

# Hyperdermix

## Inspectah Deck

Yo, the bare facts make 'em take Flight like Air Max  
Hyperdermix raps, share it and you'll both have tracks  
Dope man supply fire to wax, push your wigs back  
Hit ya like a tall cat, make ya relapse  
Never before have ya ever heard this level of raw  
My metaphors touch down like the hammer of Thor  
Knee deep into the war, sirens and gats roar  
Livin life, ragin bull, life's the matador  
I soar, above the law, branded illegal  
They still rush my door 'cause I'm power to the people  
Sharp as an eagle's claw, certified lethal  
Keanu Reeves can't match the Speed I exceed to  
Crash the party, make 'em jump like KenEvil  
I take cash in advance and blast off on retrieval  
"Check the bangin sounds that I invent, marvelous...  
Check--check, marvelous...  
Check the bangin--the bangin sounds that I invent" -> Ghostface Killah  
Yo, yo  
I can't, won't, don't stop rockin to the rhythm  
Droppin wisdom, for my niggas locked in prison  
For those on the streets, rock ir in your system  
One's restin in piece, in my heart ya livin  
Representin all those who ain't got a pot to piss in  
Went from small timer to a top position  
I'm not kiddin, so what? Radio's not mixin  
While shots whistlin, niggas on my block listen  
to the Uncontrolled, mentally hold you P.O.W.  
Comin through, ain't no good, ain't no love for you  
Cameleons play the wrong side of the fence  
Switchin like Clark Kent when the drama commence  
Ladies and gent's, my poetry's beyond intense  
Find me in the trench, while you hold your spot on the bench  
Best invest in me, favored heavenly  
I.N.S., address me, as your excellency  
Successfully defendin my belt with first rounders  
Where close friends get treated the same as out-of-towners  
"Check--check--check--check the bangin sounds that I invent...  
Check--check--check--check--check--check...  
Check the bangin--the bangin--the bangin...  
The bangin sounds--sounds that I invent" -> Ghostface Killah  
Jurassic insides, I rise above the norm'  
Urban icon, ridin on the eye of the storm  
Veteran form, spaz like memories of 'nam  
Duckin bombs on the rendezvous with Miss Saigon  
Calm assassin, showin my face so they can know  
When on Beatstreet, I paint a picture like Raymo  
On the lay-low, makin dough, aimin to blow  
Got away to go, so I'm just takin it slow  
>From the Shao' borough, throwin the thoroughbred flow  
Echoin in the ghetto, throughout the metro  
'Bout to let it go, give me some room to elbow  
Watch bitches stick to a nigga like velcro  
Yo, the plan is to grap what I can within my reach  
Expand like the crystal white sands that fill the beach  
With my hand on the piece, one eye is on the beast  
Through the rhyme I teach history class and move the mass  
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One's restin in piece, in my heart ya livin \*echo\*  
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