

Vocal Artillery

Ozomatli

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Oh yeah, party people
Here we go
Party people, rock the house
Ya'll want some more?
Ya'll want some more?
Let me hear ya say 'yeah'
Let me hear ya say 'hell yeah'
Tuna the smoke-jumper, packing my oral cannon
Bustin from Okinawa, Japan to Laurel Canyon
Swallow flows, we turning like plush tires
Mellow intros lyrics be burning like brush fires
Spreading vocal leprosy, using discrepancy
Lyric weaponry lessens your chances of testing me
Stop and freeze MC's, I block atrocities
True philosophies from the lips of black Socrates
The pocket-penciler in your peninsula
Killing Dracula MC's who bit from my vernacular
I can back it
The ill scene we occupy
No lullaby, got you high, when I rock a fly
Verse, for my people, let me breath slow
Give a heave-ho, and stimulate your cerebral
System, Cut Chemist grip the fader
With Tuna the group debater
We murder you duplicators 'Cause I'm an aristocrat, ghetto diplomat
And I'm blessed with a gift of rap, it's like that 'Cause I'm an aristocrat, ghetto diplomat
And I'm blessed with a gift of rap, it's like that
They call me Mister Antagonistic, drastic
Coming from a place where these cops get their assed kicked
The last trick unified was the cornerstone
But now a lyric pistol to the dome is how we warn a clone
Born alone, the strength of God makes my mission higher
They found a liar dead, strung up with fishin' wire
The mystifier packin vocal artillery

Making lovely word connections like Chuck Woolery
The cool in me, I'll make your block turn on one rhyme
Electrifying like some nocturnal sunshine
The planetary pioneer and his mixer
Cut Chemist, Chali Tuna spittin' scriptures
Painting pictures, even sisters adapt 'cause
We take it back like chiropractors
Actors on wax make worse for real MC's
Who worth your while so they search for me 'Cause I'm an aristocrat, ghetto diplomat
And I'm blessed with a gift of rap, it's like that

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