

## Kill Screen

Jean Grae

This is rebel shit  
Mojave rock  
Got polyglots, who'll molly whop you til yo body pop  
I'm never sick, when my temperature drop, it's 7 up  
105.6 hell, praise the rock  
I ain't a savior, just your neighbor like amazing Peter  
Minus the spider bite, the webs, the aunt and uncle neither  
But save the reasoning, the need to tuck the dynamite  
To even up the nonbelievers  
Man humble season was cool, sure  
But now I'm seeing North Shore faces, are y'all sure  
Well turn around and walk four paces  
I'll walk forth five, y'all 86'ed in all cases  
I'm the figure 8 sideways, always, ageless  
Y'all in the club aimless, blind, spades shit  
My time and space mix, record a rhyme on spaceships  
You way behind like you caught a ride on a slave ship  
I'm the modern anomaly, brazen Amelie, faceless  
Representing the basement, raised up, cage less  
Limitless, reminiscent of rapists  
Boundaries?  
Got none, rock, paper, shotgun  
Achtung, baby not an A.D.D 80's baby I'm not from  
Rated G catering eras, I was the type of New Yorker  
Rhyming at night in the park and hiding a knife in hair and  
Even though mama was careful, I would be fighting so often  
Finding the light in dark, was time and just life in the mirror  
Reflection infinite, Escher  
In the end  
We r who we r uhhh