

# Disconnected

Eyedeas

I don't even know what's going on  
We're gonna erase that all this bullshit talking-  
Nah just keep on going  
We'll just erase it later  
I don't even know  
Unh unh ah ah ah  
Bout to bring it to ya live live live live  
What what what what

Now I don't mean to discourage you from making your music  
But I only talk this much shit 'cause I'm able to do it  
What a major influence I'll accomplish  
Some of these young bread crumb lazy bed bums  
I'll leave your head numb when I shed some light  
On tikes about the definition of skill  
Clear it out and try to get some  
Grab a mic to gain some recognition and build a fanbase  
Man wait, watch how Eyedeas do  
'Cause I'm the one  
And you couldn't be the two if it was just me and you  
I keep it true, intrigued  
Your crew like recently chewed gum under my shoe  
Step after step  
They compress into the tracking I feel  
Rep after rep  
'Cause they ain't fresh with their rapping I feel like  
Cracking their necks because  
Their worthless search for respect  
Is just too much to be asking I don't do such it  
Contributes to the pollution  
There's no resolution the way I see it  
So I'ma be dicks to your face  
To your cheap tricks 'cause  
I'm basically sick of the fake emcee shit  
That stops all of us from having fun  
B-boys just wanna have fun  
I need excitement so I leave the mic bent  
I'm slightly conceited and I think I like it

Now when Eyedeas in the place  
You know he 'bout to wreck shit  
(Funk off the hook I leave shit disconnected)  
Yo when Abilities' is in the house  
You know he 'bout to represent kid  
(Funk off the hook I leave shit disconnected)  
If there's only one prop in the room  
We 'bout to collect it  
(Funk off the hook I leave shit disconnected)  
I could make a fairly dope crew  
Out of the crews I just digested  
(Funk off the hook I leave shit disconnected)

Opposition gets washed away  
When my lyrical rain falls  
I'm a extraterrestrial professional b-boy from St. Paul  
I wanna play ball but I knew that white men can't jump  
But it's hard God damn work makin' you look this bad

Yeah, that's right, work  
And work's a bitch when it's hot  
But who else would help you to the shop  
Just to see you drop?  
Not your baby's momma, her sister, or your pop  
'Cause I didn't want to be a lyricist it's just I forgot to stop  
And you forgot to read the directions that explain how to rock  
That's obvious why you're sloppy miss  
Sorry bitch broken stage prop  
Could hardly get open if you were a bottle of pop  
I stay cool with fans, heads spin like hands on a clock  
Man when it comes to shit to say, you know I got a lot  
But most don't comprehend  
Because their head is hard in a soft spot  
I just wanna get mine  
And if I have to rip through every person in the universe  
And beyond to get a response from anybody, honey it's fine  
Read the sign, listen to me and feed your mind  
And please don't rhyme  
That's a part of your life you need to leave behind  
We're gonna rebuild, start from scratch  
(So you feel like brand new  
'Cause the way you actin' right now I just can't stand you)

People say for some young bucks y'all is on some next shit  
(Funk off the hook I leave shit disconnected)  
They be like, damn kid, really what did you eat for breakfast?  
(Funk off the hook I leave shit disconnected)  
I know it's hard to follow this shit just takes a couple seconds  
(Funk off the hook I leave shit disconnected)  
Yo if you ain't got dough for the show talk to me  
I'll put you on the guest list  
(Funk off the hook I leave shit disconnected)

(Oh yeah!)

I'm under your skin (skin)  
Over your head (head)  
On your mind  
Off the wall, outrageous, in depth  
All of that and a bag of chips  
Mixed with windex  
To rinse and rid your unworthy mouth  
Of my name-staining residue  
You wet my shoes with your tears  
You better move, disappear or  
I'ma get some shears and snip your ears  
I'm crystal clear with my instruction  
You're part of something that at it's best potential is  
Still left to nothin  
I kill pets  
It must be an illness  
I'm obsessed with [?] and neutered  
My ambition's cooler  
So why would I listen to yours?  
My words disturb your whole crew  
Two members huddled, disgruntled they  
Found their buddies drowned in a puddle of their own drool  
Let me help you, melt you  
Mold you, hold you, fold you  
Fail you, told you  
Pal you know whose flows pulls off  
Skeleton stamps

And imprints welts on your brain  
With my championship belt  
Hope you  
Felt  
The pain

Okay, can I have everybody's attention please?  
Yeah thanks, yeah thank you for your attention  
Now, this next object for sale is a male motormouth  
I don't know about the details of this fine young tongue  
Twisting rap guy but since I've been in retail sellin' wack guys  
I've found they're good for helping you fall sound asleep  
And they're perfect freak show circus acts  
This guy's height is five seven  
Weight: one-sixty-two pounds  
His mouth makes nifty new sounds  
And my crew found he's a well-rounded failure  
Yeah he's a well-rounded failure  
Anyways, this peasant's stage presence is good  
Mic control's alright although it could and should be better  
However, his breath is the best  
I guess his lyrical content is there and he's got a little style  
He doesn't often swear and his voice is smooth  
It won't get annoying to you for a while  
Now that's a little background  
I'ma start the bidding at fifty pieces  
Too much? Are you kidding?  
The weakest got sold for forty so this shorty's the cheapest  
We just got him fresh out the club  
So pay, come on and get him  
He'll behave and do anything you say, obey  
Just whip him okay, we got fitty over here  
Do I hear a fitty-five, fitty-five, sixty  
Come on I need this thing gone  
Sixty sixty boom!  
My man on the left got sixty  
Who! Got sixty five on this shitty jive talking  
Jabber jaw droppin' dirt ball called an emcee  
Ooh I see seventy  
Seventy's high, going once! Going twice!  
Seventy going for the last time  
Aaaaaaand  
Sold! To the old rich guy with the turntables  
Now, don't scribble sloppily when you write my check  
Just come take your property and we can move on  
To the next object for sale