

# Styrofoam

Eyedeas

Yo, I'm trying to find time, to find that fine line between  
A rhyme you can catch the first time  
And the kind that makes you press rewind  
My words climb your spine and reach your brain stem  
My speech is the drained phlegm from thoughts defined  
It's far from plain when that lame  
Weak shit you bought ceases  
To give you listening pleasure  
Remember we can get together  
Lyric for earic can last forever  
Just let me know when you need it  
I cause tremors in jaws of all stupid, super-heated airheads  
Because their ego gets depleted, y'all should have cheated  
I gnaw on flaws you when my teeth hit the skin  
The bone of your flow is wrapped in  
You'll no longer be conceited  
Believe or leave it my friends so be it you couldn't even  
Pretend you were hollow, you're full of bull pee, shit, and puke  
You keep following a trend that'll end tomorrow  
I can sense your sorrow. I levitate above a heavy-weight  
And drop a mental car load to scar skulls  
You'll get ate up, straight up, like lines in a bar code  
Yo man don't wait up the sun won't come out so can I borrow  
Your dome for a night? So we can get stoned on the mic  
With Styrofoam in your pipe?  
Make sure you're smoking it right

See we are not your average B-boys with that  
Mindless, spineless, rhymeless, beatless, scratchless, weakness  
That kids have adapted while blinded and distracted by the masses  
My task is to destroy the weak noisy plastic Styrofoam that calls itself hip-hop  
("it calls itself what? ") it calls itself music ("why would you call... ")  
Man you call that hip-hop? Shit you must be Styrofoam influenced

Now there's styrofoam cups, coolers, plates they make it in chunks  
To encase electronic waste some use it as base  
It's a great way to escape  
Others just like the taste or something, that's fake  
I hear it on everybody's tape in totally different shapes  
For goodness sakes admit this shit was a mistake to create  
It pollutes the hip-hoxygen we intake, and then takes up space  
Gets all in your face with one hand it can break. After the race  
You're rewarded with a styrofoam frosted cake  
What's the "holy moly" in your trophy case? They sell the foam at target  
It's in the walls of your home apartment. It insulates  
It's in every single state, it left Mother Nature raped  
It's cousin is a plastic blow-up doll you can call for a date  
It's always been lightweight, one day my partner laced his joint with some  
When he inhaled his joints got numb and he started to twitch and shake  
His mental was disassembled, body resembled an earthquake  
That's when I decided to take my time to rhyme and erase the  
Un-biodegradable innovations lacking imagination and staking paper  
By the crates. I'll do it physically through the symphonies  
Composed by me and abilities, suppose we fail we'll birth the phone  
Facilities and ruin every music industr-

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I make civilians smile  
Keep my unique skills and pals  
I gotta million styles and I'm a billion miles from reach  
The illest child is me  
Sending you rhyming Millie Vanillie's to Gilligan's Island  
I'm an adolescent at the peak of my aggression  
I teach a battle lesson  
With each session I twist intestines it's depressing  
You leeches needed something to attach to, so you found a  
Styrofoam microphone in the trash, when you rap I smash backs  
And collapse caps with an abstract word task pass the nerds and dunce caps  
I run laps make rappers shatter quicker than glass slippers on tap dancers  
Answer to that I treat losers like tumors of cancer they can cut off my nut  
sack  
What's that? This kid is slicing men. I leave you froze, Eyedea was chose to  
throw boat flows cause I'm cold as liquid nitrogen  
I rip the mic again and bust a second nut  
Would you like that in your styrofoam cup  
Punk, what, Just, shut the fuck up. I'm feverish the reason is:  
MTV and BET it's really unbelievable but even though your people  
Are intrigued by how much dough they make it's styrofoam  
It's plastic and I'm here to let you know it's fake!

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Don't call it Hip-Hop. Don't call it Hip-Hop