

## 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 bulletting  
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