

Ladies and gentlemen, we'd like to welcome you inside the mind
There'll be no bell for lunch without a popper
And back then I was never embarrassed even with my dick out like chopper

I get so lonely I brawl with the music
I'm so underground, you silly bitch, I crawl through the sewage
Commercial shit, it's just all a nuisance
And Esoteric to aid he calls on the purest
To emerge from the gutter and do away with one dimensional
MC's who have to turn to their mother in a battle situation
Ring the bell when the cattle reach my station
I love riding on donkeys with headphones on
I see visions when I walk
I know a whole lot of fucking pigeons that can talk
They remind me that the hunger's real
And if you're gonna come at all you best come with skill

It's like B to the E to the I, it's just so creepy
Take a stroll through the woods and believe me
We're doing this of embers, no kindles
And the pioneers of small crease, they see a smoke signal
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You see, Lucifer couldn't catch me, he's playing soft
I play cards with Merlin, I blow smoke with Gandalf
Blinky bill and I rob banks and shape shift
And the only icy shit I got is my dick in the cake mix
I'll take this to a land of snakes with red bellies
Secret handshakes with Ned Kelly
I came to prove, that we can too
When your whole style reminds me of an ad for cheap shampoo
That's right, life's a puzzle and I'm making it fit
And don't bother me on the dunny, son, I'm taking a shit
But when I'm off, and no doubt about it, I'm partly mental
Meet me in the tool shed with all your sharpened pencils
Envision the calligraphy that hacks the gift
And slap on your thinking caps to catch my drift
Porn king ding fish burn makes the world move
Poetical principal of rhyme the girls do
So, come on, lads, please, pass the billy
We got hip hop, at ease, arse and titty
And I'm stumbling (shit) numb of a case
I got a dick in my pants who thinks he's running the place
Walking like a wooden puppet this track goes out
To anybody talking like I couldn't cut it
A little faith, trust me, goes a long way
That's why my magical wand waves so that the song stays in
Timeless like I'm on stage rhyming
Cause in the sky rhythm and rhyme living the live
And the moral of the story is , I juggle just to manage
I'm a ghost for now, but I'm subtle when I vanish

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We're just kicking it so beautifully and usually we just chill out
Next to broads that foolishly with these carps of jewelry
I found these balds of nudity and it's all just new to me
Such an odd community (hey yo it's probably puberty)

Ey yo we've got to grow the fuck down
We still in adolescence
To come to the clearing in the woods
Lit by the incandescent moon
Yeah I see you smirk and say not likely
Original vocab just don't compute
Like we were pikies
(So I stand there)
And all I hear is
"Geez, you're a pair of slopes"
Weaze, no caramel so please don't parallel (that's right)
Us to candy rappers cuz they end up in the waste basket
When their style spit there ain't no flavour, no
It's that taste lasting
Oompa Loompa, doopity doo
Man I'm that Everlasting Gobstopper that blew the city fuse
So don't think you're gonna get away
You little rascal
Cause we got the country locked down like we're from Nashville

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Some outskirt hillbillies just chilling on some dirt bikes
Rounded up these Varmints taking them back to the turnpike
When the herb lights, we'll pass it, when we spy 'em from the ditch
We show 'em they got a wardrobe and a lion and a witch
You wanna pitch your tent right here at our camp site
(There's a crack in the back of the closet)
Oh oh, I'll get that lamp lite
[?] the wood hatchet these splinters kill
Then I feel a winter, chill and I'm in a timber mill
Through the prairie, I storm through the grass and night thicket
Past the bushes, the brambles, the billygoats and white pickets
And I'm here
I crush the petals with my sandals
I'm walking through the woods
With little Gretel and Hanz
Look west on the hills
Up here i hear a moan, bellow
From an old fellow at a park
With a couple of stones yellow
And he was more bubbly than a geiser
That Old Faithful freestyler
Was more [?] kaizer

We jumped on a snow plow
But like a magic trick he made a dragon puff up
With a gadget fit for bagging up all the adjectives
I ask you this
Yo, in all sinsavity
Does it even occur to you
Half our shit is all a pavity
All those prissy little nitwits
Just trying to make their shit flip
When they spit fits of mindless crap
I mean, I guess we are some misfits
And you might call me a cynic
But I just don't mimic
At the hands of today
We still make you bounce without the gimmick
Like we're pumping this club
And we'll up and make it so fresh
In the southern we're coming with something different from the rest
And by the time I get to the club man
I'll be hurting
I get there, there's one guy there
Some dude named Tyler Durden, man

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