

I crawled out the swamp
It sound like silliness
'Til I grab you and take you back under
Like I'm amphibious
Read this, they built several specialized clinics
Just for my lyrics
And I don't even wanna go near it
I get scared
I don't even debate in my head
They said you're already dead
Just take your meds
Whether you're lab born
Or you came out of a womb
If you alive, there ain't no way
You can't feel what I'm doing
And until you get into it
We gon' all suffer in mutual ruin
Cause I don't think you understand my music
My Godzilla four winds
Is like four spinning dorsal fins
The water blow the glass out of your lens
Here's some hot water and vinegar
Go over there and clean up all of them sinners
Don't come back until you're finished
Sonic weapons for war time
Close source measures from North-com
Animal husbandry takes all my time
Therefore, not much I care for
Besides certified, referenced material of well prepared bars
Listen, I don't want no trouble
But if I have to polish my own belt buckle
I'ma give you these knuckles
Smartphones and homes that talk
Non fungible art
Let's step outside of the bungalow for a walk
If you look at the tall reeds
They're beautiful as you can see
But they will not survive the category 5 wind speeds
Liquid cooled, home schooled
Compound finance rules
Anything's better than a Tyvek suit
Jet propulsion, under the props
Oh my god, weapons going hot
Tail smoking like steam from a pot
I under stand you don't really know what I mean a lot
You're shocked to hear me say
"Come over here and clean my cock"
You are a P.O.W, half of you are gullible fools
The other half of you are running from the rules
And my rap song
Thoughts no man is prepared to act on
You better call Allahu AkBar
Rap star, riding in the back of the car
With a bodyguard, air support
And a tiny attack dog
Multiple antigens approach
Canibus, cross reaction analysis

Niggas get smoked
Dark power is drawn from a waving wand
Your poetry's strong, but it cannot save the savant
Listen to the god, that shit hard
Demolition or dawn
From one million bars put on one song
Man, you got King Kong balls
Whatever side you wanna sit on
Just go over there and get yours
You still want that gourmet?
You need to come holla at Jorge
He bet the whole house on a horse race
Hallelujah, bodies float down the Chattanooga
'Cause the charter boat had shooters
Glad I took a Uber
The reason I talk trash
Cause life goes by so fast
And death is like a fast moving life raft
Look into the eyes
Of the cytokine calm storm spinning clockwise
Towards where you are
Hard war cleaver, part metaverse amoeba
Please fill out your electronic verification by email
Populate each field with appropriate details
I'll take care of everything else
And just raise your hand if you need help
Start my day with the Das EFX
Grab my bumstickitty-blood clot vest
Then go outside and catch wreck
Touch the stage
Survive a place
My hips gyrate
When I feel that burn
It put a smile on my face
Microphone fiends focus
To smell the metabolic acidosis
Coming from the rose garden cultures
Command and control
Then transmit from both poles
That's just one of my campaign goals
If your'e not busy swing by
Soft music, dim lights
Real nice, kind of got that I Ching vibe
Nowadays you got to live right
Try not to be out past midnight
That's probably the only thing I did write
BMG merchants very adverse with smart contract purchase
They handle more pressure than combat nurses
How many beats? How many verses?
It depends how many people are working
I don't know why Americas so expensive