

# Vocal Artillery

Ozomatli

Oh yeah, party people  
Here we go  
Party people, rock the house  
Ya'll want some more?  
Ya'll want some more?  
Let me hear ya say 'yeah'  
Let me hear ya say 'hell yeah'

Tuna the smoke-jumper, packing my oral cannon  
Bustin from Okinawa, Japan to Laurel Canyon  
Swallow flows, we turning like plush tires  
Mellow intros lyrics be burning like brush fires  
Spreading vocal leprosy, using discrepancy  
Lyric weaponry lessens your chances of testing me  
Stop and freeze MC's, I block atrocities  
True philosophies from the lips of black Socrates  
The pocket-penciler in your peninsula  
Killing Dracula MC's who bit from my vernacular  
I can back it  
The ill scene we occupy  
No lullaby, got you high, when I rock a fly  
Verse, for my people, let me breath slow  
Give a heave-ho, and stimulate your cerebral  
System, Cut Chemist grip the fader  
With Tuna the group debater  
We murder you duplicators

'Cause I'm an aristocrat, ghetto diplomat  
And I'm blessed with a gift of rap, it's like that

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They call me Mister Antagonistic, drastic  
Coming from a place where these cops get their assed kicked  
The last trick unified was the cornerstone  
But now a lyric pistol to the dome is how we warn a clone  
Born alone, the strength of God makes my mission higher  
They found a liar dead, strung up with fishin' wire  
The mystifier packin vocal artillery  
Making lovely word connections like Chuck Woolery  
The cool in me, I'll make your block turn on one rhyme  
Electrifying like some nocturnal sunshine  
The planetary pioneer and his mixer  
Cut Chemist, Chali Tuna spittin' scriptures  
Painting pictures, even sisters adapt 'cause  
We take it back like chiropractors  
Actors on wax make worse for real MC's  
Who worth your while so they search for me

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