

Away from you

Yo, I'm sick, no lymph nodes is swollen
They told me even when the records skip, keep it rolling
On the shoulder like a California highway patrolman
Launch codes was stolen and sold by Ed Snowden
I fled to Rome and told 'em address me as a Roman
I'm still in photos, posted with my own omen
A thumping kicker for me to slam like Hulk Hogan
It's something like a plain bumper sticker, no slogan
This something for the shooters and back-and-forth commuters
Who never knew the difference in laws and jurisprudence
I feel as though it's safe to assume that to the students
And I can prove it to the way me and DOOM do this
You checking the top-two of a thousand intelligent chaps
With rap projects in housing developments
Cool the cross-legged on a crate like it's elegant
Try to hate, I'm puffing up your face like a pelican
Highly enveloped in, activating my melanin
Y'all failin' to see what's shaken besides gelatin
News bulletin, I refuse to take the medicine
Fuck a thick skin, I got me a exo-skeleton
The black Colin Farrell in The Lobster
That living like an obstetrician, but not a doctor
Bring the Cambridge, the Websters, the Oxfords
The picture too long to watch, see the synopsis
Compensated for playing nice, it's optics
Product of The Last Poets and The Watts Prophets
Ahk, stop it, it's beyond out-of-pocket
Donezo, I hit the gun show and got a rocket
Catastrophic, supreme microphoners
In Mexico, we the legendary dos cojones
Brothers, both components of the close to coldest
Court holders with bars as hard as Angola's

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DOOM get rude with the dude off chips
The mood switch, he chewed off strips of a Broodwich
Danger make him groove off a glitch
Made your boo booty twitch and the crew rich, bitch
Always wanted to say that
Ever since the days in hallways tauntin' a stray cat
The one he often frequently slapped around
All the while, waited then graduated, cap and gown
Hated the rap sound
Debated the crap until he felt he had it mapped out
Enough to have the game trapped and bound
Scratchin' the crown with the names of lames who yapped the noun
Or verb, for that matter
Had no data for a herb who chat chatter
Oh, Erik Estrada
Fat rat, the mask made him batty as a mad hatter
Known for his absurd word choices
And will ignore you if you ask him if he heard voices
Look, the energy is crazy
Far as he was concerned, the enemy was lazy

Ahem, your attention please
Freeze, he came to seize the free cheese
Before he flees to Belize
In case you forgot to mention, squeeze these
Just keep it on a need-to-know basis
They knew he was a negro, so no need to show faces
Back in the days of no laces
On a slow pace, they used to say he might could go places
Meh, whatever the case is
The card he played was ace of spades, but no races
A spastic, some call loony
When he spit a tomb sarcastic as Paul Mooney

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