

# The Shiny Suit Theory

Jay Electronica

One two, one two

Uh, yeah

I'm sailing on a cloud, they trailing below

My shrink told me it's a feeling they'll never know

I pack up all my sins and I wear 'em 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'll never know

I pack up all my sins and 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

Your melonated, carbon-dated, phantom of the Chakras

Me and Puff, we was chilling in Miami

He said "N-gga f-ck 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 n-ggas and spread love

Pollinate the 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 cast the judgments 'cause they feel they got the right to"

F-ck 'em, I let the dice roll like my 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 'em with a remix, then 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't it be the same, went on covers with Warren Buffett

Was ducking the undercovers, was warring with mothaf-ckers

Went from warring to Warren, undercovers to covers

If you believe in that sort of love, 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

Uh, 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,

N-gga 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 project

Be the apple of America's obsession?  
You totally disconnected with reality, don't believe in dreams  
Since when did black men become kings?  
You have no idea  
The means to what I say  
And you have no idea  
Of how I got this way

Now, fear my dreams  
And by the time you wake  
I'll look down from the clouds  
See, I'm on my way