

My people come from stars  
But not that far away  
But y'all know who we are  
There's really not much else to say

How you gonna race with a spaceman  
Who walks with pride and grace through the wasteland  
Do not attempt to embrace or shake hands  
Unless you been blessed by Acey the Faceman  
I'm from a place where the bass from the late jams  
Snaps all the elastic and waist bands  
And cracks through the plastic on raybans  
Get your colorways dunked in a paint can  
It ain't the funk if you can't dance  
How you gonna front when you ranked last  
Fuck a high class function with stank-ass snobs  
My jobs getting drunk with the wait staff  
Fuck a dunce from the late class  
We in the lab with the bunsons that break glass  
This is rap for the monks on the 8 paths  
Those still getting crunk need a late pass

When we were kids we would listen and believe  
We had a need that felt like a sickness to go a long distance  
To fuck with an emcee  
No prescription if this is your disease

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There's been a breach in the fortress  
Nobody here speaks from the cortex  
A leaked gem from the Swim Team  
Is fiended for like tweak in the northwest  
Not for real but it's getting there  
I'm ice cold like the tap on your Frigidaire  
I kick raps when kicks snap tremendous snare  
Causes the big blap that pauses the click track  
If you run outta gauze then get the gift rap  
Don't talk tall then fall from the kickback  
The Swim Team's big black walk-on  
Kicking facts with mismatched socks on  
Impact like this track with dropped bomb  
Yell 'fuck yes' if you know what's next [fuck yes!]  
Those still quiet are suspect  
Butterflies in the belly stomach bubble upset

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