

Me [?], sittin' in a igloo  
Sippin' shark's fin soup bring the king through

Fully articulated, skeletal non-human remains  
It's obvious I make music in a cave  
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Hardware interpret software  
My case I am the hardware, I do it by hand like lawn care  
Kevlaar palmin' the gear, put 98 rounds in the air  
Then bust 99 bottles of beer

I drove to Bohemian Grove with Alfred Hitchcock  
Filmed the birds slightly off the side of the road  
I was inflicted with the microphone fever  
By an ominous creature that said I was toilsome because of my ether  
My poetry scrolls was stolen, flown by U-boat drone  
To a underwater post off the coast of Micronesia  
Woke up lost with no PLOO, my blood flowin' through tubes  
My breathin' apparatus removed  
Before a dark figure walked in the room  
With a glass of apple juice, thought it might be urine so I refused  
They put me in a wheelchair, pushed me down the hallway  
Nurse had a fat ass and light brown doll face  
They assign negative Nelly and morbid Mary  
To give me lap dance with Leslie she smell like cherries  
They fed me, lemons and strawberries  
They telepathically ask me if I was happy and ready, I said, "very"  
I heard the sound of music playin' through surround sound acoustics  
They lead me into a room with Mila Kunis  
But this was all an illusion, tryin' to extract information to use it  
I'm lookin' 10,000 years in the future

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I'm Mike Harris veterans the day of damage

Sight picture momentarily flickers  
Mouse clicker, my retina twitches  
It's always ordinarily quicker  
I'm the private set the dark pull director black budget investor  
Black star planet X professor  
Eastern philosophy knowledge lord chief of playin' for violence  
Exchangin' knowledge with the neighborhood tribals men  
If tonnage is weight, my tongue is a Tungsten plate  
That'll make a crane tumble over and break

I work for a better tomorrow  
But the interest owed on yesterday's debt is the cause for my sorrow  
Oxygen infused umbilical cord tubes  
In a catalyst that improves mental magnitude of mood  
Several hundred and twenty degrees of awareness  
Completely fearless, at the same time scared stiff  
Gotta hang in there till it all crash  
It's gon' crash 'cause the fraud can't last  
Practice patience, my musical machinations will abate them  
But only if they stop hatin'  
I cook rice and peas, taste it  
How could I not be Jamaican?  
Ox tail, butter, beans and bacon

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The pelican falls, when the doves cry  
A red dawn of black swans cover the sky  
Lyrically this, lyrically that  
Lyrically lyrically lyrically I break it down to its biomimicry  
Come sit with me, you don't really wanna spit with me  
Without injury, one day I'ma do it for infinity  
The complexity of it is all so simple I record the experience on dilythium crystals  
Potty mouth poetry please, I does that with relative ease  
The partial speech let the [?] breathe  
My prophecy is my poetry, that's how you know it's me  
Reserved for your ears and eyes only  
Hardcore rap, peppered with extraordinary facts  
I am the maestro of syntax  
Audiobiographies, Rolling Hill properties  
Resurrection after atrocity the buck stops with me

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I really didn't mean to be so Germaine