

What a life under this quilted fleece  
Where the wilted lease  
Will to power and still to speech  
'N cupboards they granny shoulda dusted  
Maladjusted with a malaprop  
Sack of 'ism make the pallet drop  
Palindrome of the ignoble savage be- (oh shit)

I switched up  
Steez-oww  
Oh, one two?

Light flick, brutal wrist cornucopious  
Still life waiting on a vista to utopia  
Mister Satan pausing in the Hotel Scallops  
Fuck with the timing of the whole swell ballad  
By bar eight he could heal the old and invalid  
Sweaty tooth cold for the pallet and bracket  
Blackface Tarzan, tanned arms basking  
Ted Danson with the Cheers, a dead man dancing  
With his fears Lorde Fred call it Capoeira  
To you Black Emperor Ferreira forever  
On a terrace with a beret and Beretta  
Maroon mood indigo  
At a sinister place where rap feel pitiful  
Applied research to make the force field subliminal  
Political climate turn your old Earth cynical  
How he get lost in a small room? Custodian of the statue

Null set  
Mhm  
Yes