

And without any shame, for we are the unashamed
Lord Gosh presents to you: the audio blanket

Man U-V-A, with some holy hurray
Deft words display, write rhymes in clay
So if nobody don't feel my z-ray
I'll cool in my corner, make myself a tre
Seek and find a way to get my soul some pay
Put some clothes on my back, put some food in my belly
Drink some Irish musk and go roll in the hay

Wisdom fall, slap my headpiece
I'm packing ammunition for who?

Papa Time bites at the short-and-curlies
Onna lift grin cause she gwan too whirly
She buff bad but she vex me nuff
Make me lose myself, turn drinking cruff
I'm on some fix-up, singing some progress tune
Check, checka me check it, me checking myself

Rickety raps we write upon scraps of A4
Jack shite to do, beheld my mind tour
For to visualise is to be, to be is to gwan with tings
As your plane grow wings, we gets fly
As I bust a wheelie in the sky
We don't follow, follow? Code-red leader
Paid off the third term, foot gets stampede
Homeward bound, we pulling telescope focus
Hanging in the outback on tough concrete
Inter-outer galactic transportation
Zoot my bone and I reflect at this eighth floor
Raw, gyro-cheque poor
Roadside distraction to the tune of galore
Kerotene gets refueled, detox for system
Him a catch a frisking
Discotheque off your weakheart hex
My level stay next to none of the run-of-the-mill
Ex amount pride now