

It's too late to be beautiful
(What you gonna do with that beat?)
(What you gonna do with that beat?)
(What you gonna do with that beat?)
Check me out, I'm back

Itemize the criminal element
In a African-American identity polemic
For an international panel of staunch economist
Working from the largest company in the world
Where the debt is bottomless
And billowing out of the cartel pipes
And billowing out of the cartel pipes
All of this predicated on my mind false so I'm raw
Slander and the bylaws for the deed to our place of worship
Asia Courtships but in the heart cockles of art models
Zombie reformed to shake us, forges of an online mega-structure
Yeah

They count the limits, a repetitive number, as he echo in our dream tally
Disintegrated in the streets of Cali
I'm in gross but an altruism of a séance leader
But it's like your energy's way off the meter
I part ways to spend a day with a aqua breather
Further the benevolence of our cultural norms, I vote for the swarm
At the war council where I board a mouthful of prayers
If I'm prepared, yeah the oath was sworn, the oath was sworn
The apples were bitten, combustible cataclysms get a revision
And deep precision in the final undercurrents of our purpose and vision
I disturb the coveted additions
A taste of scourge to the world of Serfs and Christians
Or no one in 83rd last third in the curb spittin'
It's like an inert nerve pinchin', nerd listen
I've been to the hood, being referred by the Merv Griffins
Cause his styles keep the surface spinnin'
And then embrace my perfect woman
Yeah

What you gonna do with that beat?
What you gonna do with that beat?
What you gonna do with that beat, beat?

Driver we need you, there's been a power outage at a barber's college
The no kink of armor guard the solace for your popcorn goddess
So let's foreally be honest, I'll definitely fall the fuck off, yes I promise
In a beautiful array of visual effects and cynical text
Over any threats like kambo poisons to ingest
While the giants of the mert were dormant, they crept the apartment sanctuary with a search warrant
The thirst of the church is formless
So I gotta slide through more shit (More shit, nigga)
Burden of a sorceress who won't put a cork in it
I forfeit the bid for some court-ordered warlord's wish
I'm at the abortion clinic with an Aryan yuppie
Killing off their offspring because they declare me very ugly
When the eugenics push, I avoided the synthetics with a kemetic push

Psycho-kinetic gush, yeah

And billowing out of the cartel pipes
And billowing out of the cartel pipes