

The Blowup

Blackalicious

Girl I'm a wizard
Write rhymes that bring forth
Whirlwinds and blizzards
Start early and end it
I'm barely beginning
Emcee warfare I'm buried in the trenches
Y'all lynching all y'all fall captured in the abyss
Deep inside, peeping eat them like I was Brotha Lynch
Revolutionary rhyme style make the government paranoid
Of hidden metaphors wonder what I meant
Cut a vent trough your mental indent[?] thoughts
If you ain't about this lyricism homie kick rocks
Slick[?] thought patterns. Y'all get ready for the liftoff
Kindly[?] touring kicking deadly predicates [?] sick vibe
Step into your village, set it off with this style
Now you eating humble pie instead of talking shit now
Set it off and give hell, better run and get out
Rappers that attempted me need medical assist now
Get up on it nigga, rollin' so official
Never let up on it, I'mma flow and blow and just flow
Rollin over that flow, rollin over this flow
Pressure cooker tension overloading
It's the big blow up!

Everybody make way it's the blowup
Everybody check it out it's the blowup
One time for your mind it's the blowup
Party people in the house it's the blowup
Everybody check it out it's the blowup
Make way make room it's the blowup
Everybody everybody it's the blowup
Check it out ya'll it's the blowup

I blow the hinges off the door
And make the roof crumble
And if suckers want to rumble then I'll take it to them
Ain't nothing they can think or say and nothing they can do
Blinder than Ray Charles with rhymes of fury I'ma make it do
What it do, sucker free, spot a fraud and shake a fool
Bring your lady to the battle with your boy I'll take her too
Take her to my crib and make a plate of food
Pimping while she venting to me what she really think of you
Every time you catch up with my rapping style I'll make up new patterns
Breaking atoms, while I'm spazzing as I take your crew out
Peasant kiss my pinky ring I am a king to you
Good and thorough putting words together like I'm Langston Hughes
I punish rappers with the things I do, spanking fools
[?] a sound let's go and hold it down just like an anchor do
Don of lyricism how I rank and rule
Bringing fools to a higher level up without all of the dank and brew
They do what they be doing think I make a new style a day my lyrics stretch
a mile a day
Hey but who's counting on who got the flow and rhyming insurmountable
The pressure cooker tension's elevating its about to blow up

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