

Quality Programming

Eyedeas

Staying 2 and 10 on the wheel of karma
I could care less whether or not you put your hands up
I'll do my best to make sure you have a bad day
Pessimism at its peak dropping in the worst way
Never had the time to count all the birthdays
Besides all the true heroes die before they're thirty
Excited, the fantasies provide adrenaline
Rivaled by the insight often mistook for rhetoric
Gentlemen, put your perspective back in a box
If I was you I'd slit my wrist out of respect for hip hop
I only came cause I thought that you'd be leaving soon
And I woulda stayed had I known I'd get to see you lose
I got a soft spot for carbon monoxide
I watch you eat your words and wash em down with pride
Give the speakers a good excuse to overload
Suffocating wasteland, vanishing your plan so

I'ma be your new favorite form of pollution
Float on the tightrope choke on its loose ends
Pissin' in the gene pool promoting evolution
Never knew a nervous breakdown could be so soothing
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The starving artist put the you in lunch
And the poet came to put the cyanide in the party punch
Back up, you rappers just suck
I hope you die and I hope in your next life you have better luck
Huh, I'll embarrass you in front of your own house
And turn around battle every rapper in the crowd and be like peace out
I'm gone, even my freestyles a nostalgic song
I'm eons beyond you peons when the M.I.C.'s on
I'm even ahead of myself by light years
Might not always be right, but I'll always be right here
Fighting the war, fighting off the ward I'm buried in the crevice that separates excitement and boredom
I'm a true genius, I always knew the world was flat
That's why they all fall off when they walk in one direction for too long
And I'll probably follow they footsteps 'cause if I had a chance to reinvent my blueprint
But I could sweet talk the solar system into sodomy
As long as I'm here, to contaminate your ears

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I'ma be your new favorite form of pollution
I'ma be your new favorite form, favorite form...

Yeah, 20 bars left till meltdown acid indigestion progression hell bound
Every deed for my self now, lemme bleed all over your see through shell child
Young dumb and full of compulsion, neurosis
I'll lose this whole war, before I lose focus

So take your dirty hands off the mic, punk
Life's a bitch, and then you get treated like one
Trudging through the field the sinister grins diminishing anxious minutes
Feed my cynicism adrenaline innocent standby-er
Sit calmly in the fire sift through the wood chip, call me when you get tired
I can feel your whole aura needs a tune up
And I got enough momentum to back your whole crew up
Just relax and breath in the mustard gas
You can function as the normal social scab like you always have
Stay at two and ten on the wheel of karma
That is if you can get the ignition to start up
I don't believe you, and you don't believe in me
But you don't have to, you'll still wind up buying my disease

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I'ma be your new favorite form of pollution
I'ma be your new favorite form of pollution
I'ma be, I'ma be, I'ma be, ahhhhh!
Bye