

My style is loco
Yoko Ono manic vocal
I'm not your uncle, I'm anty-social
Postal, danger to the world I've gone global
Schizophrenic menace, put myself in a chokehold
Ho-ho, yeah bro I'm tasty like a Rolo
Spiritual being, yes I'm holy like a Polo
you know, you could set this song as your ringtone
Lord of the ring-ring, you could be Frodo

Gimli
I'm a take this rhythm man and smoke it like a chimney
I'm a punk rocker sucker, no I'm not an indie kiddy with a Bindi
Yes I will be in the shed, taking my meds
I slice up beats like a knife through bread
When I go bowling I use decapitated heads
I lose brains in the lanes so they call me Miss-a-lane-eous
I'm the type of kid WHO makes cotton wool dangerous

I'm trying hard not to lose my mind, whoa
I see stars when I close my eyes, whoa
I try to keep this beast inside, whoa
But I'm close to the edge and I might lose my head
So I guess you better hide

My style is manic
Close to the boil volcanic
I watched so much scar face I think I'm Hispanic
Okay!
Don't make me get loco on you essay!
Putos! I bust a cap! Watch me get messy!

Mentos and Coke I'm about to explode
I'm so open minded that my eyes can't close
Doctor! Doctor! Give me some smiles
A twenty pack of Valium, numb for a while
Flow like the Nile
Evil crocodile
I've got the local zoo saved on speed dial
Funky!
I spent a bit of time with the monkeys
I gave one a Valium, now he's a junkie

Humpty Dumpty, he fell down
All the king's horses were stumped somehow
Hmm of course all the horses were stumped
Horses don't even have opposable thumbs

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My teeth start juttering, I'm stuttering, buttering words like flora
Edible, spreadable style, glow like aurora
Northern light, ignite the night tonight, excite the mic right like a viper

bite

It's just my venom, it's Ren and my lucky numbers 7
I don't follow fashion so I'm wearing double denim
Mel Gibson crazy - my minds a lethal weapon
Got kicked out the fruit store for grabbing a girl's melons

Said get em with a baseball bat type force or a harpoon
I'm knocking you for six when I hit with a beat, with a bang, with a boom
I'm a fly right out this room, I'm a take off to the moon
I'm a rip when I spit when I bite my lip and I'm sick when I bust a move like yes sir!

I'm a take this microphone and make some acappella
Music for your ear drums it's vocal architecture
Stacking up like bricks yes I'm stacking up the texture
I bring the vibes right into the sector

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