

[Verse 1:]

Excuse me, am I unsound because I sound uncomparably creative?  
Cause I create and expound astoundingly, is that why you're intimidated?  
I make my music for the few who can appreciate the extent of what I do  
My opinions on what's dope appropriately differ from you  
Like Gentiles differ from Jews, that's true  
But I wait my mailbox daily for a new Labkilik tape  
More crews should place weight on what you're saying when the mic's on  
Yo, if Pete Nice and Serch really do a reunion song  
I'm calling all the request shows yelling "3rd Bass is the bomb!!"  
I long for the days when being talented meant you were first  
The subculture remains the same but it seems the earth is reversed  
So I write scripts in pantomime, whip the cat of nine  
Spit the battle rhyme that shifts the paradigm  
Split space and time open to reveal I'm dope in any period  
On point like a pyramid in a myriad of rhyme styles.  
(are my methods unsound?)  
Cause I climb the Nile and swim the Ozarks  
Blend street smarts with prose with God-given skill but still  
My genetic strands don't come close to composing who I am  
Some will never understand this combination of child and man.

[Verse 2:]

Believe it or not, it's the blue-eyed believer in the Hebrew Messiah  
Yeshua, Elohim, intergalactical designer  
Divine like the Styler, eye on the prize like a fighter  
As I strike with the fist of righteousness to your orifice  
To the torturous who have tortured us with your audible lies  
I get you open with the hopes that I can open your eyes  
When I rise to the occasion like my name was Walter Payton  
Inflection of my tone makes certain points hit home  
Roam from here to Italy  
Such a deep impact on hip-hop you'd think maybe a comet was hitting me  
Spitting ill soliloquies in a symphony of similes  
Connected with the Sphere cause I can't stand this industry.  
(are my methods unsound?)  
I'm tired of floods of words without a single drop of reason  
Tired of cats that change styles like the seasons  
They're still rhyming monotone directly on the metronome now  
If I battle you in the forest and you fall is there a sound?

[Verse 3:]

Like a 6 step to a windmill to a headspin combination  
We move from notebooks to tapes to the ears of my congregation  
Through tears of aggravation, from another generation come my peers  
Or maybe from a completely different galaxy  
I burn fallacies like calories but still the fattest at mastering musical alchemy  
Sniping radio rap stars from the balcony  
Funny how crystal clearly I'm thinking  
But my ideas are shared by no man  
At least none that have spoken up this point  
But my broken record of a mind hits the same groove repeatedly  
I touch on subjects that need to be addressed but who's feeling me?  
I'm stealing the intellect of astrophysicists  
A brain surgeon lyricist  
As ill as this is who'll hear and understand me?

I wonder will He open the souls and minds eyes of the lost before I exhaust  
my duration  
If it costs my life, my mind, my music, my very reputation  
My God will see my oddities as perfectly honed talents  
The world seems bound by evil now but I'll bow my head to tip the balance