

## Fantastique

k-os

Yo, uh uh uh uh uh  
This is the mission out a small time thing  
Let me tell you bout what happened when the phone went  
I was chillin' at the crib with this girl named Wise  
She was kissin' my brain, caressin' my third eye  
When the phone rang, I couldn't believe it  
Told myself to forget it, ignore it, leave it  
But just when things started goin' great  
It rang again, I said hold up, wait  
Picked up the phone, "Yeah who the hell is this?"  
Somebody said, "This is serious business  
Hip hop is dyin' it's all Darth Vader  
So pick up your mic and swing your light sabre."  
The Skywalker, the fly talker from the T-dot  
We got, beats and lyrics to get you up  
Kick in the door, wavin' my ASR  
Who got my back? In fact it's Figure Four  
I keep it raw, cross the city just like gore  
Rappers are claimin' to be hardcore  
But never no more

Some just lost, they floss they don't get it  
When I fall off things I'm quick to admit it  
If you love this life I know you'll get with it  
Cause all in all it's fantastique  
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There's only two digits; zero and number one  
But some get fooled by countin' bullets in a gun  
I make a run, with that renegade Red 1  
We so close you can figure us cousins  
So step up if you want to get taxed  
Hip hop used to be black, but now it laxed  
The brick cause they mostly spit like demonology  
My psychology not dependant on pimpology  
Cause pimps just react to things, men make em happen  
This rappin' dedicated to soul clappin'  
If you got soul, than The Infinite's in control  
Stop using mine, people to legitimize  
Youself cause you raped the Earth and tell lies  
My man positive intelligent and wise  
I don't suck energy son, I energize  
This is dedicated to make it live, bring it back