

Om

MF DOOM

When we meditate, what is the word we use? "Om"
I want you to try this, let's all try together

Point blank, right between the eyes
Any fool could get it so don't be too surprised guys
More funner than a clown with a gun
Run for the crumbs, it's the sound of the sun "Om"
To the brain right between the eyeballs
Anybody could get it, so don't be too surprised y'all
More dumber than a clown with a gun
Pound your drum to the sound of the sun "Om"

If you saying that I ain't nice you better think twice
I've been in my room psyched, with the mic giving advice
Plans of giving my life to the game
They saying that I'm insane, attention I'm not paying
My vision and my brain are coming soon enough
I'm pursuing moving musical drugs
The rap game newest plug
I got the fire, you'll be higher off of one hit
Others getting smothered, I came to cover 'em up quick
I told them that son sick, they ain't believe
Went in with the bob and weave and got the profit in the sleeve
They pocketing off of me? Alright I'll let it be
They'll see in the soliloquies, they ain't with me mentally
Born in a different league so they see me differently
Who would've seen this simple teen featuring in magazines
Me, all I really need in the end
Me and intuition rolling through thick and thin

To the dome right between the eyes
Anybody could get it so don't be too surprised guys
More funner than a clown with a gun
Running for the crumbs, it's the sound of the sun "Om"
In the head right between the eyeballs
Anyone could get it, so don't be too surprised y'all
More simple than a clown with a gun
Pound your drum to the sound of the sun

Am I being idolized? Or am I a pair of idle eyes?
I look into the sky, a wise beam of light replies
Telling me the rain's coming in a sec
I still question it, I'm storming passed the rest, then
My mind gets to restin', gotta stay deprived of the stressin'
Thought it's hard and I'm relying on blessings
I keep my mind set in a setting that I can dream
So all the positive things attract more than queens and dreams
Gotta balance out the give and take, cause I made a couple of mistakes
I know you can relate, but now I'm tryna live great
So I guess I gotta give what it takes and I'll live with the greats
Passed the oppression, I fell back now I'm not stressin'
Materials reign imperial, this lifetime's lesson
And it's quite interesting 'cause everybody's spines getting lessened
With they mind and they relying on weapons
So now we seeing death in a frequent rate
But if I keep light working I could change the pace
My ascension's got my visions in a different space

Divine grace, wise in a high state

Straight to the dome right between the eyes
All of y'all could get it so don't get too surprised guys
More funner than a clown with a gun
Running from the crumbs, it's the sound of the sun "Om"
In the head right between the eyeballs
Anyone could get it, so don't be too surprised y'all
More simple than a clown with a gun

Peace, peace, peace, peace, peace, peace, peace
(Sir Octagon)

It's an area that vibrates when you do, "Om"
It vibrates, and it vibrates the melanin in your third ventricle (hold on, hold on)
That vibrates (What a queen is that) your pineal gland
(okay, okay, I see your Maxi dress girl you looking good) and your pituitary
and your optic thalamus
Your pineal gland is a gland (Aye) responsible (For real though, you looking
fine in that dress, nahm sayin'? laughs)
For spiritual... (Hol' up, hol' up, hol'up, hol' up, hol' up)