

Synthetic

Tonedeff

It goes automatic, systematic, world control/
Magnetic, genetic, synthetic/
We keep it energetic, all the while innovative/
Totally invigorated/
We made it not to break it, but to take it to take it to a whole 'nother type of plateau/
Rockin' rhymes on the regular-FLOW/
Liquefied within the manner/
The kinda stamina to land expand a panorama/
I stretch and swell and always making sure my best is well initiated/
You're jaded and you're over stimulated/
Which indicates I've been exonerated, vindicated/
From this Amalgamated rhythmic trip through 21st century technology/
Colliding with Hop-Hop philosophy with absolutely no apologies/
I constantly keep it scholarly, so I suggest you follow me/
Or get caught up in the wake of change/
Because, I'll take the strange and rearrange it/
And still maintain the same flavors it came with, to get your brains lit/
So please don't memorize the same script/
And figure it's phat just because it changed lips/
Your ending up with sprained wrists from holding the microphone the wrong way/
Burn 20 matchboxes on a long day/
So let the song play, and then you'll begin to understand/
The anti-mathematical stand of machine versus man/
The grand Musical synthesis, and I've been into this forever/
But figured the time was now right to pull the lever/
I'm keeping it together.
Synthetic.

V2

I go the world over, but never hold it on my shoulder/
In fact, the world collapses when I drop it/
But I never let go of the way I knock a topic/
Cuz Title wise, your miniscule and microscopic/
If you need the juice, then I'mo block the socket/
With enough to knock Anna right out the tropics/
I plot this with a masterful touch/
I want the world but never ask you for much/
I got a crutch- you play lyrical double dutch and hop scotch/
The process is top notch in all parameters damage ya' while you watch/
Lines thicker than ink spots could ever blotch/
On the dot, time is irrelevant to me like an elephant memory/
I hold a grudge and then you'll see that if you try to make a smudge/
I'll leave a mark that won't budge/
I'm indelible within a credible performance/
Permanently totaled when my point's enormous and you're scoreless/
And you've been waiting for this/
No bull like zodiacs without the Taurus/
Year-round, cutting pricks off like a florist/
When ya suck, you're bound to leech men like Chloris/
And Grant you unemployed like I'm Horace/
Magically rebound the chorus.
Synthetic.

V3

Just don't gimme no plausible excuse, like/

You never had the chance to be produced right/
Then, like, it suits ya right, to bend like a two-striped twine/
You see, when I combine lyrical splines on the rhyme/
I create a curved surface/
With sounds utilized for any obscure purpose/
I resign from any act of your circus/
I juggle the line schemes cause I'm keen to all assumptions/
Devoid of all repetitive functions of mass productions/
And power luncheons, we're underground and scour dungeons/
The undulations manifestations and correlations/
Can all be traced through my patience, preparations and well constrained placement/
I got the Tone Control, ain't nobody own my soul/
Using the mic to hone my goal of dominance through creativity and airtight flows/
I like my sample rate low/
A DJ's sixth wish is he could mix this on radio shows/
The first five went to weed, chicks, and dough/
Lots of vinyl and a chance to go pro/
But not every wish is granted- So/
A 3/3 Time signature won't go right/
Or flicker to time just like a strobe light/
But guaranteed to pick up a slow night/
And toss it to the wind/
Competition's light as a rock. I spread that ass paper thin/
Cause MC's I never take lightly, like perjury/
I'll steal your mind, internal burglary/
I'm sure you've heard of me/
Keeping their young minds open like infant skull surgery.