

(We gon' make it) Who you screaming at dog?
I got this! (Lets go)Zig zag zookah, pinnacle stitch
Unleash the unlimited edish primitive piss
I'm singin' cynical maybe the most military ops
Monkey! Here's elephant, and it drops
We on a three-ringed prong ancient elephant tusk
Bitter, at fully (break bread!) you shruggin' it off
Keep it electric, sure, But NY Electra's not about electric wars
Never seen a poor man's glimpse set fake (Last page!)
Three, two, one, domesticate!
In the corner of the cave reinventing the wheel and roll out funny
Sittin' on them Barney Rubble twenties, subtle
Sippin' Saber tooth blood puddle-
I could roll with the lackey's, that's if we hustle
Knuckle in the mud, hell's bells in the chuckle..
Red-berried face means smugger round the muzzle
I'm allergic to the now-born solo panel cutters stole quo to the core (dirt mess!)
Stone cold's hands out core cryogenics, stubborn
Can't talk shit wit' a tongue full a' rug burn!
Bad cholesterol through blood sugar
Four-piece heartbeats wit' a subwoofer!
I'm not asking you to act like you notice (Oh Aesop's SO Mesozoic.)
Now what if in the cabin built the old pulping?
Opened the mirror, stole a pulse with the voltage
Keeping me alive is the vibe with the Vulcan's (hope!)
I'm the divine catapult (Catapult!)
I break it down to the bunk for the crooks wit' the goals of a angel
Eat. Sleep. Fuck.
Structural droids; more bangs for the buck
But they want a last stegosaurus - thorns in the glove (buck wit' it!)
Prehistoric land shark business, cradling the arms of the car man's kidney
Swarm to the sickly thawed out the glacier
Beggin' for the freezer burn; back every day sir!
Sir, your science loves to fuck nature
Sir, your right to the dawn of my day sir
Sir, your violent laugh homing beacon's never set;
Who chase till we all catch vapors
Don't call it a sound-off, "Mars Attacks" be the malarkey downfall
It's not a game no more, run from the flash, leave your penny at the door
A lot of magic gadgets; give em' all back just to nullify the savage
Mic's crumble we be rockin' right; in the year of the Troglodyte
Saw a grey mouse rabid poured on a board to the dull morose world like a lull in a storm
And I know you was hopin' that the piece for the ox was a dull sword, ah
(Guess what, it's not!) Guess what else, I transmit from the block!
T-Rex - X-Ray with triple X Hex (give it up!)

For the yesterdays, or the next I can assure you if the RZA got the sword, (dead flesh!)Aint no time left. (Keep
ya head up now)
Maaaaarrrrrrrsss wins! (I thought you would like it)
Your head will be down in the dirt
We'll end it real quick
Maaaaarrrrrrrsss wins! (See how strong you are then..)
Your head down with a mouth full of pebbles
That's it man, no time left.
Ya'll keep talkin'. It'll get you nowhere...

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

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