

Frequency

Tonedeff

This is just a test of the frequency/
You can be a hood without delinquency/
Cause I be the rhyme and the rhyme be me/
Whatever I be the rhyme be.

V1

I break the average nigga down, just like decomposition/
On a mission to chart the art of rhyming way beyond traditions/
Equally, you'll find my vision's gone beyond the 20/20/
Had enough of these niggas showin' me just who be on the money/
I catch phrases out of the blue like touchdown throws to wide receivers,
So, "Hail Mary", But you couldn't "Run with me" if you were Gail Deavers/
I got that monotone lyric for your receivers/
Don't don't deceive us, cause we don't believe in non-believers/
My style is more golden than that of a child who owns retrievers/
I shine like I'm David Helfgott, Searching for wealth, not solely/
But baby, "Do Ya Rilly Kno What's going on?"/
I be that tech president that you Elec(t) like TRON/
I base data on databases, so it's too complicated to trace this/
And with no flava you gotta face it, You're tasteless/
The way that I embrace this is like huggin' a cripple/
Invisible individuals get scratched like they're pickles/
I physically tickle your mind, like water that trickles over your nipples/
I drip, cause lyrically I keep it kinky/
Hookers wanna drink me, but they can't handle my tricks/
Cause I've been known for putting chip-clips on my bitches' tits/
It hits the year 2K, and it's a whole different story/
Don't need will smith to talk about Miami for me/
Cause If I got a positive vibe, and a quote from a negative source/
Saying my Rap Sheet was Right On!, like what I'd do to the bus on my tours/
For sure I'm not a tourist, I'm a purist/
Came into the land of rhyme, sanded the hourglass and I cuffed the hands of
time/
To arrest your interest and express with mine/
Niggas can check me out with ten items or less, while you regress and stand
in line/
They play the way like pantomimes, I only touch 'em with mitts/
I tell 'em, "Shut the fuck up!", and yo, they can't say shit/
I'm giving verbal facelifts to those with traces of painted faces/
So, I'ma tell you what the case is.

Chorus

V2

So, when it comes to the written rhyme, the ink effects are diabolical/
Off the top of the dome like George Jefferson's hair follicles/
!What?!, You put the ass in astronomical/
Any attempt by you to even make a def jam could pass for comical/
More psychological than movie thrillers, boxing niggas like Helena in Manil
a/
Extract 'em like vanilla/ For real, I never had a dope name to profess/
But relied on my skill when it came to the test/
I'm blessed in the trade of my native expression/
If late is my time, then my rhyme be inte-resting/
I question the power of a star/
Cause kids be singing "love live the king", like my name was Uncle Scar/
So, "Can you feel the buzz tonight?"

I never mean it in a blunt way, cause some say that they're the flyest when
the drums play/
They're bound to go down just like morale on hump day/
Cause once they front, an omen will hunt they're ass down in my name/
Cause I box out them niggas that's surrounding my game/
In any way shape or form/
I did circles on those who weren't breaking the norm/
And I'm the first to try angles that you ain't figured before/
You've forged on more lines than my written signature/
And my shit'll be hitting for sure upon the canvas/
I planned this tonight so you might understand this.

Chorus