

Do This My Way

Blackalicious

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

I be the first ever Asian astronaut, blastin' off, castin' off
The ties that bind like a smashed guitar
Rode a mastodon out Jurassic Park
Chased by a fan in a Tyrannosaur mask, travel the traffic cop
Past the spot where the ostrich got across for the ocelot
What I couldn't of bought
'Cos they wouldn't a popped y'all just for me to cop it one So I had to be up, I'm going gradually up
Into the galaxy bus until I can't feel my lungs
I pass the family up, I see an enemy's bus
Saw the anatomy up, I catch the ballerinas Now I was walkin' down this one block, didn't hear a gun shot
Smellin' hell or nature, pickin' fruit off of a kumquat
Tree another day up in this life under the sunspot
Light upon my inner vision searchin' for an answer
Hereditary, man-in-glory, days of the missile fury inventory took And while I raise
Rain began to fall from the verbal dance I did amaze all the natives
And the ladies said, "You're crazy, would you love to have my baby?"
And I plays with the chief of the Mahicans and the Sheikh
And traveled everywhere from Delaware way up to Mozambique
Was givin' praise with the deacon at the steeple
Spirit-seekin' on the weekend with a tea can and a pair of old shades It's such a beautiful thing, this musical thing
When I can do it my way and shootin' no blanks
I just refute what you think, a quite unusual thing
Yes it's a mutual thing 'cos it's the root of all things and we aims to be The venomist, instrumentalist, syllabal-
mystic man traveler
Skippin' through the brakes on a Wednesday into a city plaza
Tryin' to make it 20 out of 15 pennies on the after
The cold-hearted world creepin' on my destiny like salamanders
Enchanters 'cos I run their goose and I be the gander
Cleanin' out the digestive tract of hip-hop like cranberries Shinin' like amber, all of the children told me, "Damn
you're an
Answer to our ears and deadly threat that's posed by cancer"
On prancer, on comet, on cupid, I'm Santa

Got more flow than Flo Jo, while I laugh ho ho ho, got jo jo dancer
Punchlines, I'm a crunch time Casper, and a one-time champion for it
A hundred lifetimes in the hereafter, and for the reincarnation transform
What the heck I'll come back for it
Gotta handle chores now, and discuss all of that with God afterwards
We goin' bobsled off the Himalayas with
the bottle of bobs
[Incomprehensible]
In a big ol' box full of the latest compilations
And then we won't stop til we hit the Appalachians
To the Bullets Bargain Basement then 'cross the Baltic ocean basin
Then ride 'cross that Oakland night bridge
A drop deposit in the drop embankment
Makin' cakes that taste like Tecrine
Bakin' ex-potatoes, raisins, plantains, M and M's, peanuts, grape juice
I'm savin' my pay checks to get my plane fixed why's that
We goin' fly all night, stop the propellers and
Jump out of the side with umbrellas and
Let's make them all night the caterpillars that
Take us to the top the Himalayas
It's such a beautiful thing, this musical thing
When I can do it my way and shootin' no blanks
I just refute what you think, a quite unusual thing
Yes it's a mutual thing 'cos it's the root of all things and we aims
A lot of people follow Saba fellow and tolerate
indeed
About to lead 'em all to battle upon the bottom of the beat
And plant a seed of thought that sproutin'
Like a balance like a teeter-totter
Seen a lot of freedom down the feat amount to beat the drama
He began to dis until the nurse, the passengers had
grabbed his shirts
And nothin' happened assured the captain and the person
But the pressure had expanded, and inertia burst, the cabin burst
And all 'em burgers, blankets, rations, animals and drinks, they flew out
Fleets a lots of man, climb upon the
wall like Peter Parker
Meeter of the creed of darker regions, darker seasons
These are not the reasons for the grief and now proceed to outer-reaches
How to keep styles from seepin' outta me
They flew out the fuselage had blew in time
It stupid to have the attitude
When you would dive into the ground
Now if you'd have thought of suicide
If you would try but you would tie
A parachute onto a slide
And took a dive, now who's alive?
It's such a beautiful thing, this musical thing
When I can do it my way and shootin' no blanks
I just refute what you think, a quite unusual thing
Yes it's a mutual thing 'cos it's the root of all things and we end

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