

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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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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