Eardrum

DJ Vortex

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 someMy 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 verbosityConstantly 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 prodigiesYour ears are rung, my noise
Is like a thousand voices
Until I'm done my words
Will shine through all distortionI'm here intact, we're gonna get this thing together
And when it cracks, I'm gonna bet you that
You and everybody else surrendersYour ears are rung, my noise
Is like a thousand voices
Until I'm done my words
Will shine through all distortionI'm here intact, we're gonna get this thing together
And when it cracks, I'm gonna bet you that
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