

# Nefisa

## Earthling

Mirror boy, rhyme with dada convention  
Psychoanalysis didn't mean anything  
Pvc costumes, letters to castro  
Show me what you're reading, freaky girl with the afroFranz fannon, yeah yeah I get it,  
All that curiosity with something to offset it  
Diagrams and plans, drawn in secret locations  
Scientific babies, they be peddling informationThe queen, she's smoking prozac, we be smoking napalm  
The verbal countries, they be smoking atom bombs  
I wrote a book in the year seven-ten  
By nineteensixty-nine I had written moreIf you're feeling insecure,  
Cause you're living in a storm  
If you find them, you can burn them,  
If you burn them you can keep warmThem winds of change, they be bringing change,  
Especially now there's prostitutes on ilford lane  
You see, it's kinda like, but no, it's not the same thing  
See there were men on the moon, but they killed themBearing in mind, my mind's soul food  
Bearing in mind, my mind's aquarian  
Bearing in mind, my mind's mine  
Times being what they are, radarBearing in mind yes yes, y'all  
Bearing in mind, there's nothing in it  
Bearing in mind, my mind's mine  
Times being what they are, radarAeroplanes in my room,  
And I don't know who's flying them  
They're playing that tune  
It's okay, I got my eye on themThey're making their messages out of them smokes  
Words evaporate, I can't read what they wrote  
Their language is so strange, I never seen it's kind  
The smell of them vapors be taking my mind  
Combined with that melody, them engines be humming  
I pick up my mike, I put it downSee now I'm outside in, I don't know where I'm going  
I gets in my car, I starts rowing  
But like the water is seeping  
It's getting in through the bottomI tickle them fish  
Swallow them whole, now I got some  
Bones, sticking in my throat  
Has anybody seen my universal antidoteBearing in mind, my mind's soul food  
Bearing in mind, my mind's aquarian  
Bearing in mind, my mind's mine  
Times being what they are, radarBearing in mind yes yes, y'all

Bearing in mind, there's nothing in it  
Bearing in mind, my mind's mine  
Times being what they are, radarDon't even think 'bout it  
Don't even contemplate  
Before the funk goes to your head  
You better stop and waitDon't even think 'bout it  
Don't even contemplate  
Before the funk goes to your head  
You better stopDon't even think 'bout it  
Don't even contemplate  
Before the funk goes to your head  
You better stop and waitDon't even think 'bout it  
Don't even contemplate  
Before the funk goes to your head  
You better stopAnd still it's cool, like they does it in egypt  
I say come to that river man, but nobody's seen it  
Believe that, cinematic, atmospheric  
Panasonic my headphones, ain't nothing on itBonnets on cars, magazines, girls on harleys  
We's sneaking up on babies, and we's eating thems farleys  
I don't know where my girl is, oh well, somebody took her  
Fixing those strings as she sings mr hookerSpikey hair my head, since I cut off my dreads  
I got the green fishs tail, set sail on a moped  
Jean of arc's on the back, trying not to fall off  
Valentines park, hip hop, set it all offIt's like I'm on a solitary exhibition  
It's like you see me everywhere, but you still know that I be missing  
Pissing in the wind as I'm lookin' for them answers  
In seventies movies and topless dancersBearing in mind, my mind's soul food  
Bearing in mind, my mind's aquarian  
Bearing in mind, my mind's mine  
Times being what they are, radarBearing in mind there's nothing in it  
Bearing in mind yes yes, y'all  
Bearing in mind...  
Times being what they are, radar

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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