

They told me I'm few and far between like oasis to the wilderness  
I'm still a mess but I climb it like a duplex  
Oooh yes! Baby I'm gritty and I'm Fabolous  
I'm pretty stupid, dumb enough to ask a fella "Can-I-Bus?"  
I ran, I rushed, I played it like a cello string  
Barely get hellos in the morning but we wrestling  
AM to the PM I'm preparing for the execution  
Stop bein sexist cause you weak as hell (I'm gonna do this fo' sho')  
I got the tent up in my hood with the chicken and the tater salad  
Listen and you'll make it past this  
Christian name, not quite a Christian rapper  
Wait until I'm finished, make yo' silly comments after  
Grown woman, not quite a girl rapper  
You only bustin open a book, learn the chapters  
Rapid fire comes the path to ghetto life  
And that's word to LP, I sleep when you fertilized  
I'm a, street talker, ghetto chemist  
You ain't a starter; I ain't finished  
Look at me boy, in my eyeballs  
You ain't pullin shit! This is my stall  
I'm a beauty, I'm a beast  
I'm as stingy as I wanna be, I'ma fest  
You're a fish in a school of whales  
And baby school won't be the only thing you fail, you fail

I'm a, street talker, ghetto chemist  
You ain't a starter; I ain't finished boy  
You only bustin open a book, learn the chapters  
There once was a boy, his name was Jack  
He changed it to Rip so that he could rap  
There were those who observed to memorize what they heard  
They enjoyed the rhymes and the sounds of the words  
Such glorious poetry interwoven into code  
Rip had written something that would never grow old  
On the night of the Ripper's Eve  
Little boys and girls would sit with crossed knees and begin to read  
about lights in the sky, little green men with big eyes  
Their short size is only a disguise  
Sipping hot cocoa slow in the middle of the snow  
If you can spit a flow, then off to Ripperland we go  
Any +Quantum of Solace+ is brolics, Germaine Bond is modest  
I wrote my first doctorate in confinement  
Between the choices I have made and choices made for me  
Reminds me of a story I should tell you in the morning  
I moistened my fingers and turned the page  
I must say, you're very sophisticated for your age  
I'm amazed you never have to be told to behave  
You raise your hand to speak and respond to your name  
I remember... the day I had changed  
The way I was struck by lightening in the rain  
Maybe some other time I'll tell you what I became  
I can tell you that I've waned in the pain of my shame  
It is written in books and carved into skin  
It is etched into every metaphor from within  
[Chorus - repeat 2X]