

# 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 labryinths 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 constallations 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)