

"I've done, questionable things. Also extraordinary things.
Revel in your time."

"Nothing the God of biomechanics wouldn't let you in heaven."

Check the, verbal psoriasis
Probe lyrical shrink rap kids like psychiatrists
I'm fryin this, molten lava burns mics
My sperm spiked with termites, ill tongued like germ dykes
Super informational turnpike, I burn stripes
And rock Nikes, the spot's tight
My thoughts ride up, chickenhead bitches, like cockfights
Parasites strike like neon lights through your eyesights
Hybrid images switches fear left and right
So you could never see this, the darker side of genius
Turn your stomach squeamish tryin to duplicate my genes kid
I mean this, my whole team hit you 'til you done
Seamus the next one, tell 'em how you rock it son

"Allow me to show you, hero."

We take it to your face like jaundice, accomplish
Raps damn Gods like Pontius, rocket launchers
Accomplish, less than I when I manifest the fly
Rapper test the guy, and leave 'em there to die
My cohorts rock lo sport and like dress codes take no shorts
We flame lanes like a blowtorch
As time elapses your brain collapses
Galactus'll tear these whack rappers for practice
You access, the Eso-terical icon
My mic's strong, I battle stars like a Cylon
From Galactica, L-E-X the manufacturer
Astromech vernacular initiates the massacre
Punishin republicans and blastin off
Havin robot visions like Isaac Asimov

Attack crab Gods like rabid dogs, check the sabotage
When I the googleplex be the odds, bet you camouflage
I got heads ringin, swingin on the rings of Saturn
It's platinum, before we ever brought the shit to DAT son
You can't imagine, the section, that this cat's from
The bastard son, I hold tongues for ransom
So enter my sector, the vector, fly rhyme connector
Saturatin tracks with my nectar
Disconnect your, kneecap from your fibula
Distribute the perpendicular skills that could cripple ya
To shit on the, ordinary organisms
Cause we as mechanisms rise above human skepticism
Yo, this is KARMA the Snakecharmer
Seamus the God Awful, knahmsayin, God Complex
Beyond on the track, takin out the whack, yeah believe that

"There's a 68.71 percent chance that you're right." - MCP, "Tron"