

# Sleeping On Your Style

## Thundamentals

It's that Thundamentalist  
Boom-bap heavy shit  
Penning these gems in the age of Aquarius  
Mind-state's perilous, dialect's derelict  
Heretic armed with the text like a terrorist  
Rhymes I develop climb high like Everest  
Even if they're sleeping on your style like a sedative  
Remember when cats said Jes you lack melanin to make it rapping  
Now them fellas are backpedalin  
Heaven-sent words in my tracks set precedents  
Sorta like elections of the first black president  
I burn whack messages  
Learned that from seraphin  
Challenging my energy, annihilate rhetoric  
Strikingly evident, precise with the evidence  
Eloquence fresh from the edge of the precipice  
Soul like a reverend  
Dawn the new era in  
I'm trying to take it to a place where it's never been  
Time for the reckoning  
I'm choosing to flip that nuclear (nucleus?) script  
That could loosen your grip, kids  
Lace up your shoes tight, my movement is swift  
Make moves by the moonlight, the lunar eclipse set to  
Block out the solar  
I stare down my foes with a stone-cold glare like a polar  
Bear fuck a square son I'm outside the box  
Couldn't give a toss if ya'll want to get down or not, cause

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Develop it, don't take it as a negative  
That should never be affecting it  
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I'll seduce Mother Earth  
I'll flirt with she-demons  
I'll burn the streets down  
Scream 'word' to Team Sequence  
I burst these speakers when I flex textiles  
Get the heads dialed, its that  
Shit you wanna X-File  
I'll chill like reptiles, and sit in the sun  
I spit projectiles like I triggered a gun  
Run my lip with a rip of my lung  
More villainous than Attila the Hun  
I'm the rhythm hittin the skin of the drum  
(Kick it)  
No what if this is it  
Deliver the beat, I'm bringing the heat  
Flipping a speech, slitting ya gizzards  
Giving ya blisters, I whistle this is lightning, thunda and flames  
Whistle killer twisters, summon the hurricanes

Tuk's the name, I'm not chasing a tail it be  
Serendipity creating this tale for me  
Full circle, I'm blazing a trail  
Winds of perfect symmetry inflating my sails  
Overtaking the snails  
Pick up the pace  
This be the haste of life  
Overstand but understate  
Yo I take my time  
Trying to foresee more than the naked eye  
On the ball and chain  
From the drought to the falling rain  
To the cloud that absorbs my brain  
To them played-out fuckers that sound all the same  
To the true heads bound for the hall of fame, it goes

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