Rapid Eye Movement

Pharoahe Monch

It's not latin, or white, or black music
It's that cooked up coke, crack music
Black Thought and Pharoahe, the rap duet
It's that lucid rapid eye movement

My think tank's like a piranha tank think, multiple bites figure
Mega, reality, tera, giga
Grand Theft Auto, modern day Mickey and Mallory Small
But I'm sick enough to walk into an art gallery and piss on a Picasso
Crack statues, rub my balls on a Banksy shit on it and throw it at you
So when the beat intensifies
I become emotionally desensitized
Like, once I slapped a rapper with mace
Then I spit acid in his face, after he rinsed his eyes, no wait
I actually grew five times my size grabbed Ma$e by the thigh and slapped a r
apper with him
Now that's practicing sacrilegious activism
Attack is for battle, and practical rap with wisdom
Actually, it's pragmatic capitalism for actors that crack under pressure and
 collapse when I get 'em
Monch is medicinal man made medical marijuana
With a phase plasma rifle like I'm searchin' for Sarah Conner
And shorty's got brains, shorty not playin'
From 40 blocks I'm a killa with 40 watt range
With an arrangement of bullets that I've arranged
Encrypted in scriptures specific individual names
That shall remain anonymous
Me and the ammunition's in a relationship that's monogamous
It's like I'm married to the silencer
Until I file for divorce and release my ex-calibers
Do art with your arteries, place that for my adversaries
Push your snap back cap back, cap your capillaries like

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Vocally twice as magnifying as ever hearing Chewbacca scream
Through a megaphone with the significance of Dr. King
Philanthropic
Cause I'm trying to see man united without referencing UK soccer teams
My philosophy prophecy
The opposite of Mephistopheles' eye inside an isosceles
Sent to Earth to warn of environmental atrocities, and nobody can copy me
Stop, it's not possible but probable that it's only philosophical mockery, s
trange
Change copper to gold, switch properties, bang!
Stay on top of the globe, flip monopolies, aim
Take stock in the soul, spit properly

Take stock in the soul, spit properly
That extended clip on my hip sits awkwardly
I'm diabolical, follicle triggers that I cock and squeeze
Sending shots to ancient Greece to pop Socrates
I bear arms like button-downs without the sleeves
Manic depressive and possessive like apostrophes

My psychiatrist waive the doctor fees
When I wave the pistol and say listen, quit watchin' me so I can breathe
National Association for the Advancement
Of drugs for performance enhancement
And it's tough taking so many chances
But I've been a bad seed from the womb, they call me ovary cancer
And I got an ugly heart, although I'm totally handsome
And I take the love of your life and hold her for ransom
And my tactical cam that never stood for any national anthems
What's hood, I am the actual answer
And I'll prove it
Black attire, rapid fire, rapid eye movement
I'm from a species that is higher, I am not human
Extraterrestrial alien, a monster killer of conscience chillin'
In a barrel of lobster
Ex-Slave, sadomasochist, that gave the massa my ass to kiss
A dyin' breed, I'm the last of this
Black is as miraculous as Jesus of Nazareth
When I vocalize the crowd rise like Lazarus
It's the Rhode Scholar, my coat collar piss off PETA
Your hoes holla, he's on top of the bars
Meet a Mr. Globe Trotter in my Adidas
Pure cheetah, hoppin' out of this exotic European 4 seater
Hollerin' cheeba cheeba like I'm Parkside
Killin' is the dark side
Villain, I'm God, I'm Godzilla
Sometimes I'm Bob Dylan put blood on these tracks, for real
So, God-willin' you'll feel what I'm spillin'
Yeah, I never quit, I'm still syndicatin' up
Me and Pharoahe Monch, did it for the benefit of us
This is straight razor behavior, I never get enough
Get the picture, my militia gettin' ignorant as fuck

Yea, it's suicide murder
Straight from the underground through the fiber optics
Pharoahe, Black Thought, complete the cypher
The movement outlandish

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