

Remain anonymous

Ras Kass

Western Hemisfear, stand clear ock
Cause now the sun sets across six-hundred and six septillion tons
Come correct, I project like a telepathic caption
Four meters over soundwaves
I comes off with positions like pornographics
Twenty questions - animal, vegetable, or mineral
What am I? Atom - amphibian, invertebrate, or mammal?
Homosapien, specifically ock swell up like gout
then spread out like centrifugal force (what?)
Collision course reinforced with cylindrical wax
Axis spins at 33 RPM, that truly comprehend what fat is
That is, nine out of ten rappers today bore me with
predictable monosyllable drivell
I scribble incredible rhymes to rhythm, nepotism
Your prism couldn't invent
Too many MC's get deals from who ya down with, or where ya represent
But since I house more niggaz than section eight
State statements about your state
although my state of mind fornicates breaks
Your magazine ad got you souped up
Test-y like two nuts, marketing gimmicks
Catch wreck like Sam Kinison, convincingly
Cause what nigga got props in the industry don't really interest me
My motto is: the bigger they are, the more politics involved
And I revolve at a rate to make your occipital skull plate dissolve
Techniques delve deep..
(Slick Rick sample: 'How much you'll never knooow')
Soo-oooooo, don't sleep; ock I rock phonics
that got you holdin my dick like your name was Lorena Bobbit

'You don't know me and you don't know my style' - Method Man

I seen the scene from the outside lookin in through a window pane
Pain; hypertension ruptured the varicose vein
The vainglorious breaks I be, perpetratin omnipotent reign
I rain acid, grate your crew to steak meat
The stakes increase on break beats, your fleet fleets run
when I'm rippin ya Kubrick's, meaning deceased, rest in peace
Pieces of my nebulous flex paralyzes oblongatas
To witness my linguistics like a Muslim takes jihad or not
Since A&R only sign gangster rap acts
Don't get it twisted stereotypin by geography West coast syntax
I signify for C-Arson
The city North of Long Beach, Southwest of Compton
Seems to me the peace treaty is through
Niggaz ran out of looted Hennessy and barbecue
Now all I do is stop the myth that every MC from Cali
is a Blood, Crip, or pimp - I pimps empty
Controls more English than Margaret Thatcher
Fidat be gwan be fat like the punani on Patra;
leavin your rep shattered
Cause you don't wanna see me signifyin
Smackin your Left Eye up like my man Andre Rison
All this juice evaporates - what it boils down to
is the 'yes yes y'all,' and only that makes a rapper great
Fuck rhetoric and repertoire, demographics and heavy rotation
Slowly the lyrication makes sense

Fuck fame; I snuff that ass out the frame
It ain't Snoop Dogg, so what's my motherfuckin name?
''The arra-arra-R, A, ella-ella-S'' (keep it goin)

''You don't know me and you don't know my style'' - Method Man

Yo, wack MC's - it's O-V... E-R
I be R, the nigga who killed your P.R.
For the brothers with skills who can't get a record deal
Remain anonymous.. (*fades out echoing*)