

# Eardrum

## Scapegoat Wax

Yeah, yeah  
9, 10, 11, 12  
Yo, usually we do it like this  
The Suspects Scapegoat Wax  
Uh, coming through like a T Rex  
Check, check, yo, yoMC's smack their heads on brick  
And publicly pelt themselves with rocks  
And put their feet on dry ice blocks  
This one's the knock, knock, knocking on your nose bridge  
Poking at your eyelids with the soul kids from where I liveEverybody's smiling big as Regis  
And time froze like fetus, a guitarist took  
A time machine and cloned baby Jesus  
And made an MC like me  
(What, what?)Who came to conquer everything  
Within the breeze, man, woman, disease, please  
You looking at me in a dumb and funny way  
But come to find out your crew was some 12 year old runawaysMentally, I am of the 23rd Century  
Technically microphones and drums are my specialty  
Cloud 9 to catch the scent of my rhymes  
I'm stomping through the streets rapping  
(Ooh, ah, ooh, ah)  
While you're marching for dimesIt's like a lemon to a lime, a lime to a lemon  
Sports trivia, Who's head coach is Bobby Cremins?  
Georgia Tech Yellow jackets, Iller by the millisecond  
I be kicking like Tekken, check out my record collection  
It's kind of fat, this is why I rap like that  
I be oozing out the funk like a case of the clapHere is something you can't run from  
So stop look and listen, you take your position  
We do it like this son, the illest prescription  
A lyric incision into you eardrumHere is something you can't run from  
So stop look and listen, you take your position  
We do it like this son, the illest prescription  
A lyric incision into you eardrumNatural mystic blowing through the air  
Hey, is you smoking something there?  
Contraire, mon frere 'cause in my verbal contract  
To give niggas instant convulsions, experience eternal seizuresTongue got you chokin', rollin' down your throat  
And, and leaving you to believe  
That planet Earth gave birth to a deadly disease  
We'll never freeze even at the point of a handgunSwallow the bullets and spit 'em back random

Holdin' motherfuckers for ransom  
Thinkin' they handsome  
Stick they family for all they own and some  
My life is based on tantrum  
Is that why yo ass be steady rappin'?

You know, fuck a platinum Finagler philosophy  
Y'all player haters ain't understanding my verbosity  
Constantly off lots of weed  
It costs to be the boss don't take a loss  
No double cross hater back off of me  
Feel animosity in high velocity both prodigies  
Your ears are rung, my noise  
Is like a thousand voices  
Until I'm done my words  
Will shine through all distortion  
I'm here intact, we're gonna get this thing together  
And when it cracks, I'm gonna bet you that  
You and everybody else surrenders  
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