

Madness In A Cup

Mr. Lif

Begin initiation, it's been too many years awaitin
While other niggas fell off I been contemplatin
What's the best to blow up the scene
Murder all the wack and get away clean
Plan one, all the wack got done
State by state, one by one
And peace to my niggas in the ton
Here come plan two, separate they crew
Divide and conquer, because it's evident I'm stronger
Than the average man generated by the ganja
Some mc's got 40 ounce hearts and blunt brains
And they frames are supported by a spine of cocaine
But I'm rollin dimes wit ya minds
Sippin ya heart and on time ya spine is
In lines exported to Peru
And I'm about to flip on somethin illa
Tippa Heinekin or Miller the blank page filler
Until ya bring the ruck this is just madness in a cup

Chorus
(Jeru sample)
Superscientifical madness (x2)

Whether in the studio on the road or on tour
My mic remains raw
Verbal, metamorphosis of metaphor
In the cocoon to incubate ascend to higher rates
Never no time to wait TC can kill the rhymes annihilate
My suffixes cause eclipses
Mad elixirs for dime smokin blunt fixers
My flow snatches the earth off it's axis
And leave civilization on galactic paralysis
My analysis is that of an exodus
Synthesis like photo, "Africa" like toto
Ya unto my dojo, the setting is Pluto
Then back to earth to kill niggas wit my judo
Sixteen century foolbro, on horsebacks through your thorax
Relax drink up, this is just madness in a cup

Chorus (x2)

Line by line I combine phrases to braze kids
The rules of my raps form labyrinths and mazes
Melting glaciers cuz my rhymes warm globally
Broken ozones casualties and microphones
Whites bury tones in my headphones
Whirlwind MC and my flows are now cyclones
Go on blow the earth up in the stars and
I tiptoe the constellations just like Starman
But even as particles I built rhymes by molecules
Black holes all fallin to rebuild ya cells and follicles
My brain cells are jail cells where my thoughts dwell
Amongst the smoke of a thousand L's
I'm still increasin peace signs to wrap my piece in
And I'll be keepin tissues for those that's weapin
You win it all to lose it all, riches to the winners
To the losers shells fall all in all

I'm breakin hearts and hidin traces, unitin the races
And gaining mad speed from cop chases
This place is blowin up, this is just madness in a cup

Chorus (x2)