

Okay, walk with me a moment through this beat we make it go
Follow me up into the clouds, I'm a break it down below
I'm a get 'em up get 'em up get it poppin' now
Boomboxes knock the ground, better get this fuckin' loud
Enemies tuck ya cock in now
Wild buffalo, bill me for shuckin' flows
Claim you get Hulk but all I see is Mark Ruffalo
Went on the road, smashin' records like a day trip
Came back home and all my friends have gone apeshit
Breaking codes, as far as cowards go they should take the gold
Calling out the Gods? You the one that's out there fakin' so
Dirty hippie creepin' leakin' out the mouth
Pull your shit together, crashin' cribs and sleepin' on the couch
Plexo told me kill the diplomatic shit so
I'm a slay the sick and give your trickin' acrobatic lift [?]
Lift with dick why you liftin' shit with Olympus kid?
I'm Olympic prick and an instant fit [?] shit, you an infant bitch!
Made man is runnin' muck around the planet
God damn it my language makin' mamas wet they pajamas
Rockin' Thrift Store, Halos
My spit's more, Kano
Got heart, but I bet it ain't a smart
But I'm bringin' out a dart in the dark better lay low
Got Bane on the brain, propane inside my bravado
And the stadium seated executions in Colorado
Goddamn [?] ya Lord got really fuckin' odd plans
If he returns, tell him bring lots of ammo and stop playin', amen
This is ground zero for the skeptics
My vocal cords septic, my family tree metric
She seen I had British roots upon my arrival
'Til I swang my rafiki at a bitch half of me is tribal
Rivals beware! Claim that I could be the best yet
No way to be the next Tech so I just be the best Wrek
Expect records to wreck your neck up like Death - Leps
Send 'em in quick and pretend you'll neck I'm so deaf to death, yes
This is a warning, I told you I'm 'Good Good Night' to get mourning
For the beats under my cleats all of these wack rap performers!
And now I'm feelin' Damien, still I got my halo on
Next week we'll be gathering which liquor mixed with Fago, huh!?
This is one of four, so run for the fuckin' door
I've come for the fuckin' floor, and once I own it what's in store?
Porch flows, chaos in the scorched shows
Séance and of course though, Snake and Bat Morse Codes

They say we got five months left 'til the end of the world
So you better cash in on your souls
I got a birds-eye view, subterranean flow
All the majors said, "Thanks, but no"
Now I got a doped up deal with the Snake and the Bat
Don't try to act like you didn't know
I put a decade in the game, now I'm here for my change
Let's spin this motherfucka into gold [?]