

Check
Check
Check it out

Welcome to the outrageous, contagious
Style from Mr. Lif that amazes
Melts down polar caps with solar raps
When I drop hits, your shoulder snaps
For eight weeks you're doing that sling thing
Cause I was doing my Emperor Ming thing
Merciless, flying winged horses like Perseus
First we just, analyze the man
Small invisible form but grand
Mic removed from the mic stand
Now located in my right hand
Here's my plan, overstand
First I'll unleash my rage on the stage
Off the top of the dome, f**k the written page
Then engage in telekinesis thesis
Which verbally rips your bitch ass squad to pieces
I'm cold, the world freezes
In the ice ages, my mission was to ice sages
In head to head mental combat
Three two one contact
Wheres the motherf**kin combat?
Intellect slashes and leaves gashes
The rhyme smashes
This one in particular with no catches
After several mismatches
The comp had very few chances
The god advances to medieval times
To jig MC's with lances
In present time our eyes met on a few glances
And threw niggas into deep trances
Blew up R&B and Jojo's dancer
Santa and motherf**kin Prancer
In victory my flow found the answer to cancer
And freed niggas from projects, Trenchtown to Atlanta
Talking of being fatter is senseless data
And useless chatter
That leads to another well-done rapper served on a platter
On, Jeffrey Dahmer Day, my favorite holiday
Served lukewarm with sauce, yeah hollandaise

Hold up now, easy, easy, easy. You know they're not ready for that.
Scratched sample: "Come again?"

Suppose, this was a whole different time
Suppose, this was a whole different rhyme
I would come out on some real ill shit
Snatch the microphone and then start to kill shit
I'm ill wit
This whole rap format
Rippin niggas up at they doormat
Get off the stage, I just tore that
I moved the ?[sword]? at
Your jugular vein I'll gnaw dat

Police showed up and asked where the god at
What they discovered:
Enters the Colossus tape cover
Right next to the fake brother
Now take cover
Cause I'm about to take flight
Bomb dawn and break night
With the type of ill
Shit that you can feel
Just give me the steel
I'll heat up the stage and flesh peel
And bubble, society crumble
Infrastructure puncture
No survivors, sharp rhymes
Flip and clip the moral fiber
Who's liver, hostile takeover
My maneuver, Hans Guber
Babylon terrorist, nemesis
Vocal apocalypse
A billion degrees of unbearable
Unescapable, revolution
Due to lack of mental evolution
Rugged solution
Kill like industrial pollution
Melt down mines and stagnate the confusion
Step to this main contusion
It's the final conflict and look, Lord
The wicked man's losin'
It's no illusion
I can feel that you're improvin'
You got the data, keep movin'

"Data, turn your body into antimatter"

"My data"