

Kill Screen

Jean Grae

This is rebel shit
Mojave rock
Got polyglots, who'll molly whop you til yo body pop
I'm never sick, when my temperature drop, it's 7 up
105.6 hell, praise the rock
I ain't a savior, just your neighbor like amazing Peter
Minus the spider bite, the webs, the aunt and uncle neither
But save the reasoning, the need to tuck the dynamite
To even up the nonbelievers
Man humble season was cool, sure
But now I'm seeing North Shore faces, are y'all sure
Well turn around and walk four paces
I'll walk forth five, y'all 86'ed in all cases
I'm the figure 8 sideways, always, ageless
Y'all in the club aimless, blind, spades shit
My time and space mix, record a rhyme on spaceships
You way behind like you caught a ride on a slave ship
I'm the modern anomaly, brazen Amelie, faceless
Representing the basement, raised up, cage less
Limitless, reminiscent of rapists
Boundaries?
Got none, rock, paper, shotgun
Achtung, baby not an A.D.D 80's baby I'm not from
Rated G catering eras, I was the type of New Yorker
Rhyming at night in the park and hiding a knife in hair and
Even though mama was careful, I would be fighting so often
Finding the light in dark, was time and just life in the mirror
Reflection infinite, Escher
In the end
We r who we r uh-h