

The Prince has risen from the silence, please don't speak to me
All I see are stupid humans fighting, bickering
I don't plan on going back until I need to sleep
Typically my body rest, but I don't see the peace
Half the time I'm laying down, conscious subconsciously
The other half I'm slaying clowns that try to talk to me
Took 'em to a place where imaginations real as you and me
Or just me, because you're fake I shake you off with ease
Easily the greatest, or at least a great MC
Lined with rhymes that scheme so tastefully and then repeat
I don't think that I'm to blame, he won't heed my decree
Omen swinging thirteen blades and leave the scene obscene