

Exhibit B

Jay Electronica

I spit that, orchestral,
Medina born exceptional,
Extra Extra Terrestrial,
From out the ghetto vestibule.
Put your yard up on knowledge like the lessons do,
So fly fiends can get high off the residue.
So real, and surreal, a pure deal,
Dante flaco, flow handsome, guapo.
The Sun, Moon, and Stars, Grits and The Gospel,
School, I knock harder in the teachin of Apostles.
Pistols, prayer meetings, player balls, car shows,
Festivals, funerals, the grotesque and beautiful.
Phenomenons normal, the needed hardly happens,
Fresh V's at high speeds zoomin backwards,
Fast forward to last moments to flash over,
Trick trappin they clique clack then blast on 'em,
Damn homie it was all good a week ago,
Show 'em the truth but can't make 'em believe it yo...

It's Curtains, the opening scene,
Simpatico, remarkable, the article dream
Wake Up and bear witness to what you never seen,
Reach out and feel what they said would never be...
Me... and J-A-Y-E, electronic motherball,
Shut em off they sucker songs
Fuck em all and the horse they rode in on
You can't trespass the star gate I go in on
Get off

I bust through the gates of hell like a batterin ram,
Clappin yelling profanities like Yosemite Sam,
After that, I'm back home scannin the land,
Twenty-three million square miles of contraband.
I know ya feel me, but still hope the opposition kill me,
Cause you don't wanna see god manifest really.
UFOs and cabbage water, Willie the Kid,
You ain't seen one of these in a trillion years.
Abracadabra, I popped out the meat grinder shining,
The elegant art form of rhymings just blinding.
And that's just a regular hat trick,
A trick lock, a ninety gallon tank, yeah I'm back on that shit.
The ark building mad man from hotel deux,
Act two, coming through a dream by you.
Young Slumdog from uptown,
Pocket full of rupees,
Torn up sheets of looseleaf and one Lucy.