

You want to know why? Because I'm
Dead messengers buried in their Melvin shirts
Awoken as reanimated mummies from the sepulcher
Anonymous and secular and ribbons and exposed brain
Roll with grown men who still use code names
Fold crawl space on the SS coat tails
Might chase six legs through his oatmeal
Oh dear, no pet seat his own homework
Pet cruise cobble step shoes that are bone bugs
Holmes, sick to the fishbone cone
My yellow brick shtick ain't tip toe prone
It's a misthrown sticky bomb slipping off the fingers
wrong
Any blips you're witnessing are living in the Sigma
laws
Blip, blip, dag, these ghosts need a doctor
Shelter, clean Dunlops on a walker
She sells sea shells he, draws revenge
Plots on a chalkboard, watch what you walk toward

Blip krieg got fat
Rock shot 'till he kiss green time lapse
Block cheddar blitzkrieg climax
Spring clean hijack, bring me my axe

Girl: What are you doing up there?
Guy: Stealing, I'm a weekend burglar
Girl: I'm on my lunch break, you want to help me kill
half an hour?
Guy: No..

I'm laying in a cut over stuff from a bad meal
Staring at the sun, on my back like a fat seal
Debating with myself about whether not rap's real
Cause broke motherfuckers are the only ones that have
skill
Everybody got intentions that they can't reveal
Major label ax got to act like they don't have deals
Claiming grassroots, I'm like "hell no
Your buzz is as organic as Monsanto."
I'm going at your beanstalk, ax in hand
Over a beat bought Aes Rock, that's my man
People sleeping still believing that we haven't
expanded
But that's just a small part of the master plan, bitch
Printnificent, shining 'till your skin chafe
Write until the pen ache, reclining by a big lake
I'm only winning cause I went in an gettin' waked
Chillin' at the crib by the time you get your shit
straight

You suppose robots would enjoy listening to music?
You'd think that if robots are electronic creations
they
Enjoy listening to electronic music
You think you can create a scientific symphony
We'd not only send to our metal friends but

Would also be fascinating to human ears
You already have the on the other side of the
record
I can't wait to hear it

Witty with a drum change queue
Cherries in the mirror of his Mustang too
Took his thang from the South to the rocking Hooters
Bought her wangs and a round, then he chopped and
screwed her
Cops say they'd get him so he thumbed his nose up
Petal to the metal, leave them dunked in donuts
Stuck on "so what?" from the aged Tequila
When he drove into the back of an eighteen-wheeler
Basic leader, camp is cardboard
The jet chooses raps to advance their shark soar
Park for my cordial stingers
Address you crossly, corporal clinger
Attention all freaks with newer footing
My radio is not played by Cuba Gooding
Who's assuming that the man's a block boy
Cause he keep his fam happy with lots of Bok Choy

[Hook]