

Shiny Suit Theory

Jay Electronica

I'm sailing on a cloud they trailing below
My shrink told me it's a feeling they don't ever know
I pack up all my sins and I wear them to the show
And let 'em go, let 'em go, let 'em go, let 'em go
I'm sailing on a cloud they trailing below
My shrink told me it's a feeling they don't ever know
I pack up all my sins in every L that I blow
And let 'em go, let 'em go, let 'em go, let 'em go

In the land before time
A land before altar boys, synagogues and shrines
Man was in his prime
Look how far I go in time just to start a rhyme
The method is sublime you get blessed with every line
I'm in touch with every shrine from Japan to Oaxaca
The melanated carbon-dated phantom of the chakras
Me and Puff, we was chilling in Miami
He said: "Nigga fuck the underground you need to win a Grammy
For your mama and your family
They need to see you shined up
You built a mighty high ladder, let me see you climb up
Nigga what you scared of?
Terrorize these artificial rap niggas and spread love
Pollenate they ear buds
Like you supposed to, spit it for the culture
Pay no attention to the critics and the vultures
They rather have a shot of Belvy just to spite you
They casting judgments cause they feel they got the right to
Fuck them! I let the dice roll like the father did
I gotta shine it's in my blood I'm a Harlem kid
I treat my babies right, treat my ladies ladylike
Hit them with a remix to make sure that they play me twice
I thought you said it's the return of the black kings
Luxurious homes, fur coats and fat chains"

In this manila envelope the results of my insanity
Quack said I crossed the line between real life and fantasy
Can it be the same one on covers with Warren Buffet
Was ducking the undercovers, was warring with motherfuckers?
Went from warring to Warren, undercovers to covers
If you believe in that sort of luck your screws need adjusting
In the world of no justice and black ladies on the back of buses
I'm the immaculate conception of rappers-slash-hustlers
My God it's so hard to conceive
But it all falls perfect I'm like autumn is to trees
The doc interrupted, he scribbled a prescription for some Prozac
He said: "take that for your mustard, boy
You must be off your rocker
If you think you'll make it off the strip before they 'Pac ya
Nigga you gotta be psychotic
Or mixing something potent with your vodka
It takes a lot to shock us
But you being so prosperous is preposterous
How could this nappy headed boy from out the projects
Be the apple of America's obsession?
You totally disconnected with reality
Don't believe in dreams

Since when did black men become kings"