

[Verse 1]

I rock spots with top-notch communication
On time like a stopwatch while others keep me waiting
Pop lock to a beat box while taking potshots at hard rocks
Who got their glocks cocked and what not
Flocks jock the man in the drop top that cops stop
Yesterday had the block locked, but then he got knocked
Talk chops like the microphones their home
But their ideas, their style and their life is monotone
In a flashback, it's all real instead of abstract
Should have been your own man instead of following the rat pack
Taken this instead of that path, calculate on that math
The writing's on the wall, graff style with cans and fat caps
The wind blows where it wishes, snakes are still viscous
World struggles for riches, rap lyrics still explicit
I kick it with the gifted, but everyone will miss it
They praise the man who built on the sand, but then it shifted
It's fatter than a lipid, we befriended the infinite
The cat who lived it, died, arose and then ascended
But heads still get lifted, they hear it then forget it
But they'll want to change their minds when it's finished

[Verse 2]

FM Radio is D.O. A., B, it's plain to see
It's N'Sync and LFO instead of NKOTB
It's all the same, CC you're A & R ASAP
And tell him MTV really ain't the place to be
See, I did some R & D when most where high on THC
And caught a vision in the form of Run DMC and BDP
Because KRS was the one before VH could get in line
Behind the music, but today it's really the music that's behind
I find T & A on NBC without a question
So I tune into PBS to try to teach my child a lesson
Cats run weapons from Route 66 to the BQE
I push my beliefs over beats in encoded mp3's
I praise G-O-D for the O2 I get to breathe
And for the way he reads my heart and my mind like ESP
While you communicate collectively, still you're all alone
Your world minus the most high is monotone