

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 lev
 els 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 wo
 rth 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 minimize 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 tri
cks/
Get diminished down the River of Styx.
Cause you're fixed.

Chorus