

Heatish

Hieroglyphics

Yea! I'm super colossal
I'll DDT any Randy Savage that can Macho
Watch yo' nostrils burn from the toxic germ when I talk superb
Stronger than Cyclops' optic nerve, you didn't thought so?
You just passed a paint brush to Picasso
I move like a bullet shot from a .50 caliber Glock
So challenge me not, I'm liable to drop flows
And OH! they know my skills
Fire swept through your dialect like the oakland hills
Inner smoke and still it's everlasting
They're saying oh, that's over kill
CHILL! Roll a Phill control the Bill Bixbie in me
'Fore I blow this building up
Ughhh. Damn I'm swerving!
Puffing on a magic wand like I was Merlin
Picture that, beanie look like a magician hat
Kicking back with a sack blowing clouds of herb in
Just thinking to myself about linking up my wealth
And developing my physical and mental
I make G's wit a pencil, expand exponentially
I gots to tell 'em what I been through

I'm a emphatic, rap-phatic
Cinematic sim-tactics
Inhabit when the black magnet attract magic
Disperse curses, repel spells, and tell tales
My literary achievements
Rocked your body of rejects and caused solar events
This psycho-kinetic flux when I touch the mic
You rappers caught up in a crux tonight
I bust with an exuberant lust for life
Maneuver within the groove and get BUCKS for what I write
Take a stroll down lovers lane
And get beat to a pulp by my suckers' slang
I'm vulgar, vain
Glorious and obnoxious when I rock shit, get toxic
Profound and profane. My hock spit
Ignite and blow up like propane under pressure it's no thang
For me to wipe out your kind like the dinosaurs
Swinging my grammar like the hammer of the Mighty Thor
Crushing percussion with this discussion I'm thrusting forth
To get these motherf**kers off my nuts is nothin.

One of them cats that you won't find easy to persuade
Catch me with a group of babes, (dug in)? like super Dave (HA)
In an Escalade
But who could save hip-hop when the music's made? (Hiero)
You looked confused Tried to take a step in my shoes
You couldn't touch aim or bust the weapon I use
You get crushed. Ice, to slush, to bum rush
Twenty of us that all rhyme plush (all of us)
I heard that hit you got, and that whip you caught tight
But in Oakland, you get dropped right at the stop light
Stomped in the flow, by indigo Kenneth Cole reactions
To start a chemical reaction
Shot up, ? 'em all, got up before we caught up
In some shit, that's how we brought up

A feather chaser, moving at the pace of an Indy-racer
Razor sharp art... Fantasia!
Fanatic or finesse from flows filled with static
Combatted by the cats I let have it
A money magnet