

# Broadcasting

Prof

(Left speaker)

(Right speaker)

Papa Papa

Romeo Oscar

Oscar Sierra

Foxtrot

(P.O.S

Literally a piece of shit...

Caught masturbating in a local bathroom...

All across the country...

I can't believe it, it's outrageous)

I am bigger than you've ever seen

I am better than you've ever heard

I could reinvent with every word

Larger than life don't even make sense

I am so far ahead I'm backwards I am in past tense

I am on overload overdose

I am on cruise control

I could write an album under comatose

I am unconscious yet so focused

I'm ultimate high I'll ride till I'm hopeless

I know what I started and I don't plan on finshin'

Givin' in is the difference in wishin' it an livin' it

So posers step off me

I'll get ya paid off cock matter what it cost me

I don't even gotta fight

I'll let people I don't know whoop yo ass all night

Turn on the radio I got something to say

Broadcasting a punch in the face

Ah, east coast west coast

Mid-west down south world wide

South-side north-side

Where the fuck you at

Doomtree

Stophouse

I am bigger than you've ever seen

I am louder than you've ever heard

Letterhead be clever with the word

Clever up the beef, eat

Never sweat a nerd

Haters are like birds, yeah

Tweet tweetin' from the cheap seats

Shi-shittin' on concrete

Criterion raps

Stimulus pack large

Now pay it back

You off ya crux fool

You couldn't balance collaborations

With verses adjacent to beats by Mux Mool

Success ooze from the sweat glands

Rules for the next don't apply to P.O.S. man

I'm livin beyond the lines you sketch man

Illegible hand

Script  
Up here, hi  
Learn how to elevate  
Innovator lazer-tongue  
Assimilate to absolutly nothin  
Get it straight, I am a lazer-guided hurricane  
Megaman's hand hot  
Absolutely bustin'

Ah, east coast west coast  
Mid-west down south world wide  
South-side north-side  
Where the fuck you at  
Doomtree  
Stophouse

Critical digital  
Launch pad with the hazmat launch code numerals

Stop or it's your funeral  
Watchin the bosses rock you cubicle  
Watch as me a prof spit chapters backwards  
Yeah!

I am an anthrax rapper  
I got a code  
That I suppose so does Moses  
That I live by and I master

Yeah rap blaster  
Stone-cold disaster  
Cans filled with whoop ass get cracked leave em plastered  
Damn

I keep it G bitch  
I'm on another level  
Iron man lungs punk  
I keep it heavy metal

I keep the belly settled  
Better full  
Hungry wolf tearin through whatever  
No piggy rippin never bull

I let the Chevy pedal hit the metal  
I never settle  
Burn the fuckin road up  
I am on every channel

I let the 9-5 honda civic slide right by  
Middle finger sky high  
Spittin-ittin c-c-cyanide