

# Neutroniks

k-os

Yo, (here we go, come on)  
Greetings to you all (here we go, come on)  
We came millions of miles to be here with you tonight (here we go, come on)  
And we're gonna bring a man up to the microphone right now (here we go, come on)  
And goes by the name of uh, well he doesn't know (check it out come on yo)

Shape shiftING, uplifTING, lyrical vein here to terminate the bling bling  
Six million ways to live, choose none  
The devil's both left and right confuSION  
A new sun, a new earth has begun  
Metabolical rates are changING, rearranGING  
This rhyme is entertainING and visually stimulating like an impressionist painting  
Ooh, yo come follow me, what's the definition of a real MC?  
Is it looking hard on MTV?  
Or freestyling in a back street all-ey?  
Muhammad, it's the return of the common  
I'm bombing these rappers and dropping a hip hop megatron  
From king street to eglinton, we don't run  
Cause when they got a mic, there's no need for a gun

And it don't stop, and it don't quit  
It's all fortified so jump on it  
And to my people if you love your life, forget the strife  
We rock from night, until morning

Get your back up off the wall  
Can't afford to miss the boat when they call

If you think about a thought, then you'll see that you're timeless  
House the rhymeless, they're asleep like Linus  
I find this, very stimulating to the mind  
But drives me crazy at the same time  
Am i this or that? human or black?  
Extra terrestrial or right side of the tracks?  
In fact, the shoes itself could be confusive  
Here's a little story from the time that's illusive  
I knew a girl by the name of roxanne, met her in eighty-six  
At the local band stand  
New tracks, suit, fat laces white sneakers  
Moving to the sound coming out of the speaker  
Last week around queen and john, i saw her at the corner with a business suit on  
I said "what's up girl? you still check the vibe?  
Remember de la soul? diamond d? and the tribe?"  
She said "no, no, i just don't listen  
That stuff on the radio is not to transmission  
Same beat, same lyrics, same song  
I listen to my old school tapes to get it on"  
I said "word up girl? i know what you mean  
It seems we're all trapped in the glitz and the gleam  
The truth's just hidden for now, so don't sweat it  
So here's a cassette" and then i jettied!

Come inside, there's no use hiding  
Come inside, the sun is high

Get your back up off the wall  
Can't afford to miss the boat when they call

High, high, high, high, high, high, high, high  
High, high, high, high, high, high, high, high

Come inside, there's no use hiding  
Come inside, the sun is high