The Lyricist

Vybz Kartel

So what dem implying?
Di teacha haffi sing line?
DJing nuh inna him mind?
Cork up yuh nose fi di stink rhyme, A di king time,
Mi wicked like St. James and Kingston and St. Catherine crime,
Roll out wid di shootas fi kill time,
No boxers, Calvin Klein,
Nuff bwoy waan get me out fi reach di big time,
Mi sleep and wake up and dem still trying,
Yuh nuh have nuh patience?!
Mash up yuh clock and try fi kill time,
But mi a:
Still The Lyricist, Vocabulary Physicist, Melody Michelangelo weh paint da graphic images,
Get a condom fi yuh ears because da tune yah shot like syphilis,
Weh di title? Aye gimmi dis!
Empire is di wickediss,
I'm da baller and the manager,
Alex Ferguson and Bibby dis,
Mi stay in front like Genesis, Yes
Who waan fi penny dis? Guess
Mi find di metaphors weh Jay-Z and Biggie miss,
And chaw dem up like WinterFresh and spit dem out like Wrigleys,
Mi hot mi touch green grass mek it ketch fyah,
Sum bwoy nuh thugz mi see thru dem like mesh wire,
Yes Iyah! dem license expire,
Mi rub dem out like mi Benz tire,
Mi meds higha dan Angel pon heaven's wire,
Burn dem wit di hell's fyah,
Wah prostitute and virgin have in common? Empire!
Dem waan come inna mi bed fi cool da temper yah,
Dem enter yah, dem linger here,
Junky gyal, needle and syringe a wear,
Christian gyal? Ginger beer,
Rasta gyal we injure here.
[Chorus:]Mi FlOW like di town cable,
Its no fable,
No knights of di round table,
Tell Adam and Eve and Cain say mi doan Able,
Dem bwoy deh tek mi style yet dem so brazen,

But Russian,
Mi FlOW like di town cable,

Its no fable,
No knights of di round table,
Di bwoy dem bite mi style yet dem so craven,
dem come in like di big fat gyal dem so Raven.
Mi a di Portmore pioneer,
Mi an mi ooman deh fi 9 year,
Nuh try dat my dear bout me an you mek a nice pair,
Tek my advice dear get it outta yuh head like lice here,
Mi luvin har forever if life spare,
Yuh doan know mi Afghanistan yuh only know mi Times Square,
Yuh see me inna di Benz changing 5 gear,
A drink Street Vybz like its Lite Beer,
On private jets mi fly Leer,
Adis nuh Nike Air,
Mi skin paint up like bike flare,
Dat a di easy street, Yuh know da Elm street?
Di nightmare,
Di days when mi used to take di bus and cyan find fare,
Just log off wid yuh virus mi have spyware,
The way mi brain fertile, America wah invade an drill fi oil here,
They can see dem bwoy deh nuh fancy,
Dem a Anansi,
Mi lyrics wear dem out like a gangsy,
Dem shame inna di crowd an every man see,
Dem fans give dem thumbs down,
Mi a thugs and dem a Bugs Bunny.
[Chorus:]Mi FlOW like di town cable,
Its no fable,
No knights of di round table,
Tell Adam and Eve and Cain say mi doan Able,
Dem bwoy deh tek mi style yet dem so brazen,
But Russian,
Mi FlOW like di town cable,
Its no fable,
No knights of di round table,
Di bwoy dem bite mi style yet dem so craven,
dem come in like di big fat gyal dem so Raven.
Aye Russian
Dem fi know dis is not a throw word song to some Queers and dem gangs fi dem build some mediocre counteraction songs. Naw its just a reminder to the fans, to the One Order, to the Clans, that Vybz Kartel can still drop his lyrical bombs!.....Mi FLOW like di town cable.....

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