

Young peerer over Dilla
Behind the mic like the will of a vehicular killer
The threading, put it together like a three minutes to wedding
In less than three minutes of meddling, over melody and grand pian peddlings
I do represent the mind like IQs, intelligent signs in our kind
's a haiku
Cobra kai turn high top fade to Caillou, who inspect a man stance and fight the kaiju
Way beyond a hundred kicks, breaking bottom bricks and he on number six
This is that "there should be a name for it"
Hideo should go and make a game for it
Mama should make you change for it
Kinda rap that sends jaguars running back into the rain forest
Plans over panic, when Superman scans deadpan over planets
Make the fat man hand over the ham jam and lamb and Spam sandwich
A face black eyes and hand-to-hand damage
Make 'em believe you can manage to have swam the span famine
Sesame the bird big, and the master plan mammoth