

# Earth

## Evil Nine

It is cold, airless, forbidding.  
The very precision of its operation, like a surrealistic dream.  
We can measure it's movement and depth,  
but our minds cannot fathom it's spiritual geometry.  
There are those among who can comprehend it's physical forces,  
but in the inner structure of our beings, we have not yet digested it's meaning.

You get no mercy if you're innocent,  
no Viagra if you're impotent,  
no education if you're ignorant,  
Keep your head though if you're diligent.  
My finger's on the red button.  
(Punk)

You don't really wind up and start something,  
You don't really wind up and start something,  
You don't really wind up and start something,  
My finger's on the red button.  
{Repeat chorus}

So you want me to fuck around and display,  
mental array of rhymes, metaphors, word play?

No Tocky, just keep it rocking 'til the beat stops kid,  
just spare the lives of the innocent, 'cos someone's gotta live.

When I spit it's like a dirt bike,  
my words take flight,  
gritty and muddy, Tom-style it's just liiike a box of tricks,  
a box of hits, tool-box pop your lips, Tom-style,  
box you in, got the sound box, got you,  
desire the nanny, in a ring-box, Tom-style,  
box of chenny, box you up,  
put you in to storage, with some more shit.

I'm getting you dazzled E's, back from focus,  
I consume the beat like a swarm of locusts,  
I'm on this beat like a evil parasite,  
watch me blood up your spinal, I'm in the mood tonight,  
making moves like Kneivil, jump you with the mic,  
I'm in the mood to hype, yo these rhymes are medievil,  
in the mood to fight, yo the evil crew link mate,  
it's evil nine tonight with the shadowless dark arts.

Tripping through the light, lyrics burst and ricochet,  
I stand up - get slapped,  
all of you pussies and saps, pansies and twats,  
shallow characteristics,  
I got a dropkick for all of you pinpricks.

Yo mind-smiths puzzling like Ludo,  
don't even grab you still yo,  
taking space even on my own or with my crew so,  
you know better than to start with some shit bro,  
grab you like a whirlpool, take you down low,  
always wanting me to display skills and let it show like Thor,  
thunderous style, hammering or blows, like barbarians,

clubbing down all of my foes,  
one punch, rock your dome, blood your nose.

I got a big-arse stardom with multiple hoes,  
shorty-ass sprinklers, wet my bulbs yo,  
blood-sucking vampires think you've got the go,  
no no no please don't bite -that's the blow,  
cos wifey notices that shit, yeah you know,  
I rock the heat so I can ice the show,  
moody black beats with hyped tempos,  
still spitting hard at the land yo,  
I'm on go, my mind's very alert,  
I never shirk, prepared to put in the work,  
mentally running until my head hurts,  
mental head-splurt,  
banging out beats that hurt your network.