umbilical  
See now I'm bonding to this bullshit that I'm hearing  
But to four fantastic kids that forming you is symbiotic beings  
Hidden from inter-molecular authors  
Whack-ass wax falls to it's knees like my girl Gwen Stacy's father  
Don't bother with mental power to withstand  
For lashing you be 36 megahertz and 6M megs of RAM  
Plus a tech wiz hard drive, that's compatible with Windows  
With a fat CPU, incubated in two test tubes  
If you had that hardware, wreck more certainly would your third iris  
But I'd infiltrate your floppies and download this simple virus

"With this before me, I become master of all mankind."

"I have given you master of the 30th century, and so evil one,  
I am free of my vow."