

Smoking Paranoia

Senser

I'm a funk centre; I'm the consensus, living like questions, now I want answers City complexity in the age of dreams when I come right then I spit white light And I stalk streets when I generate beats; no other MC's ever been like me I know a few girls died of needles and pipes, boyfriend tried to hide their bodies in the night Plasma tracks, pure blood's what I drop when I lock down, that's when I rock Analogue bones superimposed I rose, I'm a decoding stone a Rosetta, I pulse better Stronger now, longer now in the long range, shit's hard to change I'm Galactus when I practice on the axis. Back and forth the cuts will leave you stranded on the black list Trade your wack shit for rap hits and tactics, plus dirty hands dead spots archetypal, untouchable You cannot buy grace, you change up your body then you change your face Now try to find your mic style back while I write rap; extricate yourself from the trap Backed into the corner smoking paranoia, weaned on disorder, radiating grey structures Steel cobwebs creeping from my peripheries, if I'm going down I'm taking all of you with me Walk the tight rope, walk it lamely, rely on cigarettes and Prozac mainly, energy wasted daily, get a boy, have a baby I was already bored then you took all the fun out, get your boots on cause the oil's gonna run out This source won't last, wars don't heal so fast; Meta-logic here cut up, I'm viral Magnified between the lines there are ciphers, clear to those who truly chose to see Is your mouth at the right height for the zeitgeist? Is it ripe for knife fight in the white light? Harness the dream, change it all till it seems nothing could be real, whip it till it bleeds Use the compassionate hopes of the masses to feed your disease Backed into the corner smoking paranoia, weaned on disorder, radiating grey structures Steel cobwebs creeping from my peripheries, if I'm going down I'm taking all of you with me You are so forgotten, time is running out, nothing left for you, you are so forgotten, time is running out, nothing new for you Walk the tight rope, walk it lamely, rely on cigarettes and Prozac mainly, energy wasted daily, get a boy, have a baby Backed into the corner smoking paranoia, weaned on disorder, radiating grey structures Steel cobwebs creeping from my peripheries, if I'm going down I'm taking all of you with me