

# Perfect Storm

## The Evidence

"Ask the weatherman..."

It's the perfect storm, it felt so warm  
'Til the rain came, with winds so strong  
The Weatherman warned 'em but it felt so calm  
'Til things lined up right, and went so wrong

Yeah I toured "20/20" twice, 40 days, 40 nights  
2 of each bird of my shit, I save ya life  
Paid the price, no dice, I'm the nicest  
The odds in my favor; Noah, before there's Christ  
I'm the holy resurrection of him  
I'm the only one that's left, to drop these gems  
Clean sweep, cleanliness is Godly  
Never been afraid of pain, that's just weakness leavin the body  
War is politics by other means, no more than  
And if I can't forgive you, the Lord can  
And if I don't deliver, I stand by my messages  
Never backed out, day one, same ever since  
It never end like it's supposed to be  
So I took the whole script and rewrote the scene  
The first shall be last and the last is first  
So when my cup runneth over, it floods the Earth  
The boomerang is back, gives the city a crash  
Between the water and sky, my reign is trapped  
I don't feel shit, no pain, no remorse I'm numb  
When I take off it's like I'm on Air Force, One

Yeah, I rhyme invent free  
They're blind and then see the Mind of Mencia  
I'm like Chappelle, puffin cheeba with my feet up  
On the beach in South Africa, not trippin off the media  
You thought vampires only roamed in the evening  
But they be in boardrooms and they feed at lunch meetings  
So even though I might party, smokin and drinkin  
I'ma keep at least one eye open when I'm sleepin  
Alarm clock rappin while they snooze button slappin  
I'm on beats but I know people in the streets clappin  
Modified semis to fulllys for revolution  
Evolution of the final self-defense solution  
It is what it is yo, but read between the words too  
Rock with Rakaa 'til Babylon drops the curfew  
I grind like Stevie Williams or Terry on the curb too  
I'm fly, movin dope, sick words, call me bird flu  
How the beats rain down and the verses pour  
Ev the weather man, breaks it down perfect form  
I'm a king with a crown full of perfect thorns  
Lookin at Halle Berry, that's a perfect storm

I went from - never feelin better, to feelin under the weather  
To takin pills just to escape, I got to get it together  
Cause now I know the upside of bein numb  
I hear, all these stupid songs and I try to be as dumb  
But there's still somethin inside of me that try to see the art  
So I decide to be a freedom fighter hidin in the dark  
And when you're livin on the road, it gets cold f'real  
Enough to turn a warm pure heart of gold to steel

I'm a iron jawed angel, life is painful  
Let it rain on my parade, your whole facade is shameful  
Swear to God I'm able, but it's the wrong season  
Pick all the wrong topics, for all the right reasons  
When your empire's crumblin, that's a humblin experience  
Joke's over man it's time to get serious  
I'm brutally alive with a plan, now understand where I'm from  
It's past the point of love I do this for my family and blood  
Go out proud I got, God on my chest  
Just take a picture of my soul cause it's too wild to posess  
Make today count, that's one thing we got in common  
Cause we have to realize that tomorrow's not promised yeah

[Chorus]