

Rocketship

One Be Lo

Noth...noth...nothing has done more to unite the people of the world
than this daring venture, into the unknown
His decision was to make the journey
and the world watched and listened No doubt blastoff

Ten... nine... eight... seven... six... five... four (lift off) three, two
One, Man, Army on a solo mission but I'm still starrin
Still starvin, still marchin
Train of thought like a drill sergeant
Turn you battle rappers into real martyrs, but the real target
The industry cause the real harm is when the deal's bargain
kill the real artist, ever since the Sugar Hill started
When Suga Ray was still sparrin, I was ill sparkin
Skills far from real dark and Late Night was still Carson
Skills sharper these days, these emcees
still bitin, still barkin, still talkin real garbage
Explains why I'm feelin so trash bag, +Glad+
I get the last laugh, you get the half mast flag
Bent cash, quick fast, these rappers phony
Thinkin this craft/Kraft is all about the +cheese macaroni+
I see the path before me, act like you know me
Internationally center of attention, not even Shaq could post me
Category, Trackezoids, beats classic only
Feet tappin for me, that's the story 'til I'm Casper ghostly
Every joint I'm on point, no need to ask Shinobi
Swingin at your throat, be not +Breathin+ like you Braxton, Toni

Rocketship.. Rocketship..

Yo, I'm flowin now to blow the microphone out
I spit the flows out, rinse the Scope mouth, no doubt
Tickets sold out, black and white kids, Diff'rent Strokes house
+Transform+ you pessimists to optimists and roll out
+Decepticons+ style, Megatron, bloaw!
Check the rhyme files, 007 stretch beyond bounds
of the earth, moon, universe, soon to burst through
Three sixty-five, prepare live, you April 1st, +Fool+
These wannabe best rappers hold the wet bladders
Need a step ladder, still couldn't reach my best status
Inspector Gadget, extra baggage, I was blessed to have it (skills)
You must be still guessin at it, still testin average
I'm never slippin even if you peeled a fresh banana
The moves I make are +checks+ and balance like a chess fanatic
You less advantage, manic depressin, impress the panic
Lyrics hot enough to melt your plastic, burn your flesh to ashes (ouch)
That's what you urn/earn when you not well rehearsed
Somebody gotta help preserve this art form, myself preferred
Check the verse, it's like a +Magic+ spell with words
These wack emcees prolly felt it worse than a Celtic +Bird+
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I remember when Bam' was hot, Planet Rock, Jordan was the man to stop
Knowledge every chance I got, keys to the master lock
Deals not real, unless it's God's will
Got NASA job skills, call me astronaut Neil
I reach for the top and be the first to leave orbit
Report it, Phrikshun, Decompoze reinforce it
I'm here to paint a portrait, untainted by the corporate

Defy forces of your gravity with fly orders
These accomplishments, via rocketship, compliment my confidence
I be among stars without your documents
Big budget marketing, demographic targeting
All I need is beats and rhymes (so go and spark it then)