

We've just landed
Alright send a search party out
Duh, don't get caught up on this planet man
These humans are crazy
Just don't even show them your microphone
Cause then you know what?
They wanna give you a record deal and then
You end up dead you know what I mean?
It's like body snatchers
But you know what?
We love hip hop
Stop, please stop please
Okay here we go

Holding my raps
Olden is golden and black
Extolling virtues of rap
With monkeys riding my back
I see them falling
Doing commercials and balling
I'm not a hater but she's closing the gate
And we stalling
Woke up in the early morning
I heard a voice that showed me the things to come
And told me I had a choice
To build it 300 cubits by 50 cubits
Driking thinking I'm stupid but deep in my heart I knew it
Money and fame could lead to emcee murder
You think you can escape but you can't take it any further
You call it writer's block
But you stop cause the vine is empty
Hip hop's not dead, it's really the mind of the emcee

It's all around me
It's emcee murder
Though God has found me
I thought I heard the
Sound of a thousand angels
It's the sound of danger
Know myself but I'm still a stranger
Emcee murder, emcee murder (oh)

I'll be damned if I do
And damned if I don't
My soul won't allow me to fake on the phone
Rocking the chrome
Another seed gets sown
Anonymous, I'm hailin from parts that's unknown
I looked to the heavens above to spread love
But emcees keep faking hoping to make the bacon
Matters mistaken, cause who we are is not physical
Bury mystical with the mind non typical
But, they want the cash flow
They steady scheming for the number one spot
These emcees they won't last though
I really feel somebody's watching me
From the third the star and telling us who we are

In this universe we like a speck of dust
You can't expect to trust man is living for the lust
Everybody wants the eye in the sky to come and save us
But maybe, the planet itself will terminate us with the