

Pyrocumulonimbus

Chester Watson

Mind borderline porcupine, sharp shit's horrifying
What I spit is higher art, nigga
This is not wine, what I pour in, white shark
Got rhymes all day
Could be mornin', night, dark, sunshine, snow, rain
Told 'em only people due time don't change
Lookin' at the evil [?], Soul Train
Chester like Beetlejuice, mind so strange
Disrespected with a witness (Pew)
Prime, close range
Smokin' pyrocumulonimbus

Eyes too low from the Styrofoam and the spliff hit
Rocky Balboa, boy I am more than a linguist
Connie and I would skate to the China store to kick it
That's back in the day, before the vital change and the grip
Eyes too low from the Styrofoam and the spliff hit
Rocky Balboa, I'm in control of the ship

Know I'm really as cold as it gets
I just chill, a villain; one with the mist and the tides
Appear human, but I'm just a myth in the skies
Listenin' to DOOM with my fist to the sky
Eatin' chicken, it's fried
Analyse as I woo, step to the right
East coast vibes, St. Louis 'til I die though
Find some flea market, memories with the tribe
Go back like the hatred that we got for the Five-0
Yeah, Taj Mahal lavage
Meditate, pro'lly fly when I fall backwards
Levitate, watchin' Boondocks with the captions
Bumpin' 'All Caps', chill by myself
A lot of rappers all cap (All cap)
Yeah, life's wicked, light twisted
Blunts and night vision, stunts defy physics
Monk with high senses, skunk and hypnagogia
Fallin' through dimensions
Smokin' pyrocumulonimbus