

The Kosmos Pt. 6 - Life on Another Planet

The Alchemist

This ain't rap call it carpentry
Blades sharp enough to cut carpet, I'm sticking to the paper
No cupcakes, I'm awkward, leave 'em all in awe
And all in all it went well, Tylenol for the swelling
Midol, you butter soft rappers, fucking with a Dewalt miter saw
You might of saw me on the bulleting
Bullet fragments, metallic pieces in my thesis
Ultra violet rays, riesling, private beaches
We extra violent, rush ya like Moscow
The scowl on my face, no scare tactic, warning
I'm warming up some leftovers, I'm Jeffrey Dahmer
My apartment gotta step over, some body parts scattered
Careers here and there, the dream shatterer
Pop that like Adderall, parallel parking
Stay in shape like a parallelogram, hella sharpened
Hoes throughout the spectrum, prefer my liquor darkened
Bitches obey me like a collie, no flea collar
Ready for the melancholy, I'm jotting down
A downtrodden rotten ridicule, the rude shrewdness
Rapper niggas minuscule, no comparison
I stay Strapped my advantage
Flipping like Bamboo, "That ain't the same sandwich!"
Bokeem Woodbine with mine when I combine minds
With the Alchemist, burning like turpentine, no sacrilege

True Religion