

Dune Methane

Hieroglyphics

Rappers sellin out for the money and fame
But I just keep on dune methane
Dee dee da da dee dee dane
I just keep on dune methane

They only know colonial ways
Anything that my homie okays
is all right these days
Display recklessness whose tek is this
Pointed in the window of ya coupe Lexuses
Follow me on my Exo dust
My poetics will earn the respect of thus
An individual crushing hypocritical nothings
Like aluminum cans
Put me on the mic and I'm doomin em
Operation: MC Intimidation
Occupation: rock the place then leave relieved
The masta John, large like a mastodon
In charge of the class Cas is on
Some whole new shit than you bastards on
Bitten my old style while smash was gone
My infallible flows will swallow you wholes
Rappin bout cars and clotes you need to kill it

I'm voices in your subconscious, knots in your intestines
Crescent moon attack stance if you glance at the mic
I'm unlike all types
Can't master breakin necks cause they need more gigabytes
I hit em twice...iced em, cold like liquid nitrogen
They need vitamins and ginseng
If you fencing with these you get stabbed in the heart
Me, I'm like the Highlander
Tapping the soul of my enemies, capturing their energies
Disappear from the stage like the vanisher
Grabbin the mic and drive a spike right through the center
For these niggaz all sequenced up like the spinners
I get the crowd high like paint thinners
And watch me cruise, crackle and splinter
They can't tackle the impenetrable sound
Sciences of Hieroglyphics even with assault rifles
And silencers, M-16s ain't hitting nothing
When we corrupting rappers
Togetherness like alpha flight when we write
The unmistakable interaction in your ears, outta sight
Fightin in a circle, we workin the mic 2 deep
Pass that mothaf**ka so I can sink my teeth in
Center myself, then I walk through the flames
AKA The Mangler, feelin no pain
No stranger to the danger room I'm into
Meditation, blood coursing through my veins
So the thoughts came interlaced with the taste of victory
I'm slippery, rippin these niggaz apart
From start to finish...and it don't stop (Keep on)

Put Toure on the mixer, smooth as an elixir plus
The ??? flows of us
Get a glorious response you're boring next to John

I'm the only individual not capable of having a prime-time
Can't capture this rapper from this present day backwoods
To the depths of iniquity no one can get with me
I used to battle Socrates rockin these same styles
Inventor of math and science, holdin my style
Showin defiance to the gangsta jargon you barkin
Metaphysically sparkin in psyche when mic's in my face
??? to blow up the place
A striver, I'm the MacGyver of the black race
The unforgettable prestigious speeches
Manifested by the northwestern regions