Man they grill dusted so they f**kin duckin like a steel musket Be pumpin but they didn't feel nothin Now the puppet master's got his grill busted I bludgeon with a blessin coming with 1100 buzzards I'm the motherf**kin essence of a present-day steel dungeon Pyrotechnic thoughts flow, battle tanks wheels crushin what lies ahead then I'm lookin through the Odyssey Learned about my future in the book of Deuteronomy They told me I should make a drug and hook the new economy And now I got 'em But not with cocaine, but bass thumps that rattle bottoms Because convenience is a drug The world is just a sheep farm Bloated, beatin Jesus to the mud Misquote 'em, choke 'em, sweep 'em under rug Split, tongue down the drum, suck out the blood And feed the other dumb shits One thousand one decent years in the sky, won't die Dematerialized, no lies, demon ears a surprise No eyes, no senses, could witness The way that Black Clover came here to rip this

We got a tall glass of Classic to sit y'all down
So you can scratch at your heads as the trunk goes pow
Like we were at the train tracks workin hard
Cause the caboose is the damn train's only heart
We'll put your body back together friend, we put your
body back together friend, back together friend
We'll put your body back together friend, we put your
body back together friend, back together friend
We'll put your body back together friend, we put your
body back together friend, back together friend
We'll put your body back together friend, we put your
body back together friend, back together friend

Неу

There goes David MacLeary, he got them weird flows
Treating everybody in the crowd like they're scarecrows
He's top-seeded with all obstacles completed
But he thinks that rapping in third person is too
conceited
So I'm back, I'm smellin the harvest, I'm smellin smoke
The only thing I've been offended by is that you think
I'm telling jokes
Like if Yoko Ono gave you herpes, would that be
strawberry fields forever? (forever?)
I grind with the syncopated measures
I alleviate the pressure
I'm a miscreant, a deviant of lectures
I'ma keep forever brief my mystique'll keep me glued
I'ma rectify this wreck (?) til Sadiq approves
But sorry I'm not shootin any thugs, I rap about food

and gettin buzzed
Cause that's all I do, it's all I love
I'm removin both the gloves and I'm leavin my
fingerprints
Now you can trace me back to every single beat I rip

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