

Fixed

Tonedeff

It's time for me to ride my invitation to the room/
A product of them baby-
boomers, but I never believed in kids blowin' up into celebrities/
With no indemnities these cartoon characters makin' tunes/
But you can't pay no dues in wombs/
But in return, I burn my etching on the moon/
I learned my lesson on the loom, in essence, I will truly bloom/
I paint with all the colors of the wind like I was Judy Kuhn/
I tend to hit that booty soon, type of pum-pum I will consume/
When I'm bangin', I'm goin' 'Boom-Boom-Boom'/
And brothers think I'm out there, Raining pain in your contained monsoon/
I'll play your game like Final Doom. Where there's no end take it to 64 levels of graphic planes/
And you can feel the texture mappin' on your brain/
What's next to happen doesn't change-/
I resume, so don't assume I flex to rappin' just for cappin'/
I'm laughin' At these wannabe MC's, desolated like dune/
My tracks are more anticipated than the month of June in public schoolrooms/
I've got that 'Boom-Boom-Bap, Original Rap'/
I wanna track it back, so fuck the clappin' gats and satin macks/
Cause I've got tons of backing that's available to crack A stack/
of the wackest actors trying to rap- They're gettin' flat/
Like the bitches I used to Peep in 7th grade/
It's 7 days till dawn, while RBM we breakin' the norm to keep it on/
And even though I'm Monotone at certain points within my diction/
My depiction of reality is fixed within your vision
'Cause you're Fixed.

Chorus:

Creatively castrated. (Niggas be Fixed)
Critically/Publicly overrated. (Niggas be Fixed)
And, yo, Nothing's innovated. (Niggas be Fixed)

V2

So, Skiddly-Bebop, We-Rock, Scooby Doo/
Guess what, America? "We Love You"/
With a 'Rock' and a 'Roll', and there's so much soul/
Yo, we'll be rockin' till we're a hundred and one years old/
Now, I don't mean to brag and yo, I don't mean to boast/
But I'm the host with the most that rocks shows Coast to coast/
East-West meets best. (305) like, whatever, hops/
I format the rhythm to give you the whole big picture like its letterbox/
And, yo, it never stops. I'm that bunny energizing/
Purgatori's under the pink, don't play boy scouts when I'm exercising/
But, I digress. I press the bench for time, your dead-lines make me late/
Don't stall to sell me a quarter pounder for \$6.50, yo, cause that ain't worth the wait/weight/
I'm wizzin' on your click, and still you insist I'm on your dick/
You're just a sparkle-
puss, like David Copperfield's hookers are Magic Tricks/
Imagine this... you're smoking cannabis while I'm becoming the man at this/
Amateur panelist, plan to turn purple like an amethyst/
In a world with no Quartz/Courts, basketballs, laws, or gems/
To which it applies, the moment I visualize the bitter demise of them/
I hit 'em when eyes are blind to minimalize their literal lies, and then/
I sit and I fiddle with the rhymes they've crafted and they get shafted in

the end/

Ask the question- Who's got the rhythm? I'm coming off like Janet's panties /

Ever since 1814, and greatfully she don't wear Grannies/
'Cause that's deader than Jerry Garcia, but via his fans I need a fix/
To crack the heads of these self-pipe-tootin', lyrical bitches sucking dicks.

Your Fixed.

Chorus

V3

MC's are fixed but never mended, they get blue in the face/
And that be, like, true in the case where there's no space for Gravity/
'I Breathe Deep', 'cause the malady that salary's the strategy/
Of the modern rap academy saddens me/
Studied the anatomy of musicality where Critics are the analogy observed/
Don't give a shit about the Comp-U-Serve/
You virtually can't escape the net reality casts/
Because my web be world wide... Better believe I got my sign-on your ass/
I be that Prodigy that raves On-lines of text in America/
I still refuse to be your fuckin' cartoon character/
'Cause, babe, I keep it pure/
So, maybe if my death was premature, then, I'd be sure to win an award/
And you can quote that from the source, I criticize my critics.../
Shit, it must've broken down some doors, so now we minimize the limits/
That's set inside us by the cynics; and those who wanna mimic this with tricks/
Get diminished down the River of Styx.
Cause you're fixed.

Chorus