

# Methods 'n Test Tubes

Weerd Science

What's up everybody, can I come in?  
Why, thank you, sure is good to see you here.

Check it out.

My life in general is just a joke  
But it's simple, cracka, broke  
Everyone of these stupid fucking lyrics I wrote  
In my notebook, put a gun to my head, that's all folks  
Look, that's all it took, easy as pie  
American dream, take a slice, Americans lie  
Americans die every day, American mothers askin'  
American God, why? American lo-fi

Gimme a high five  
And it ain't easy to make change so I don't try  
Home ain't the same since I left so the death I  
Gotta maintain a constant push  
I live inside the outside  
In through the out door  
I find I get by  
Whatever works hurts but still with best time left  
I spit with acid breath  
You muthafuckas best check who you laughin' with

Me, I'm a little bit different than you  
Test tubes, methods that I was conceived through  
Kill off your one time self for better or worse  
Designed to hate, born to lose

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Now don't expect any respect unless you willin' to accept  
The simple fact you inept, you lack depth  
Your lyrics are rated from whack to whackest  
The blacklist: your whole record  
Run and practice and hone you craft  
Cause as far as I'm concerned, you gonna need skills to pass  
You're an asshole  
Pissin' on your headphones  
Shittin' on your ball  
Grab your mic, c'mon lets go uh

Battle to rattle your nerves and shatter your fuckin' skull  
My mother told me not to make fun of the slow  
But I can't stop until I'm done  
I can't never escape the city I come from  
See dumb dumb, someone once told me that I was sent here to planet earth  
To claim as my turf  
And stick a flag in the dirt  
Just one of the many perks you can use when you outta this world  
And trouble stirs now

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Now when you flirt with the deconstruction  
Your whole function'll shut down  
End zone, touchdown, endgame, game over  
Rollover, no more a' you  
Pistol holder should pull the pistol of who's controllin' you  
Methods and lessons intertwined in my sentences  
Lettin' this ugly head right here behind all the messages  
To all my successors, excess it cuts like scissors  
But all the greatest in life since  
I wish you all the best wishes  
Computer glitches in stitches for shit about  
Money and bitches  
Hugs and kisses from my friends momma's who are gonna miss him  
Listen the dead have risen this cat-aclysm is cataclysmic  
Apocalyptic cryptic the way I grab my mic and rip it  
And stick it right up your septic and let it fuckin fester  
And eat away at your heartbeat and never regret it

I've been cornfed, I'm born and bred  
For the revolution ahead  
And I won't stop till I'm dead (mutha)

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