

"I've done, questionable things. Also extraordinary things.  
Revel in your time."

"Nothing the God of biomechanics wouldn't let you in heaven."

Check the, verbal psoriasis  
Probe lyrical shrink rap kids like psychiatrists  
I'm fryin this, molten lava burns mics  
My sperm spiked with termites, ill tongued like germ dykes  
Super informational turnpike, I burn stripes  
And rock Nikes, the spot's tight  
My thoughts ride up, chickenhead bitches, like cockfights  
Parasites strike like neon lights through your eyesights  
Hybrid images switches fear left and right  
So you could never see this, the darker side of genius  
Turn your stomach squeamish tryin to duplicate my genes kid  
I mean this, my whole team hit you 'til you done  
Seamus the next one, tell 'em how you rock it son

"Allow me to show you, hero."

We take it to your face like jaundice, accomplish  
Raps damn Gods like Pontius, rocket launchers  
Accomplish, less than I when I manifest the fly  
Rapper test the guy, and leave 'em there to die  
My cohorts rock lo sport and like dress codes take no shorts  
We flame lanes like a blowtorch  
As time elapses your brain collapses  
Galactus'll tear these whack rappers for practice  
You access, the Eso-terical icon  
My mic's strong, I battle stars like a Cylon  
From Galactica, L-E-X the manufacturer  
Astromech vernacular initiates the massacre  
Punishin republicans and blastin off  
Havin robot visions like Isaac Asimov

Attack crab Gods like rabid dogs, check the sabotage  
When I the googleplex be the odds, bet you camouflage  
I got heads ringin, swingin on the rings of Saturn  
It's platinum, before we ever brought the shit to DAT son  
You can't imagine, the section, that this cat's from  
The bastard son, I hold tongues for ransom  
So enter my sector, the vector, fly rhyme connector  
Saturatin tracks with my nectar  
Disconnect your, kneecap from your fibula  
Distribute the perpendicular skills that could cripple ya  
To shit on the, ordinary organisms  
Cause we as mechanisms rise above human skepticism  
Yo, this is KARMA the Snakecharmer  
Seamus the God Awful, knahmsayin, God Complex  
Beyond on the track, takin out the whack, yeah believe that

"There's a 68.71 percent chance that you're right." - MCP, "Tron"