

# Cholesterol

Cannibal Ox

Yeah, what, Vast Aire,; Shell Shock..  
It's that gravy, you know what I'm saying?  
This goes out to my beloved Family of Atoms  
(That's my word, I love them)  
This goes out the Indelible MC's - you know they STAY unmovable  
This goes out to Bay of Pigs Hail rock  
Power Kingdom, last but not least  
Golden Money Clan, You know T-1, a.k.a. Shell Shock, c'mon  
And I'm Vast Aire - 'nuff said

Now, let us build upon this issue  
If the Highway to Heaven is narrow, then sinners acts as fat tissue  
And as one can see, I have no space!  
But I remain on the positive scale-weight of the galaxy  
What, you wanna fix fallacy?  
You can run around the world twice chasin' chastity  
What in the Hell possessed you? Don't you know I m Cannibal?  
That means when I'm rhyiming that I get down to the bone gristle  
I start lickin' my fingertips in the cipher  
See, naturally, I'm higher than  
That's right, above any (any) homegrown  
THC Herbal[???]provider  
But that's beside the point  
Tell me who's gonna hold the weight?  
I can't wait any longer  
I'm ready to hold plates with Jehovah  
Using Neptune's fork, telling Zeus to move over  
I'm here before dinner  
Clearing the Periodic Table of Elements off  
Then I'm supplying a tablecloth  
Yo, you can catch me, analog mic hog  
I can't feel rhythms without cholesterol  
After all, you must learn to  
Examine the appetite  
Within the nuclei  
Within the presence of the omnivore's eye  
That is I  
And when sunlight shines off my throat  
We call it the solarflex larynx lorax smoke  
For the trees

This is real life, and I'm Vast Aire  
I usually speak for calories[???]

Skinny MC's trying to start somethin'  
Bulimic MC's trying to throw something up  
I can fondle around the outskirts of diets  
A donut at midnight ain't nuttin'  
I'm a glutton!  
Now let's build upon this issue  
If the Highway to Heaven is narrow, then sinners acts as fat tissue  
And as one can see, I have no space!  
But I remain on the positive scale-weight of the galaxy  
What' you wanna fix fallacy?  
You can run around the world twice chasin' chastity  
  
And all that - you nah'mean?

It's T-1 and Vast Aire  
The bassline is like biscuits and gravy, nah'mean?  
Yo I'm Vast Aire, I'm not a hard MC  
I'm not a hard MC - I'm Vast Aire  
I'm not a hard MC - I'm difficult

I'll stand up brewin' hot pots of piety hip-hop  
The gluttony inside of me won't stop  
Yo, it won't stop  
If you can't have your cake and eat it, you never had it  
Anyway, plus it ain't even your birthday gimme that!  
Now you cramped up my flow has that ability  
You should have waited 30 minutes to press play  
Oh, you'e a fad MC? Well if you don't say  
You grab at the mic, and all I see is a ribcage  
Vast is the vitamin MC you never believed in  
So I vanished you, due to malnutrition  
MCs are too bloated  
Thought they were fat but they only retained water  
You know them the sluggish type, they get led to the slaughter  
Is you fugeze?  
The Ethiopians praise me  
The Black god chubby thoughts and a chubby belly  
You feelin me? (YEAH!) You feelin me? (YEAH!)  
Do you wanna hear a little more? (HELL YEAH!)  
The beautiful balance of life  
You don't want me to sit on the other end of the see-saw  
'Cause you're afraid you might see more  
You might see more

T-1, he up on it, you know what I'm sayin'?  
Yo, I'm Vast Aire I been on it  
Vordul, he up in here... uh, what?

[ad libs and samples until end]