

# Alien Manuscript

Diabolic

Ahhh, what do we have here? Diabolic. Full of piss and vinegar, I see. I'll make quick work of you

Yo, I'm the epitome of sick. I'll live in infamy  
Spitting a written history depicting my vision vividly  
The industry's clearly tripping when I start a movement  
Like Timothy Leary giving LSD to Harvard students  
A sharpshooting marksman when the target's moving  
I'm a fusion of the greatest parts from humans and a Martian mutant  
Toured the world, got cigars from Cubans  
Then sparked a doob in Amsterdam with Asians saying, "Fahrvergnügen"  
Tomorrow's blueprint. Today, my bars and mic connect  
Ahead of its time, spitting rhymes I haven't started writing yet  
I'm the archetype. I'm not an artist like the rest  
I'm picture-perfect without Photoshopping dark and light effects  
And, yes, I got regrets. Understand I'm sharing that  
But kept my guard up longer than Buckingham in bearskin hats  
I should open up and trust my fans to care, in fact  
But I really need to know what the f\*ck this man is staring at  
I'm sick of hearing that voice stuck inside my head  
Like Simon says, "Diabolic, let the virus spread"  
Still the illest cat-alive or dead. The raps we have-  
-ll drive you crazier than Travis Bickle in a taxi cab  
Got these tacky fad rappers breaking out the lab  
'Cause heads are fake like paper mâché to escape from Alcatraz  
Countless fags thinking their computer screen is armor  
Transforming to superheroes on the web like Peter Parker  
I won't be a part of that. This the Art of Rap  
From artists prophesized in carvings scratched on artifacts  
Neanderthals drawing me rocking a starter hat  
While aliens from Mars attack as the moon stars collapse

I have read your manuscript, my friend. You plan on rising from peasant to king. You are quite dangerous. I have just the potion for you

Now maybe I'm just tripping. Or what have I been sipping?  
Summoned to the other side by souls of mummified Egyptians  
Seeing my forefathers love the stuff that I've been spitting  
And respect the drive of a guy stuck in my position  
Those I'm governed by try corrupting my decisions  
Like correction officers who smuggle drugs inside a prison  
But I have risen, reached the top of Mount Olympus  
And cast Zeus to the outer limits somewhere south of Venice  
A Menace like O-Dog, but learned some new tricks  
My bars shine-now the dark side of the moon's lit  
Bright enough to see the aliens in cruise ships  
And differences in the landing filmed by Stanley Kubrick  
Imagine you mixed Nas, Wu, and Q-Tip  
With Fu-Schnicks and Eminem on Rawkus-I'm what you get  
Now the shoe fits a dude strapping two sticks  
Of dynamite with the fuse lit to your new kicks  
And I don't give two shits. I'm dropping science here  
Superhuman in disguise, I am not as I appear  
I'm the Viking warlord atop the biosphere  
Who could body cops in riot gear with rocks and flying spears  
My career's the return of God that Mayans feared  
When I appear on vinyl, your tribe'll clock the final years

Shots collide with beers and I'm a shock to eyes and ears  
The legend of my predecessors, getting props from pioneers  
And to my peers, I'm Superman but sinister  
I'll rule the land from Hoover Dam to the Yucatan Peninsula  
A visitor from outer space taking human form  
Detonating a fusion bomb in the booth when music's on

Ahahahahaha. I see you are not of this world. You may have gotten the best of me this time. I'll see you on the other side