

# True Lightyears

MF DOOM

Ash Hadu Allah Ilaha Illallah  
Wahdahu La Sharika Lahu by far  
Rock, rock, y'all, between the tick, tock, y'all

I came out the Magnolia like the beetle, the genie of the incense smoke  
From the church steeple, mixed with the prayers of the people  
Pollination, subhana wa Ta'ala Nation  
Global recalibration, Roc Nation causing shock waves  
In the basement, seven thousand kilohertz  
With every verse I heal the earth, with every line I drop  
The tears of man into a cloud, in a fine mist until it bursts  
And rain from the brain, snowflakes for the pain  
The flow is just so insane, we wondering why you came  
Here's a jewel, son; be yourself  
Quit looking like someone else  
Get your dignity off the shelf  
The true Jedi code is stealth  
Stay in tune with whatever else  
The asiatic galactic master of the atlas  
Author of mathematics civilized the savage  
Terrorize the clerics  
Big black chief like Robert Parish  
I broke the deputy neck while Metal Face shot the sheriff  
Soul rebel in the deadly bout with the devil  
Conquering every level  
The best part is where I settle  
Spread love through every ghetto, plus suburbia  
Me over the track is a acquisition, a merger couldn't be any further  
Woke the game up into a fervor, then disappeared like the burglar  
The style you never heard of  
The very premise is murder  
But sweeter than a Werthers  
Roam the Earth like Bedouins and Berbers  
The great ancient goat herder, emerging through your server

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DOOM out the vortex to your neocortex  
Your guess who spit the rawness is good as gore-tex  
Metal Face turtleneck vest, built to support bras  
Standard issue for broads, carbon like a sports car  
Anybody ask- he retired  
Tried to hold the villain to task- he was fired  
Fired up, his own boss on strike  
Accused of using hot pepper sauce on the mic  
Get tossed on a spike or cross if you like  
So be cautious, leave 'em nauseous as pork sausages  
Salami and some bacon, some bacon and some ham  
Plans get mistaken for a scam, ah damn fam  
Bless the child who hold his own, none could master respect  
Soundwave transform like rumble ratchet eject  
It's more secret than Al Gore's wallet  
Or Val Thor's comet  
Or style wars, bomb it  
Or that gal of yours armpit, darn it  
(Wa Dahu La Shareika Lahu)

I promise