

# 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)