

# Cosmic Slop

## Material

Yeah, 'bout to fly that knot

Redman, Keith Murray, Erick Sermon with the, Cosmic Slop

And we all pack glocks

Word is Bond, word is bond, fuck around and get shotAs I flip, skip to the beat, on wax, and tax

I react with tons of macs, a ball, and some jumping jacks

Flyin' expert, puttin' in work

No question, cosmic funk and weed sessionLike GangStarr, step up, it's Hard to Earn

But I change up the mode, and blow up the globe

The bandit, spittin' dialect, umm

Catchin' wreck umm, one, two, microphone checkAttention passenger's

We're on a non-central journey

To Hell and beyond

Funkadelic drop the bombI'm that type of nigga to give it to ya

My Cosmic Slop rules all blocks with funk maneuvers

My flow freeze the Nile, The Funk Child splits the river

Then I crush, like the bom-ba-zee was rushed, through my verbal lustI'm spaced out, I lost my mind on Cloud 19

Visine for eyes, when I blow Alpines

Dial 9, 0 0, for the hero of the weirdos

I hope my brain don't bust, transform into a 7-11 Slurpie SlushIt's the fly, my music will burn eyes, twice the chemical of Clorox

Then I do an autopse on four cops

When my jaws drop, ock, I fidget my nuts alot

Got the two glocks, with oowops then bodies trace the chalkI'm like an eclipse on a Friday, the 13th

With black cats and Haley's Comet, blazin' blunts in my driveway

Nostradamus predicted, for you funk fiends

That Def Squad will get the fuckin' cream like Noxem, yeahFor those that remember pics and afros

Platform shoes and bell-bottoms some got 'em

Spaced out, way out, is what I'm talkin' about

In the Cosmic Slop of the GhettoWith amazing manifestations, I dictate to nations

More Cosmic Funk innovations in my creation

This Cosmic sick mic cylcicyst

Mega segments, be Sega, like GenesisI orbits the solar system, listenin'

Guzzlin', never sippin', or slippin' and sympin' when the track is rippin'

I gotcha brain cells bendin' and twistin'

Man listen, I give your whole crew a ass drenchin'Just for mentionin', goin' that route, runnin' yo mouth

You get your head smacked off towards down South

And your crew too will be spaced out, way out, no doubt

Y'all niggaz need to stop and get with this Cosmic Slop

Cosmic Slop, Cosmic SlopAnd now, we program, we program

Pop in the disk and who the hell is this?

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