

# One

Eyedeia

This world is my cave  
And the cave molds the background  
Of a picture painted by you

(Distorted lyrics that are hard to understand)

Hey yo it's time  
(Yeah it's time)  
Yeah it's time  
(Hey yo it's time)  
Hey yo it's time

It's time to clean MTV outta your ears  
And listen up like a good student  
Eyedeia and Abilities is here to turn robotic sheep back into humans  
I gotta speak so the facts get heard  
I collapse the last fractured nerve  
This is much more than just your average rapper's words  
Acid burns and laughter hurts  
The passengers to my head flight  
Dead right if a clash occurs that ass get served  
Better luck next life  
I plaster germs on the wall of shame  
Cause their songs are all the same  
Playin, talkin how you platinum on the first record you ever made  
And the underground MCs these days don't seem to make the grade  
Too busy bein bitter bout they're situation  
To create a greater way to break their chains  
To that phase (?)  
And I don't trust the mangey mutt label  
Pets talkin dog shit  
I'll break your neck frame your nuts  
And hang them up in your boss's office  
See me auction off hits easy  
For low prices  
I flow nicest  
Write at night to fight off poltergeists  
Catapulted by some iris (?)  
The hopeful light is the virus of the whole crisis  
Souls like this collide with logic and modestly deposit  
Metaphysical greetings  
And I didn't come alone  
Abilities annihilates the Techs while I wreck the microphone  
We're in your zone to keep your earth warm  
And give you what you thirst for  
This is Turntablism and Lyricism  
Imperialism  
First Born