

Prowler 2

Jay Electronica

Welcome to my little party in your honor
The guest list has been compiled
So that you go out in style
You don't mind if my friends introduce themselves, do you Leroy
Then let the games begin

Back up in the booth and my "V" is for Vendetta
Fuck the last rhyme
To tell you the truth I got ten better
I bend letters over til they look like "n's"
And then offend so many men with them
They look like fems
I'm a feminine rebel
Forever cleverer than your shit
Never be level with niggas' shit
My flow can float bitch
Figure out the dosage to administer vaccines
Sickness I invoke in close
Considered the Black Jean
It's Blakroc, it's Blacksmith
Miss Grae and I'm back, bitch
Hulk-smash harass a motherfucker most passionate
Fashion plate, magistrate
Fascinating lady, grab your Vaseline and masturbate
Emasculate your manhood, possibly damn good
Dismantle all your posse turn them pussy with tan hoods
Don't push me, I don't land good
Liable to fly up off the handle like a pan would
And swoosh
Hit. Mrs. Woods

Salt rivers flowing out my eyeballs
Pierced side, broke legs, bearing my cross
The old heads told me life wasn't a game
But mine steady feeling like pinball, dodgeball
Chasing freedom, establish a kingdom
And build a stone castle out of thinwall, drywall
I'm a keep going til God call or the sky fall
Or they blast me on a grassy knoll and try to blame Oswald
Average Joe Blow, mastering my mojo
Cinder block, karate chop
Practice in the dojo
If it's so-so
I'll probably be a no show
Shooting the willy bobo out on Nostrand with the po' folks
Black dragon rap
Flames out the nostrils
From Crown Fried to Roscoe's
I'm spreading the gospel
I overcame like the Saints done the Falcons
Like Hoover did to Malcolm

YAOWA

Y'all know what the fuck I do
Bubble gum buster, so easy to fucking chew
Lyrics I blow bubbles to
Unoriginal, it's easy to make another you

Finding my telly keys the only way you'll get a W
Niggas ain't grizzly
Y'all all soft and huggable
I came up in the gutter
You came up like all the Huxtables
You don't want me to black-belt-to-death you
Karate chop your pops
Liu Kang kick your nephew
HIYAOWA
To hell is where I send em
Y'all just learned the art
I been tighter than your denims
I'll Ryu or Ken em
I'm classic with the pen
Give me five minutes I'll show you I'm deadly with the venom
Poison with the darts
See your boys be in the park
My boy be in the park
We annoying all the narcs
We two different types, see, you spit what you write
What I spit is the truth and truth comes to the light

Bang bang, tobacco road, smoke show, mofo sensei
Blue cloak, red stripe, get right head shot
Bass bang, necks crane, fresh construction when
Ski percussion blend Auerbach "Boogie Man"
Brought all my cousins again
Sisters and brothers and em
Bey's they center edge, overs and unders of them
Ain't no fucking with them
Ain't nan suckers within
Never closed, hella flows
Ice cold, never froze
Me and the exceptionals
Too high to get over on
Abdul-Jabbar tippy-toes, game point
Pick and roll, give and go
No ordinary miracle
Freedom fighters' spiritual
Eagle eye aerials
Sun spot, mountain top
Fresh water fountain drop
Open-eyed dreams
Fresh green, quartz counter top
The ashtray, that 3rd water Kings county rock
Black heed powerhouse
Can't shut the power out
Tell 'em quit wildin' out
Show ya what I'm bout about
Tune in, senator
This how you turn a party out
She get fresh, yes, to help her stretch your body out
Get live and hurricane black don will air your body out
Cash and carry then I'm outty out
ONE
Center edge