

# Dianetics

Billy Woods

What up science?  
Old man Logan with a natural Black cock  
Me not like foley the axel  
See the black planet tilted on its axis  
Run a company grift, a sky remain a practice  
Raw thing, fallout party planning done in secret  
Cockroach Cosby rocks control sinkers  
Leaflets dropped from helicopt's been circling  
Still don't make no black cops believers  
Waterboard some blue terror into my nostrils  
I breathe through my Gil Scott Heron apostle  
Sitting in a seance, cross from Sonya Sanchez  
Mask [?] science and then we break bread  
Put our omen heads together, turn profit  
Huey P's ghost points out pig agnostics  
Ran into Medusa in hell, give her a shot gun  
Lift an L and then inhale, what me not got sun?  
What me not got sun?  
What me not got sun?

He got the whole world in his hands  
Little mama, she just want dance  
He got the whole world in his hands  
He got the whole world in his hands  
He got the whole world in his hands  
Mistook the stick for an olive branch  
He got the whole world in his hands  
He got the whole world in his hands

Pack of woods like a pocket square  
Cold bar, the lay of the blank stares  
As civilization crumpled into air  
Laugh aloud 'cause I'm scared  
Ninety nine problems, better show your work  
Don't make me out to be the jerk when you lose your whole flirt with death  
Lurched to the steps of the church, you've lost your nerve  
Verses murked, the snipers perch  
Blurry footage of the perp' who caught the chill  
William Hurt, kept it real  
That White guilt won't work  
As he turned to go though black, he smirked  
Meaning of duty he shirked  
My weed jar burp Bulawayo sweat through a guayabera shirt  
Travel with fifty boxes of dirt  
Bloodsuckers, motherfuckers never loved us  
Bastards' children have a way of just showin' up  
Pale as fuck, two holes in the neck  
You ain't expect to see me on your doorstep  
The Queen's English is my bitch  
Rode hard, put away wet  
You mad as shit  
Never mind that, you gon' invite me in?  
Lips fat as yours is thin, but same sly grin  
You gon' invite me in?

Uh, is them again  
Uh, is them again

Uh, is them again  
Uh, is them again  
Uh, is them again  
Uh, is them again

Cherry-eyed dragon swivel dipped me in the fountainhead  
Metal mouth the house you want the balcony South selects?  
Eggbeater brain all was quiet when he came through  
Rat piss on cotton, bless to God that's how we made good  
Blue blocker vision my religion isn't one at all  
Chipping out the schisms, you can't text back till the final call  
As the oceans go, projectile vomit on a project wall  
Spin this vinyl backwards, move your masters, homicidal roar  
Acid in the spinal cord, friendly fire, cyber war  
Black messiah bias in the dialogue, high as sloth  
Non-cipher when your higher called, by and large folk  
They don't know the science on assignment, don't get fired on  
Is that all you locals blowin' through? Air in the vocals  
Leaving room for poison darts to fly by and poke you  
Real God require blood, might sacrifice you to Oxum  
Cold blue, don't remove the harpoon  
You's a mark fool, your cave bitch swoon  
The God's magnetic, stretch, weighed, measured  
Pyrex metric, the dab won't get it, bang, lost trial  
Don't leave the A out of archive, dark time  
Popping bar flies with the carbine, raw hides  
Spectacular, a channeller, a gentleman, it's him again  
World passport, global citizen  
(It's him again)  
(It's him again)  
(It's him again)  
(It's them again)