

Claims are being made
That for me go far beyond the available evidence
In fact in many cases are contradicted by the evidence
And that bothers me

Forensic psychologists, Samuel with the brides
Explains you probably never understand Jermaine
Incoherent speeches, puzzles and pieces
The sub-chemical deepness, suck his clan 'til they screeches
Realms of heaven and hell
Flowing angelic gell strikes with voron leukaemia cells
Demons in hell, they call to me, I scream "what can you offer me?"
They reply "tecnosaucery"
They tell me the meek will never inherit the world
Cuz they weak standin' on two 12 inch feet
I dream Quashee Canonian dreams when I sleep
Peyote leads to snakes with a blood of a priest
In the room where the ceiling leaks and crimps in grease
Where the living eats the dead and the dead reek
Rockbottom transforms human beings to beast
Why the fuck you think we got canine teeth?
It's the optical stimuli of watching men cry
I hope I've got time to repent before I die
Battle me at the beach if the sea is out of reach
Cuz when I speak what's fluid becomes concrete
Like a falcon up in the sky, 10 thousand feet
Lookin' down at you bitches lookin' at me
Fame shift into 45 degrees, I'm too crooked to see
I memorise the books that I read
Suckin' from the breast of knowledge, constantly weaning
Unforseeningly a genuis without meaning
Try to visualise what happy Houdini was feeling
Handcuffed under water without breathing
Near death on a fatal quest for air
But why should anyone care? He put himself there
His career was based on facing the stares
To take destiny from the hand of the man upstairs
He didn't mind the cold stares he got from his peers
They couldn't tell him where he was goin' or how to get there
It's better to be prepared and fail than be scared
and unsure of yourself and still get killed
Don't rhyme like I used but I've still got skills
More than a couple confirmed kills under the belt
Huntin' MCs like huntin' Elk
Camouflaged in the dense bust of stealth determined his health
I don't do this to anybody except myself
Stuck with motherfuckers like the trophy on my shelf
Fuck the promo, nigga I do this for dolo
Flow from the first album, the 24-0-0
Round the clock launce, I got a cup of coco
When I be a no show with my girl fives don't go
And she give me blow more than 2 times on the row
And I'd rather chill with her than kill you with a rhyme that I wrote
Count how many mics that I smoke minus the gold
Bust dope, my battlin' average higher than most
When I'm on the mic I release fire from throat
If you disagree please do it quietly folks

Anybody better than Bis must be a hoax
Black man NO, what about the great white ho?
What? Man you must be sniffin' the great white coke
Don't you that's like Gary Comb, I'm fightin' a hulk
Still not even quite that close
A great mic fight in ya rubber dingi boat 50 miles out from the coast
What the fuck is the maddness with you
I beat you black and blue, then I give the tablet the true
Better yet I put a tattoo of me on you
A 10 by 10 ceelo go neon blue
The most theatrical MC battle of all time
I rip jackers like you, you know my call sign
Kill a cobra, stick hooker over behovin'
Motorise auto gyros with sycamore rotors
Hydrogen peroxide, gaseous vapors
Technically these words shouldn't even rhyme off paper
In theory, for every soul that can hear me I'ma blaze them
In practical practice my style's even greater
Can't you see what I'm spittin'? Can't you here the difference?
Compared to me you're energetically inefficient
You need ten times the enzymes to process one of my rhymes
You got to rewind every one of my lines
Do you know how to paraphrase?
Do you even understand what the narrator's tryna say?
The climax explodes, nobody can force out of my flow
Figurably the language is too dope
Academic journals print my lyrical quotes
They show parallelism in all the albums I wrote
On any track I come off strong automatically
Whether I write interactive or pass the capacity
Poetry that I spit is autonomous to cliff
written on tablets of clay mortar mix, superb
Truly superb, analyse the words
It's like I'm jerkin ya birds fly above the earth
The Eye of Horus, the miniature tour ride within the giant tourist
With singularity on the chorus I still sound enourmous
Borderline, insanity tryna break you through humanities border
With a new curriculum every quarter
I'm the pawn of the pawner with the secret mic world order
Baptise you with Jamaican White Rum and water
If you got a hundred bars then I know you a warrior
I'll be the one that award ya, pinch the medal on you
Dedicate a song to you, cuz not in autoble
You want a record deal
Explain the lyrical grande unified field so I can test ya skill
Do it in front of the class, chart diagram it and write it in latin
Not spanish god dammit, step back so I can look at it
"da dad dad ada dada", ah what the fuck is that wack shit?
Crumpsy and dumb like a hand with five thumbs
Work for the Mic Club, Curriculum 101