

Lyrical Fluctuation

Reflection Eternal

What, yo, Beyond Real, baby, Joc Max, baby
For the 99 and beyond, yo, check it out
Yo, by the some of the shit y'all spit, it's hard to keep
Interest in this game
And I know some of y'all don't like the shit that we spit
We feel the same
See the plan [?] don't roll with a lot of niggas just a few friends
And I blast before a nigga even get a chance to put in his two cents
Don't get me wrong, it's all love and war
But my fellow black brothers like iced down jewelry in the projects
We attract others, bro for black rubbers
The way I stretch you out, you wanna test me
You be the artist formerly known as alive, so please don't stress me
Y'all motherfuckers is too sexy, and y'all supposed to be hardcore?
And y'all supposed to be givin the consumer, what they ask for?
About to tap the plexi-glass ora, along with that glass jaw
Pass the microphone to my nigga Monch like Terry Bradshaw

Spit miraculous shit, drink Dracula's blood, exist for centuries
My DNA 'ventually, mends wounds, heals injuries
The identity unknown for obvious extremities
Pharaohe the assassin who was hired to kill Kennedy
The murder of Malcolm X my only aborted assignment
Reduce my molecules than pass through solid confinement
The eclectic, collectively indivisible
Please, you're fuckin with the wrong individual
Why would one even combat an entity
In which one is attacked by absorbing your energy
I already peeped your verse before you said it
I scan the wack shit with through the powers of telekenitics

One minute to rhyme, one minute to shine, one minute before detonation
One time for lyrical fluctuation
One life to live, and though its better to give
We'd rather take time out, for this lyrical fluctuation

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Most rappers try to keep it real, I go way beyond
My shit is airtight, more professional than Leon
Phenomenal bird's-eye view, your shit is comical
My parables be astronomically bombing you
We calmin you down, yo my sound take you back in history
Picture me kickin Brown Skin Lady to black women in antiquity
Consider me the cat who got rhymes like the clouds got raindrops
I read the book and I been there, what! y'all niggas just name drop
Plus, I can pronounce Pharaohe Monch, I know who the hell he is
Fuck He-Man or Skeletor, I master the universe like the Jigs (masta)
Kid I call your name out, not the alias, but your government
For the love of it, I tear you up and spit you out like done with it

I wanna be that fly new boy when the kids crack out on the table the
Tape or CD and hear me, shape your minds
Daily I do, and you the tool don't, front like your special

Special meaning you just don't got it
Unless you got it and you forgot it
Here's the refresher, better knowledge, you could challenge your professor
I make kids just give up rappin
Some all forms of talkin
I frustrate you like trying to rewind on an auto-reverse walkman
You look confused like little kids trying to cross busy streets
Is it the beat, is it the rhyme that go you mindin mine like business?
The sign of times when the population's like who is this?
But it's 'Plex, I start a craze like sex
I got more styles than cinemas at Sunrise Multiplex

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Yo, I'm rugged on streets as well as I'm rugged on wax
Your style's sweet, won't you do a song with the Rugrats?
I hold shit down for delf, venoms circulate up in em
Funny when I spin em like they in the tu-tu's
Sahdeeq rebukes you, refuse you like short change
Long range, strokin your lady with no shame
My flows aim, dent your chest like Tinman
Shake em apart, send em down the rode with no heart
These five here, nothin to FUCK with this year
You see through like Sheer, pantyhose spendin ho
Dubbin, analogue and digital flows
Screw in up your cerebral, shit you can't even conceive bro
Heave-ho, off the steam ship with your weak flow
My style heavy like pebo, Malik cast like devo
The best rest [?], now sleep it off stupid
Krim', Pharaoh, Kweli, Complex, Sahdeeq new shit