

The way I kick it
I kick as if my name was Liu Kang
I'm hotter than blue flame, don't get caught in it
Spitting that John Wayne, kill 'em, leave 'em with no name
As sane as Kurt Cobain in my lo mien
As smooth as Coltrane when I hit a stain
Tell 'em I ain't playin', I already won, this the post game
Aw maine, no he didn't
Run it like Emit in the old days
I run it you run it for no gain
Wit no propane needed
I get heated immediately
And get to kicking like a developing fetus
But still developing meaning
My mind scenic, I'm genius
If you seen it you would probably be tweaking

And I promise this
Let me change my hypothesis
We live in the apocalypse
Everything that's real is the opposite
Isn't it obvious
If you're not convinced, then tell me how your body gets
A feeling and senses when someones watching it
For get it, it's probably too hard to comprehend
I'll probably get shot for this, fuck it, I'm already probably dead
Speaking to all of your consciousnesses
Making them want to get out the box they've been living in
Living in a box so they limited
While I'm living limitless
And I'm getting all the benefits
Cold blood got your body shivering
I'm a pimp, life a bitch
So we getting intimate
Hit once, hit again then I pass her to a friend
And I'm getting dividends when I go and middle men middle
'Cause I'm more plug than a television is
Im Scotty Pippen with the assist
'Cause I'll be dishing it as soon as I'm getting it

Naw fuck that I'm Ray Lewis at the line of scrimmage
An you better watch out 'cuse I'm blitzing
Flyer then Dasher, Vixen, Dancer, Prancer, Comet, Cupid, Donner, and
Blitzen
Saint Nicholas, give 'em gifts when I spit this
An I rip it, like it's perforated
But my preference is nothing less than excellence
So you could just step in the name of love but I'm not R. Kelly so do
n't step to this