

Check  
Check  
Check it out

Welcome to the outrageous, contagious  
Style from Mr. Lif that amazes  
Melts down polar caps with solar raps  
When I drop hits, your shoulder snaps  
For eight weeks you're doing that sling thing  
Cause I was doing my Emperor Ming thing  
Merciless, flying winged horses like Perseus  
First we just, analyze the man  
Small invisible form but grand  
Mic removed from the mic stand  
Now located in my right hand  
Here's my plan, overstand  
First I'll unleash my rage on the stage  
Off the top of the dome, f\*\*k the written page  
Then engage in telekinesis thesis  
Which verbally rips your bitch ass squad to pieces  
I'm cold, the world freezes  
In the ice ages, my mission was to ice sages  
In head to head mental combat  
Three two one contact  
Wheres the motherf\*\*kin combat?  
Intellect slashes and leaves gashes  
The rhyme smashes  
This one in particular with no catches  
After several mismatches  
The comp had very few chances  
The god advances to medieval times  
To jig MC's with lances  
In present time our eyes met on a few glances  
And threw niggas into deep trances  
Blew up R&B and Jojo's dancer  
Santa and motherf\*\*kin Prancer  
In victory my flow found the answer to cancer  
And freed niggas from projects, Trenchtown to Atlanta  
Talking of being fatter is senseless data  
And useless chatter  
That leads to another well-done rapper served on a platter  
On, Jeffrey Dahmer Day, my favorite holiday  
Served lukewarm with sauce, yeah hollandaise

Hold up now, easy, easy, easy. You know they're not ready for that.  
Scratched sample: "Come again?"

Suppose, this was a whole different time  
Suppose, this was a whole different rhyme  
I would come out on some real ill shit  
Snatch the microphone and then start to kill shit  
I'm ill wit  
This whole rap format  
Rippin niggas up at they doormat  
Get off the stage, I just tore that  
I moved the ?[sword]? at  
Your jugular vein I'll gnaw dat

Police showed up and asked where the god at  
What they discovered:  
Enters the Colossus tape cover  
Right next to the fake brother  
Now take cover  
Cause I'm about to take flight  
Bomb dawn and break night  
With the type of ill  
Shit that you can feel  
Just give me the steel  
I'll heat up the stage and flesh peel  
And bubble, society crumble  
Infrastructure puncture  
No survivors, sharp rhymes  
Flip and clip the moral fiber  
Who's liver, hostile takeover  
My maneuver, Hans Guber  
Babylon terrorist, nemesis  
Vocal apocalypse  
A billion degrees of unbearable  
Unescapable, revolution  
Due to lack of mental evolution  
Rugged solution  
Kill like industrial pollution  
Melt down mines and stagnate the confusion  
Step to this main contusion  
It's the final conflict and look, Lord  
The wicked man's losin'  
It's no illusion  
I can feel that you're improvin'  
You got the data, keep movin'

"Data, turn your body into antimatter"

"My data"