

## Exhibit C

Jay Electronica

When I was sleepin' on the train  
Sleepin' on Meserole Ave out in the rain  
Without even a single slice of pizza to my name  
Too proud to beg for change, mastering the pain  
When New York niggas were calling southern rappers lame  
But then jacking our slang  
I used to get dizzy spells, and hear a little ring  
The voice of an angel telling me my name  
Telling me that one day I'mma be a great mane  
Transforming with the Megatron Don spittin out flames  
Eatin' wack rappers alive, shittin' out chains

I ain't believe it then, nigga I was homeless  
Fightin', shootin dice, smokin weed on the corners  
Tryna find the meaning of life in a corona  
Till the 5 percenters rolled up on a nigga and informed him  
You either build or destroy, where you come from?  
The Magnolia projects in the 3rd ward slum  
Its quite amazing that you rhyme how you do  
And how you shine like you grew up in a shrine in Peru  
Question 14, Muslim Lesson 2, dip diver, civilize a 85er  
I make the devil hit his knees and say the "Our Father"  
Abracadabra!

You rockin with the true and living  
Shot out to Lights Out, Joseph I, Chewy Bivens  
Shout out to Baltimore, Baton Rouge, my crew in Richmond  
While y'all debated who the truth was like Jews and Christians  
I was on Cecil B, Broad Street, Master, North Philly, South Philly, 23rd  
Tasker, 6 mile, 7 mile, Hartwell, Gratiot  
Where niggas really would pack a U-haul truck up  
Put the high beams on  
Drive up on the curb at a barbecue and hop out the back like what's up  
Kill a nigga, rob a nigga, take a nigga, bust up  
That's why when you talk the tough talk I never feel ya  
You sound real good and you play the part well  
But the energy you givin off is so unfamiliar  
I don't feel ya

Nas hit me up on the phone, said what you waitin on?  
Tip hit me up with a tweet, said what you waitin on?  
Diddy send a text every hour on the dot sayin  
When you gon drop that verse nigga you taking long  
So now I'm back spittin that he could pass a polygraph  
That Reverend Run rockin Adidas out on Hollis Ave  
That FOI, Marcus Garvey, Niki Tesla  
I shock you like an eel, electric feel, Jay Electra

They call me Jay Electronica  
Fuck that  
Call me Jay ElecHannukah  
Jay ElecYarmulke  
Jay ElectRamadaan  
Muhammad Asalaamica RasoulAllah  
Subhanahu wa ta'ala through your monitor  
My uzi still weighs a ton, check the barometer  
I'm hotter than the muthafuckin' sun, check the thermometer  
I'm bringing ancient mathematics back to modern man

My momma told me never throw a stone and hide your hand  
I got a lot of family, you got a lot of fans  
That's why the people got my back like the Verizon man  
I play the back and fade to black and then devise a plan  
Out in London, smoking, vibin' while I ride the tram  
Givin' out that raw food to lions disguised as lambs  
And, by the time they get they seats hot  
And deploy all they henchmen to come at me from the treetops  
I'm chillin out at Tweetstock  
Building by the millions  
My light is brilliant