

We're all chemicals, vitamins and minerals  
Vicodin with inner tubes, wrapped around the arm  
To see the vein like a chicken on the barn  
Top Cat chat, let's begin another yarn  
That's flying saucer cheese, or is it chicken parm'?  
But roosters don't fly like boosters don't buy  
So what powers cowards to get them to the top  
Just to fall asleep listening to Bach?  
The ribbon in the sky is the ribbon that I drop  
Dribbling the eye across the prism of a clock  
That lacks meaning, but racks up stacks of fat reading  
They catch chief and wrapped up plants from trap dealings

Now what's a coffin with a scratched ceiling?  
And what's the talking without the match feeling?  
As buried living and cherry picking  
Every linen from your berry system  
Then proceed with the pack feeding  
When I was young I had visions of another world  
Sneaking looks at the porn stash of my brother Hurl  
Incense smoke made vortices and other curls  
Casting calls from porn films and ad space for rubber girls  
I like my pancakes cut in swirls  
Moroccan moles and undercover squirrels  
I like cartoons, southern cities with large moons  
Faith healers, ex-female drug dealers and art booms  
Apologize for my weird mix  
What taste like hot dogs and tear drips  
And looks like pantomime and clear bricks  
And smells like shotguns and deer piss  
They on their hunt, kinda salty that I'm going hard  
First part of a party, that I throw in parts  
One minute you're playing pool, next minute you're throwing darts  
But that's how you do with a party that you throw in bars  
I run the Gambit like I'm throwing cards  
From popular mechanics to overdosing hearts  
Paint cold pictures like Nova Scotia landscapes  
Nerd game make Mandelbrot sets when we handshake  
A word game back up plan that can dam lakes  
Backup the wordplay playing at the man's states  
Mean I can still be the man if the dam breaks  
And when the man brakes I'm reflectious, what they can't face  
My peers will still treat the mirror like it's a fan base  
The unfettered veteran, the eagle feathered man of medicine  
That hovers above cities like weather men  
And maybe weather woman  
Whatever better to tell ya weather comin'  
I prefer girls to reign all over the world

And not rain like, rain man or rain like rain dance  
Or rain like a slight chance of rain when it's raining  
Or rein like deer slaves to Santa Claus sleigh man  
But reign like Queens that reign over made man  
And not Queen like Queen killer, rhapsody bohemian Queen  
But Queen like white glove wave hand  
And not wave hand like it's a heat wave  
So you make a fan by waving your hand

I'm talking wave like you saying, "hey"  
Man, and not hay for horses and hoarse like you almost voiceless  
You gotta treat your vocal chords like it's a fortress  
And treat every single one of your words like reinforcements  
And especially when you're recording  
Cause that's the portion that's important  
When I was reporting that I was poor  
But now I'm more than  
It's still hooker heels on my sugar hills and sweet spots  
Crying shames, make margarita rims from cheap tops  
Deep plots in floor, the ceiling windows for my peep pots  
A little scene with the sickle swings to make the wheat drop  
And a hundred words for them hummingbirds that like to eavesdrop  
And fan out like peacocks with a parakeet that beat box  
So the sun rise when the beat drops  
And the sun dies when the beat stops...  
Then it unties, then it relocks  
Then it relapsed, then it detox  
Then heat back like a heat pack  
On his knee caps of the weak spot  
Cause he want what we got, like yeah

Then forge poetry like a young honorary Morrissey  
Then spit it to the golden locks thots who like their porridge all watery  
Not scorching nor sorbity  
From the steel orbitings, sorcerer, sorcery  
Coming down gorgeously  
Just like a Stacey Dash waterfall  
A more torturing, a water boarding Barbie doll  
A river of women like a Brazilian Carnival  
Swimming in feminine bikinis made out of barbasol  
Somebody give them the volleyballs  
If you love her, don't ever send her to Mally Mall's  
Homie if she lonely she might end up in Macauly's claws  
Coming out the closet over goblets down at Madri Gras  
The fame, champagne, walk of shame lobby call  
My reposition was black condition of activism  
Ammunition for abolition, missions attacking systems  
But they're not apt to listen, unless it's dropping on Activision  
Are we apps or are we bodies filled with apparitions  
Operating applications, stuck inside a Apple prison  
Chicken hack and download updates that lack religion

Or are we more... Than soil tainting, disloyal changelings  
Preoccupied with boy and Goyle chasing  
And foiling other's royal saintings?  
I sit back and watch the world through the eye holes in my oil paintings  
Uhhh!  
Ain't nothin' to it but to do it  
Unless you Virgin Mary, nothin' do it but the truest  
Believe all that unless you Jewish  
Life is not a dictionary, it's a thesaurus  
And I feel like a missionary to a clitoris  
The water bearer heir of traditions that I swear to never change  
My chair position or conditions of my porridge  
Submission for sedition against the religion of a chorus  
Keep them golden weave thieves out the motherfuckin' forest

As I perform a nerve storm  
I prefer my pictures in word form  
Bury the hatchet like how a bird born  
As I paint cold pictures like Kool-Aid facing condensation  
Having conversations with flavourful combinations

Slave to my concentration  
So that's oj da Juiceman meets oj with two hands  
And two gloves, that's too snug  
To judge who was, who drew blood

And, Lupe look at all these toucans  
In a cemetery full of tomahawkes  
Giving middle fingers to the pigeons doing somersaults  
Road runners don't fall off cliffs, they run across  
Anomalies by the colony, flukes by the reservoir  
Wildin' pursuers end up as poofs on the desert floor  
Levitating youths who know the truth of where the fountain hides  
Bucaraa Roof painting tunnels onto the mountain sides  
A thousand parts a pound of heart an ounce of eyes  
Announcing now the doubt in mouth pronounces a count of lies  
Chocula Counts by the count of 5, refrigerator roof full of animals and monsters  
Incinerator chutes and the manual for Contra  
Assorted memories from my childhood  
Absorbing energy from the wild woods  
Electronic combat Konami sign contract  
Chinese char killing cucarachas on contact  
Chicago spray gun aficionado  
Efficient spitting bridging divisions isn't Chicano  
Who's the Boss? If isn't Alyssa Milano  
Dudikoff, ninja mission into the Congo  
Polarize envy of the older guys  
Black obi, shinobi hittin' Kenno in the face with all my throwin' knives  
Sub-zero guiding, hiding, riding in the pack as well  
Sound village, Leaf village, wolf spirit, magic spells  
Dodging rain and catching hail  
Faces need samurais to catch the L  
Special research vessels made for catching whales  
Filet-o-fish ships sea-shepherded peppered with extra sails  
Rewrite history, liberty needs a better bell  
Maybe hotter irons and carbon fibres that never fail  
Smarter science mixed with a odd alliance of fairytale  
Or maybe just a metal pail that you hit with a steel tools  
To announce that you've had enough and dropping out of seal school  
Just like trout jumping out they house to let they gills cool  
Cuba-scuba couldn't take the temperature of my skill pool  
I said it feels cool to kill fools  
Slipping through the cracks like when you try to grill gruel  
Take no Viking water bottle and not following pill rules  
Will have you off of the throttle when you should be modelin' chill mood  
Roller skater maker or are you just cobblin' wheel shoes  
Overweight taster of kings food that kills crews  
Oblivious feather-  
weight baker who autographed cakes whenever his quill moves over your meal  
You simple as a Buddhist monk in a temple standing in some heel groove with  
the abbot, practising stillness  
Real still til he realizes his realness  
Defeat Samsara achieves nirvana and brilliance