

You want to know why? Because I'm  
Dead messengers buried in their Melvin shirts  
Awoken as reanimated mummies from the sepulcher  
Anonymous and secular and ribbons and exposed brain  
Roll with grown men who still use code names  
Fold crawl space on the SS coat tails  
Might chase six legs through his oatmeal  
Oh dear, no pet seat his own homework  
Pet cruise cobble step shoes that are bone bugs  
Holmes, sick to the fishbone cone  
My yellow brick shtick ain't tip toe prone  
It's a misthrown sticky bomb slipping off the fingers  
wrong  
Any blips you're witnessing are living in the Sigma  
laws  
Blip, blip, dag, these ghosts need a doctor  
Shelter, clean Dunlops on a walker  
She sells sea shells he, draws revenge  
Plots on a chalkboard, watch what you walk toward

Blip krieg got fat  
Rock shot 'till he kiss green time lapse  
Block cheddar blitzkrieg climax  
Spring clean hijack, bring me my axe

Girl: What are you doing up there?  
Guy: Stealing, I'm a weekend burglar  
Girl: I'm on my lunch break, you want to help me kill  
half an hour?  
Guy: No..

I'm laying in a cut over stuff from a bad meal  
Staring at the sun, on my back like a fat seal  
Debating with myself about whether not rap's real  
Cause broke motherfuckers are the only ones that have  
skill  
Everybody got intentions that they can't reveal  
Major label ax got to act like they don't have deals  
Claiming grassroots, I'm like "hell no  
Your buzz is as organic as Monsanto."  
I'm going at your beanstalk, ax in hand  
Over a beat bought Aes Rock, that's my man  
People sleeping still believing that we haven't  
expanded  
But that's just a small part of the master plan, bitch  
Printnificent, shining 'till your skin chafe  
Write until the pen ache, reclining by a big lake  
I'm only winning cause I went in an gettin' waked  
Chillin' at the crib by the time you get your shit  
straight

You suppose robots would enjoy listening to music?  
You'd think that if robots are electronic creations  
they  
Enjoy listening to electronic music  
You think you can create a scientific symphony  
We'd not only send to our metal friends but

Would also be fascinating to human ears  
You already have the on the other side of the  
record  
I can't wait to hear it

Witty with a drum change queue  
Cherries in the mirror of his Mustang too  
Took his thang from the South to the rocking Hooters  
Bought her wangs and a round, then he chopped and  
screwed her  
Cops say they'd get him so he thumbed his nose up  
Petal to the metal, leave them dunked in donuts  
Stuck on "so what?" from the aged Tequila  
When he drove into the back of an eighteen-wheeler  
Basic leader, camp is cardboard  
The jet chooses raps to advance their shark soar  
Park for my cordial stingers  
Address you crossly, corporal clinger  
Attention all freaks with newer footing  
My radio is not played by Cuba Gooding  
Who's assuming that the man's a block boy  
Cause he keep his fam happy with lots of Bok Choy

[Hook]